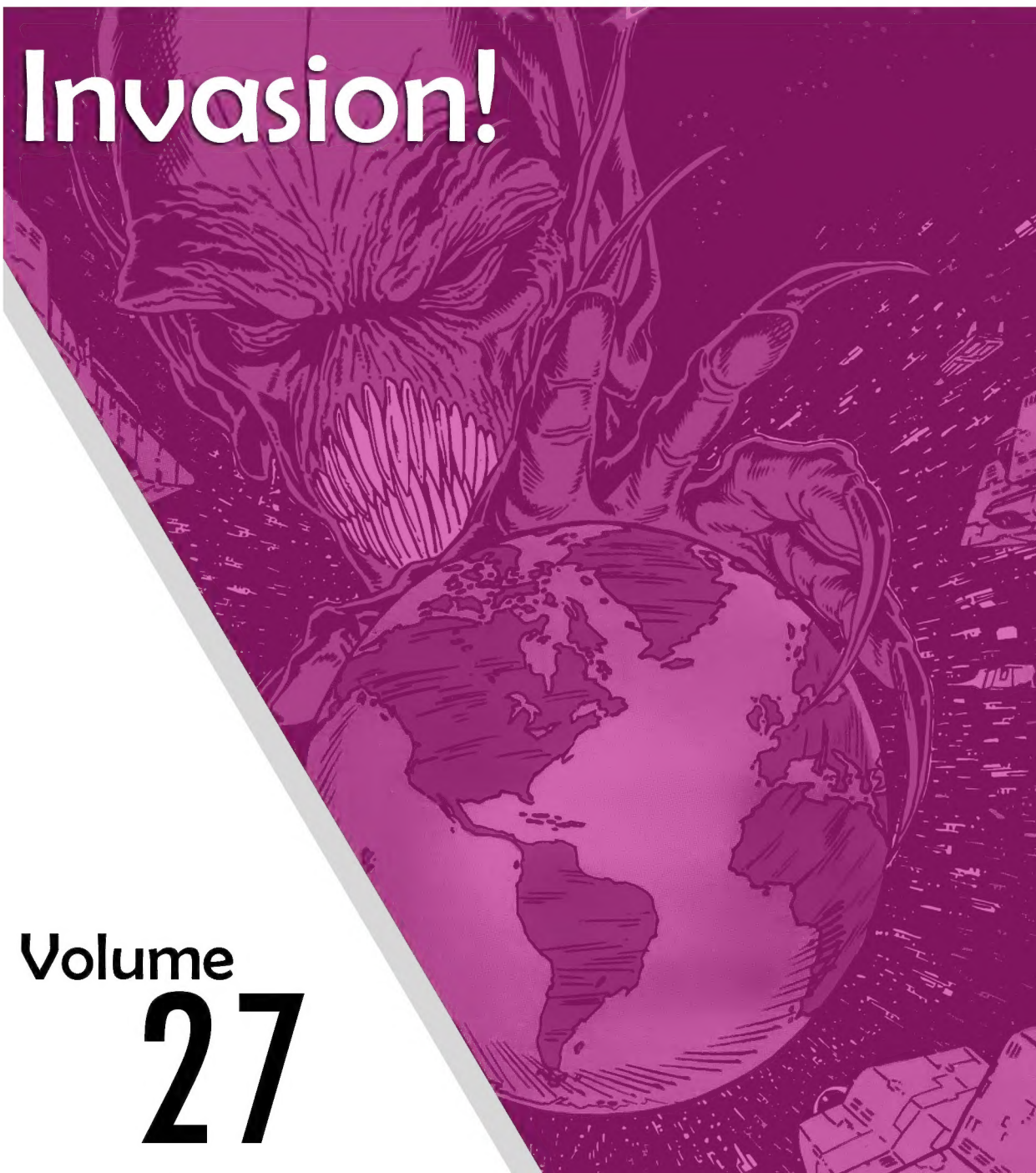
SUPERMAN

Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS

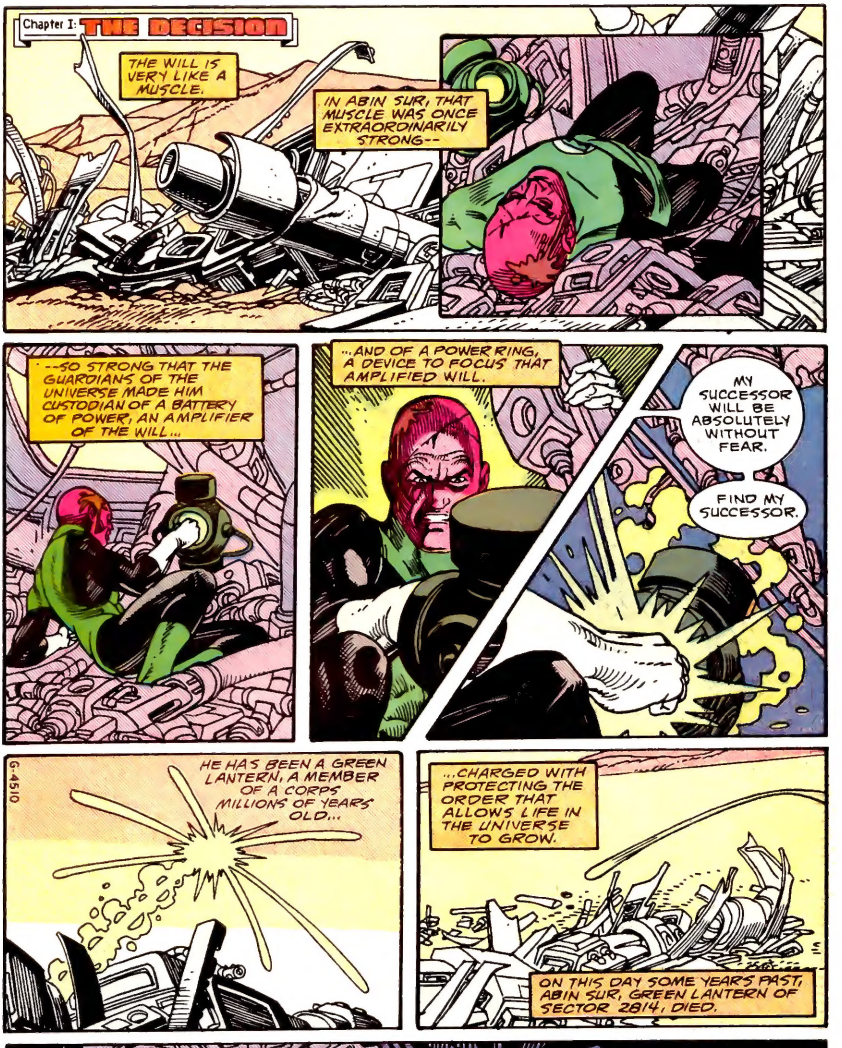
Invasion!



Volume 27

SUPERMAN Post-CRISIS Invasion!

27


Chapter I: THE DECISION
THE WILL IS VERY LIKE A MUSCLE.
IN ABIN SUR, THAT MUSCLE WAS ONCE EXTRAORDINARILY STRONG--
--SO STRONG THAT THE GUARDIANS OF THE UNIVERSE MADE HIM CUSTODIAN OF A BATTERY OF POWER, AN AMPLIFIER OF THE WILL...
...AND OF A POWER RING, A DEVICE TO FOCUS THAT AMPLIFIED WILL.
MY SUCCESSOR WILL BE ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT FEAR.
FIND MY SUCCESSOR.
G-4510
HE HAS BEEN A GREEN LANTERN, A MEMBER OF A CORPS MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD...
...CHARGED WITH PROTECTING THE ORDER THAT ALLOWS LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE TO GROW.
ON THIS DAY SOME YEARS PAST, ABIN SUR, GREEN LANTERN OF SECTOR 2814, DIED.
WHAT KILLED HIM WAS LACK OF WILL.
1

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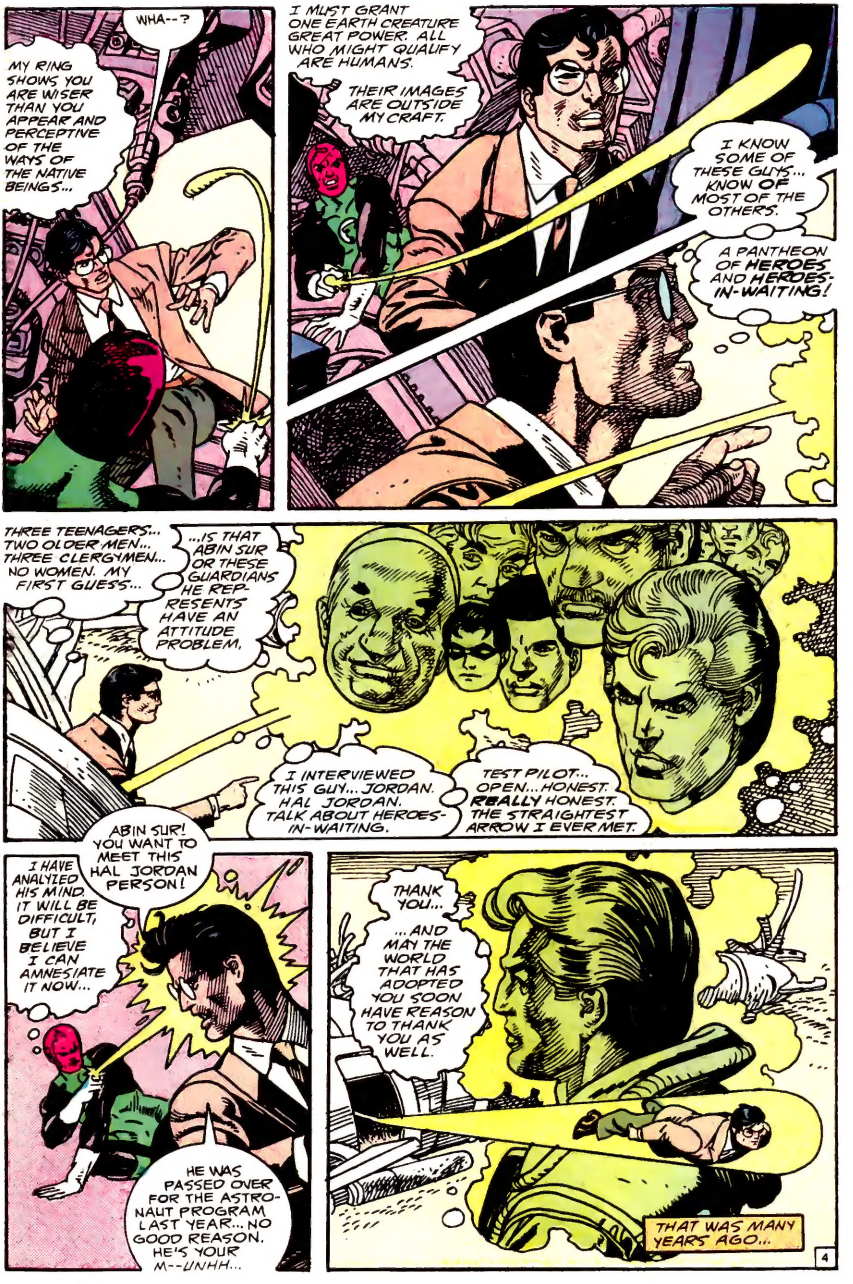
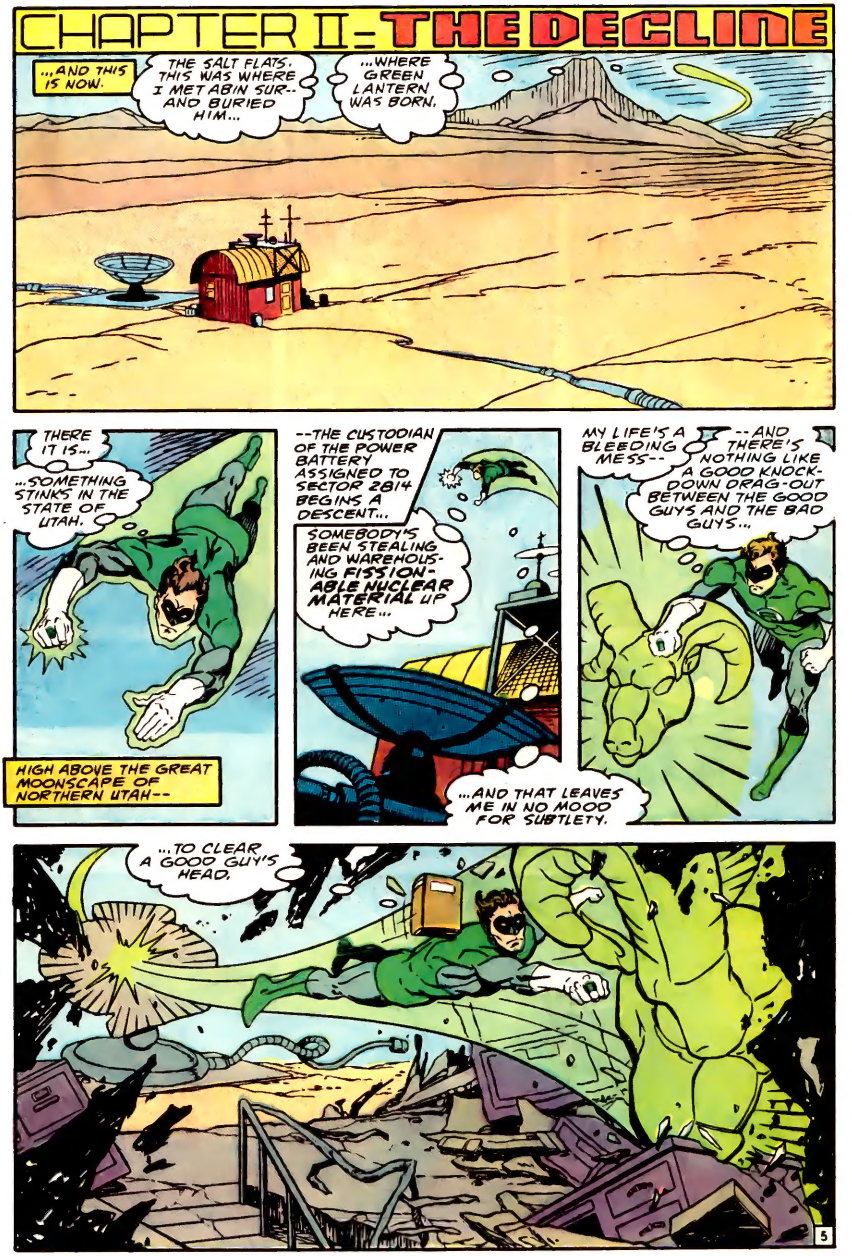
I AM ABIN SUR.
I REPRESENT THE GUARDIANS OF THE UNIVERSE AND WE HAVE BUSINESS TO TRANSACT... CLARK KENT.
YOU'RE... INJURED. LET ME HELP YOU.

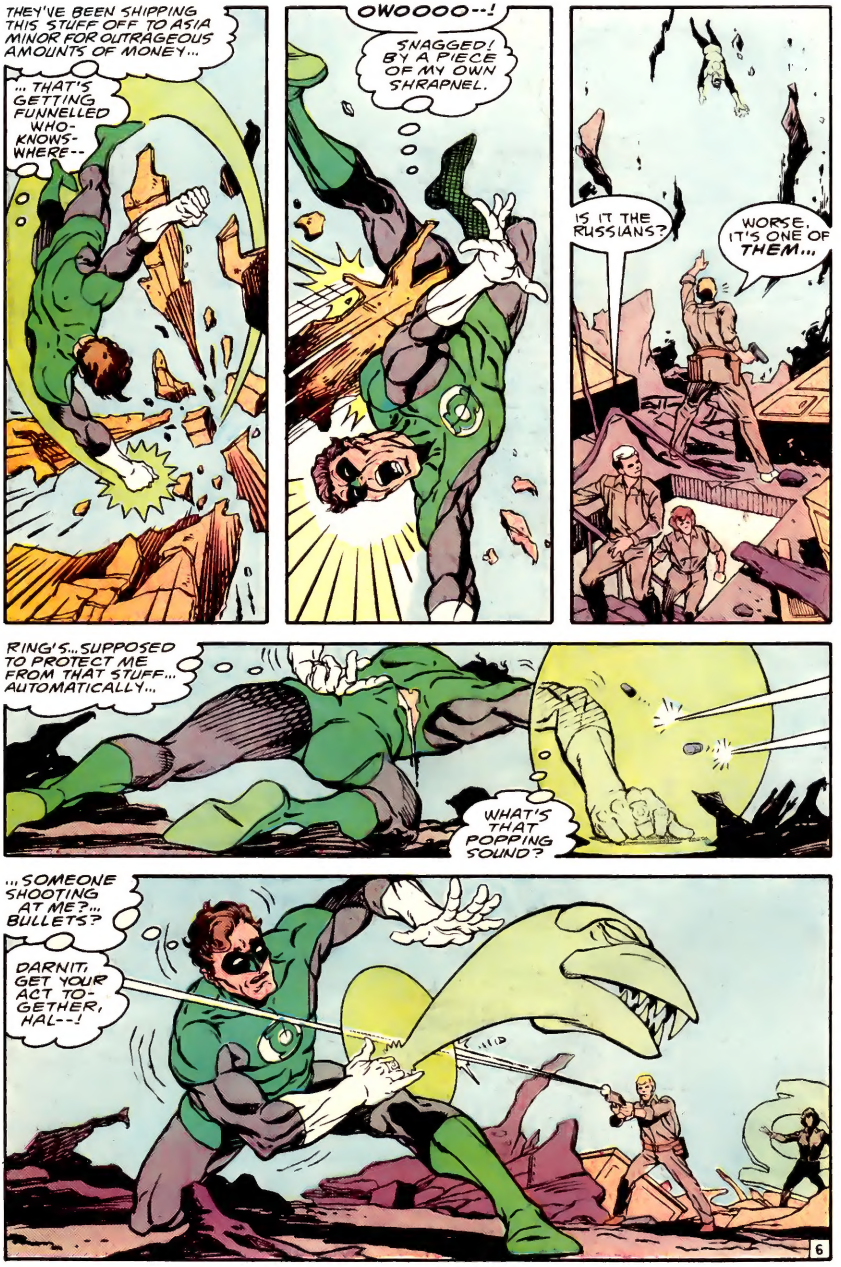
"WHERE THERE IS A WILL...!"

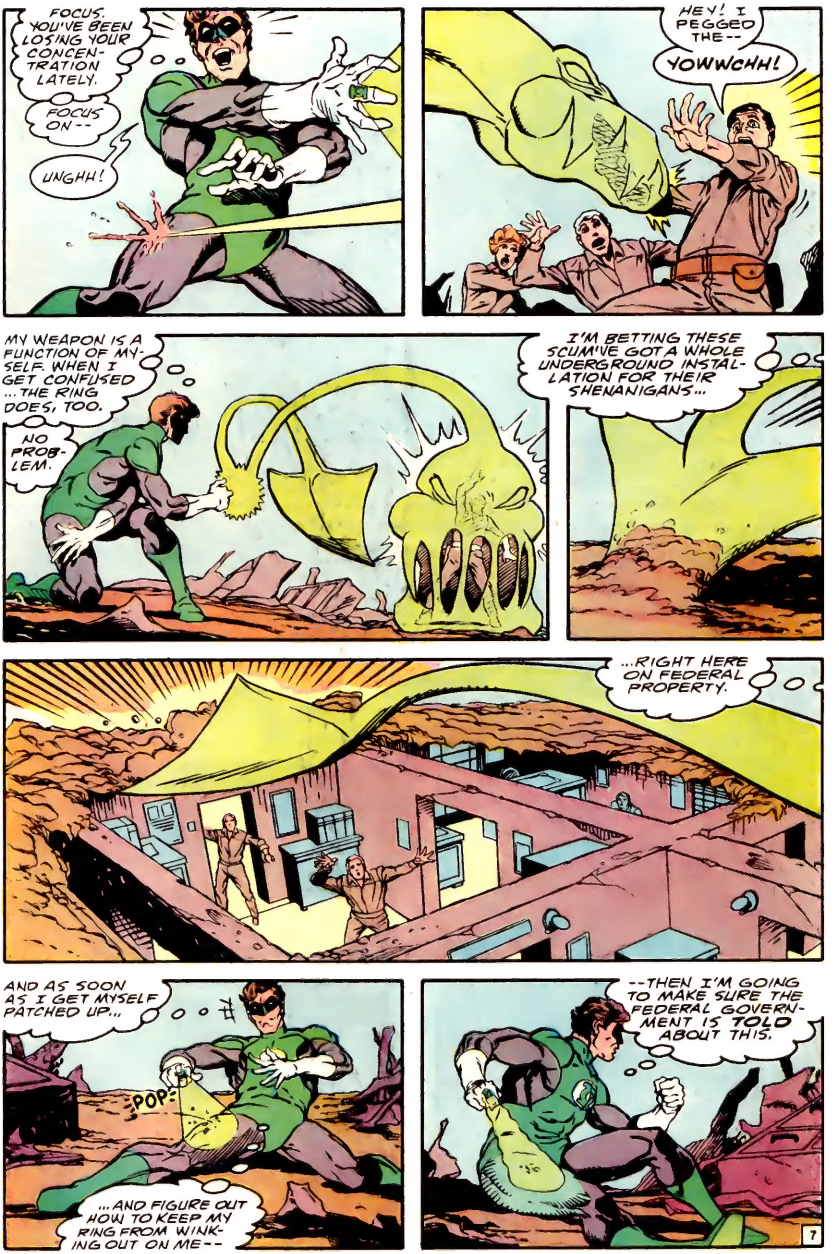
WRITTEN BY ELLIOT S. MAGGIN · ART BY GIL KANE · STEVE DITKO AND ART THIBERT · JIM APARO AND JOHN NYBERG · CURT SWAN AND TY TEMPLETON · JIM MOONEY AND AKIN AND GARVEY · CARMINE INFANTINO AND KEVIN NOWLAN · COLORS BY GLENN WHITMORE · LETTERS BY JOHN E. WORKMAN, JR. EDITED BY MARK WAID AND BRIAN AUGUSTYN

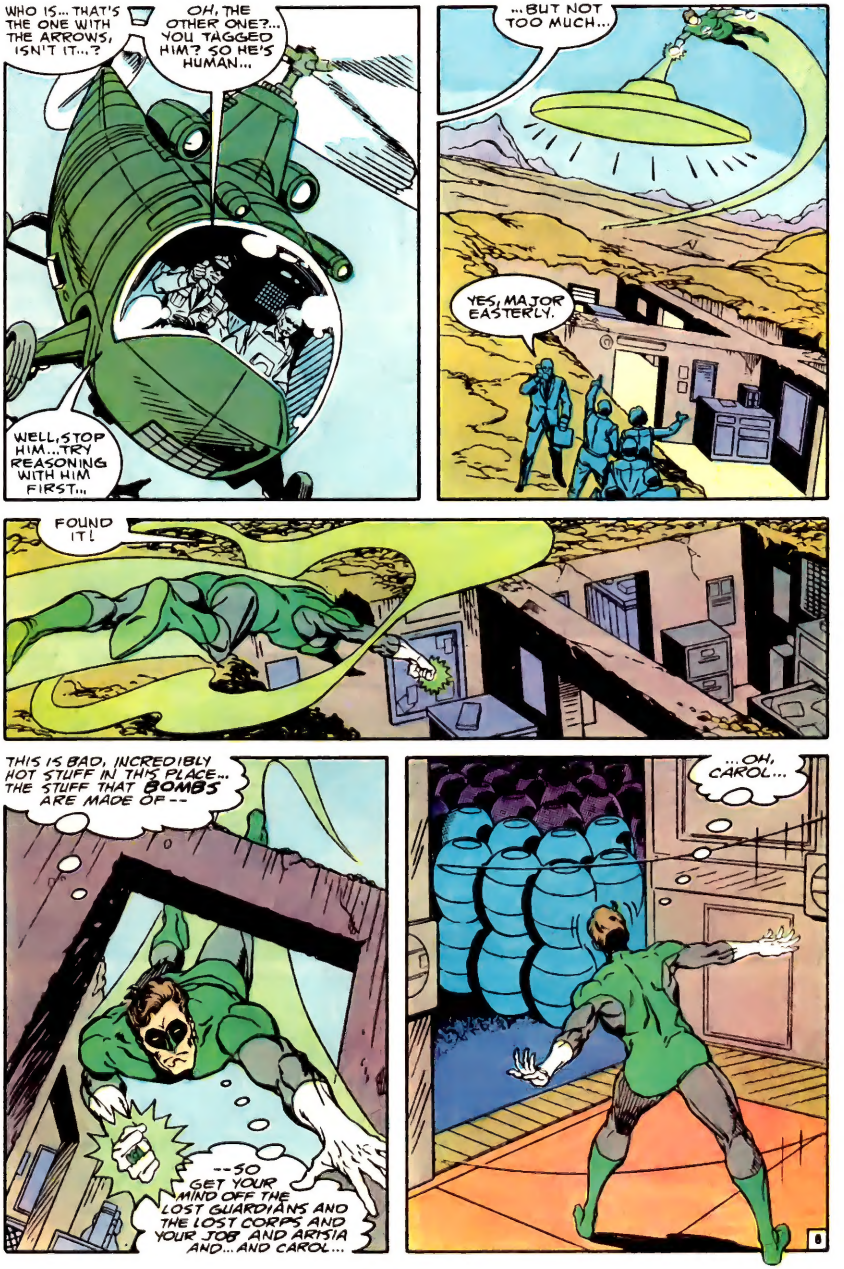
YOU CANNOT HELP. I AM DYING, BUT I NEED TO APPOINT MY SUCCESSOR.
I'M SURE I CAN HELP. HERE...
DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND? I HAVE DECIDED I AM DYING--
YES, I CAN SEE YOUR MUSCULATURE.
THERE'S A CLOT OF MUSCLE TISSUE CAUGHT ON SOME BROKEN BONE HERE, AND...
I AM DYING. I HAVE DEC--
...THIS SHOULD DO IT.
--UNHH.
PAIN. NO MORE PAIN.
I KNOW.
YES, BUT NOT AS PAINFULLY. NOW, WHAT IS THIS BUSINESS OF OURS?
I CAN THINK CLEARLY NOW. I AM STILL DYING.
YOU ARE OF A SPECIES ...NOT NATIVE TO THIS SPACE SECTOR. YOU ARE ...KRYPTONIAN. DID MANY OF YOU MIGRATE HERE...?
NO, THE OTHER HUMANOIDS HERE ARE BORN AND BRED. I'M JUST BRED.
YOU DO NOT QUALIFY TO BE MY SUCCESSOR... GUARDIAN LAW REQUIRES A NATIVE.
PLEASE... YOU MUST SUBMIT TO LOSS OF MEMORY OF THIS ENCOUNTER. I FEAR I NO LONGER POSSESS SUFFICIENT WILL TO IMPOSE IT.
3

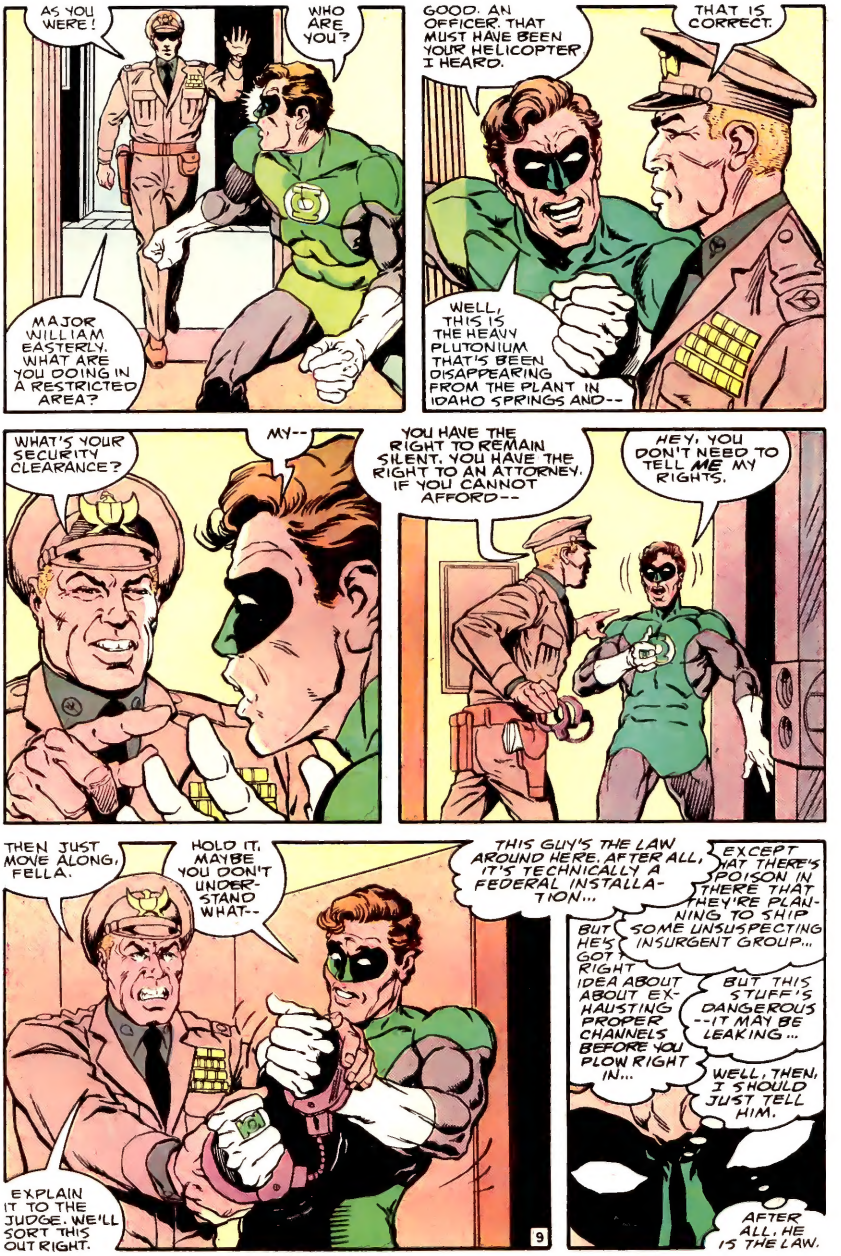

WHA--?
MY RING SHOWS YOU ARE WISER THAN YOU APPEAR AND PERCEPTIVE OF THE WAYS OF THE NATIVE BEINGS...
I MUST GRANT ONE EARTH CREATURE GREAT POWER. ALL WHO MIGHT QUALIFY ARE HUMANS.
THEIR IMAGES ARE OUTSIDE MY CRAFT.
I KNOW SOME OF THESE GUYS... KNOW OF MOST OF THE OTHERS.
A PANTHEON OF HEROES AND HEROES-IN-WAITING!
THREE TEENAGERS... TWO OLDER MEN... THREE CLERGYMEN... NO WOMEN. MY FIRST GUESS...
...IS THAT ABIN SUR OR THESE GUARDIANS HE REPRESENTS HAVE AN ATTITUDE PROBLEM.
I INTERVIEWED THIS GUY... JORDAN. HAL JORDAN. TALK ABOUT HEROES-IN-WAITING.
TEST PILOT... OPEN... HONEST. REALLY HONEST. THE STRAIGHTEST ARROW I EVER MET.
ABIN SUR! YOU WANT TO MEET THIS HAL JORDAN PERSON!
I HAVE ANALYZED HIS MIND. IT WILL BE DIFFICULT, BUT I BELIEVE I CAN AMNESIATE IT NOW...
HE WAS PASSED OVER FOR THE ASTRONAUT PROGRAM LAST YEAR... NO GOOD REASON. HE'S YOUR M--UNHH...
THANK YOU...
...AND MAY THE WORLD THAT HAS ADOPTED YOU SOON HAVE REASON TO THANK YOU AS WELL.
THAT WAS MANY YEARS AGO...
4

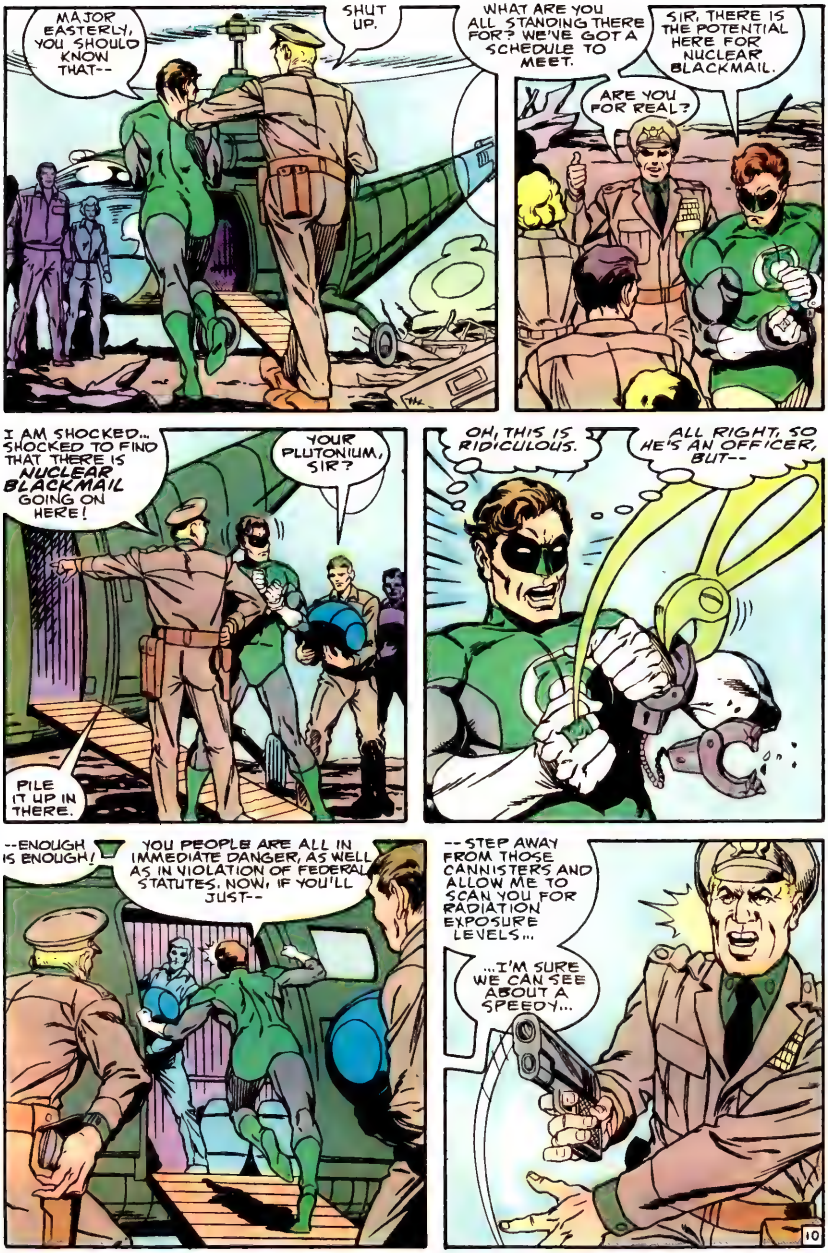

CHAPTER II- THE DECLINE
...AND THIS IS NOW.
THE SALT FLATS. THIS WAS WHERE I MET ABIN SUR-- AND BURIED HIM...
...WHERE GREEN LANTERN WAS BORN.
THERE IT IS...
...SOMETHING STINKS IN THE STATE OF UTAH.
HIGH ABOVE THE GREAT MOONSCAPE OF NORTHERN UTAH--
--THE CUSTODIAN OF THE POWER BATTERY ASSIGNED TO SECTOR 2814 BEGINS A DESCENT...
SOMEBODY'S BEEN STEALING AND WAREHOUSING FISSIONABLE NUCLEAR MATERIAL UP HERE...
...AND THAT LEAVES ME IN NO MOOD FOR SUBTLETY.
MY LIFE'S A BLEEDING MESS--
--AND THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD KNOCK-DOWN DRAG-OUT BETWEEN THE GOOD GUYS AND THE BAD GUYS...
...TO CLEAR A GOOD GUY'S HEAD.


THEY'VE BEEN SHIPPING THIS STUFF OFF TO ASIA MINOR FOR OUTRAGEOUS AMOUNTS OF MONEY...
... THAT'S GETTING FUNNELLED WHO-KNOWS-WHERE--
OWOOOO--!
SNAGGED! BY A PIECE OF MY OWN SHRAPNEL.
IS IT THE RUSSIANS?
WORSE. IT'S ONE OF THEM...
RING'S... SUPPOSED TO PROTECT ME FROM THAT STUFF... AUTOMATICALLY...
WHAT'S THAT POPPING SOUND?
... SOMEONE SHOOTING AT ME?... BULLETS?
DARNIT, GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER, HAL--!
6


FOCUS. YOU'VE BEEN LOSING YOUR CONCENTRATION LATELY.
FOCUS ON--
UNGHH!
HEY! I PEGGED THE--
YOWWCHH!
MY WEAPON IS A FUNCTION OF MYSELF. WHEN I GET CONFUSED ...THE RING DOES, TOO.
NO PROBLEM.
I'M BETTING THESE SCUM'VE GOT A WHOLE UNDERGROUND INSTALLATION FOR THEIR SHENANIGANS...
...RIGHT HERE ON FEDERAL PROPERTY.
AND AS SOON AS I GET MYSELF PATCHED UP...
POP!
...AND FIGURE OUT HOW TO KEEP MY RING FROM WINKING OUT ON ME--
--THEN I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IS TOLD ABOUT THIS.


WHO IS... THAT'S THE ONE WITH THE ARROWS, ISN'T IT...?
OH, THE OTHER ONE?... YOU TAGGED HIM? SO HE'S HUMAN...
WELL, STOP HIM...TRY REASONING WITH HIM FIRST...
...BUT NOT TOO MUCH...
YES, MAJOR EASTERLY.
FOUND IT!
THIS IS BAD, INCREDIBLY HOT STUFF IN THIS PLACE... THE STUFF THAT BOMBS ARE MADE OF --
--SO GET YOUR MIND OFF THE LOST GUARDIANS AND THE LOST CORPS AND YOUR JOB AND ARISIA AND... AND CAROL...
...OH, CAROL...

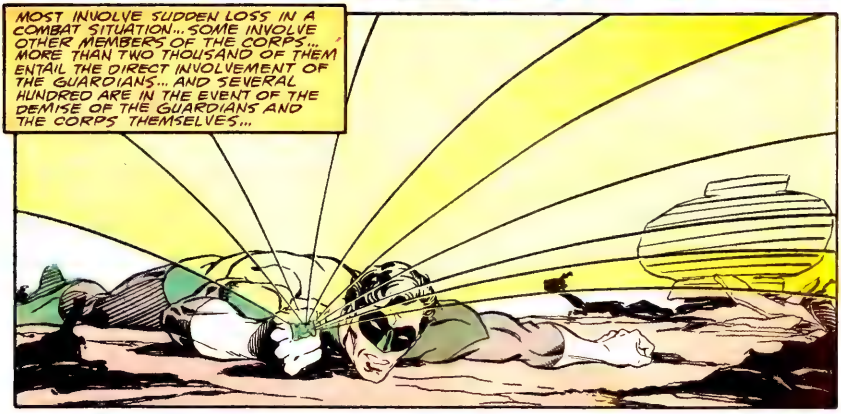

AS YOU WERE!
WHO ARE YOU?
MAJOR WILLIAM EASTERLY. WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN A RESTRICTED AREA?
GOOD. AN OFFICER. THAT MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR HELICOPTER I HEARD.
THAT IS CORRECT.
WELL, THIS IS THE HEAVY PLUTONIUM THAT'S BEEN DISAPPEARING FROM THE PLANT IN IDAHO SPRINGS AND--
WHAT'S YOUR SECURITY CLEARANCE?
MY--
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO AN ATTORNEY. IF YOU CANNOT AFFORD--
HEY, YOU DON'T NEED TO TELL ME MY RIGHTS.
THEN JUST MOVE ALONG, FELLA.
HOLD IT, MAYBE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT--
EXPLAIN IT TO THE JUDGE. WE'LL SORT THIS OUT RIGHT.
THIS GUY'S THE LAW AROUND HERE. AFTER ALL, IT'S TECHNICALLY A FEDERAL INSTALLATION...
BUT HE'S GOT THE RIGHT IDEA ABOUT EXHAUSTING PROPER CHANNELS BEFORE YOU PLOW RIGHT IN...
EXCEPT THAT THERE'S POISON IN THERE THAT THEY'RE PLANNING TO SHIP SOME UNSUSPECTING INSURGENT GROUP...
BUT THIS STUFF'S DANGEROUS --IT MAY BE LEAKING...
WELL, THEN, I SHOULD JUST TELL HIM.
AFTER ALL, HE IS THE LAW.

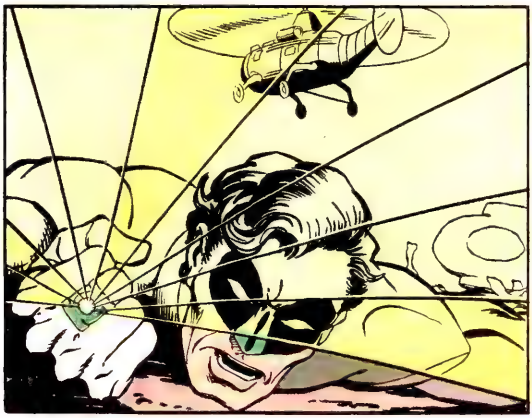

MAJOR EASTERLY, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT--
SHUT UP.
WHAT ARE YOU ALL STANDING THERE FOR? WE'VE GOT A SCHEDULE TO MEET.
SIR, THERE IS THE POTENTIAL HERE FOR NUCLEAR BLACKMAIL.
ARE YOU FOR REAL?
I AM SHOCKED... SHOCKED TO FIND THAT THERE IS NUCLEAR BLACKMAIL GOING ON HERE!
YOUR PLUTONIUM, SIR?
PILE IT UP IN THERE.
OH, THIS IS RIDICULOUS.
ALL RIGHT, SO HE'S AN OFFICER, BUT--
--ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!
YOU PEOPLE ARE ALL IN IMMEDIATE DANGER, AS WELL AS IN VIOLATION OF FEDERAL STATUTES. NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST--
--STEP AWAY FROM THOSE CANNISTERS AND ALLOW ME TO SCAN YOU FOR RADIATION EXPOSURE LEVELS...
...I'M SURE WE CAN SEE ABOUT A SPEEDY...

POW!
ALL RIGHT, DON'T BE SLOPPY THERE.
SOMEBODY SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A MOP FOR ALL THIS BLOOD...
PILOT, TAKE US OUT OF HERE.
THE NERVE OF THAT GUY...

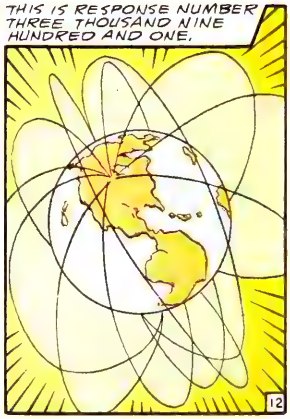
NUMBERED IN ORDER OF DECREASING LIKELIHOOD, THERE ARE FOUR THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED SIXTY-FIVE POSSIBLE PROGRAMMED RESPONSES FOR A POWER RING IN THE POSSESSION OF A GREEN LANTERN WHOSE DEATH IS IMMINENT...

MOST INVOLVE SUDDEN LOSS IN A COMBAT SITUATION... SOME INVOLVE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CORPS... MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND OF THEM ENTAIL THE DIRECT INVOLVEMENT OF THE GUARDIANS... AND SEVERAL HUNDRED ARE IN THE EVENT OF THE DEMISE OF THE GUARDIANS AND THE CORPS THEMSELVES...

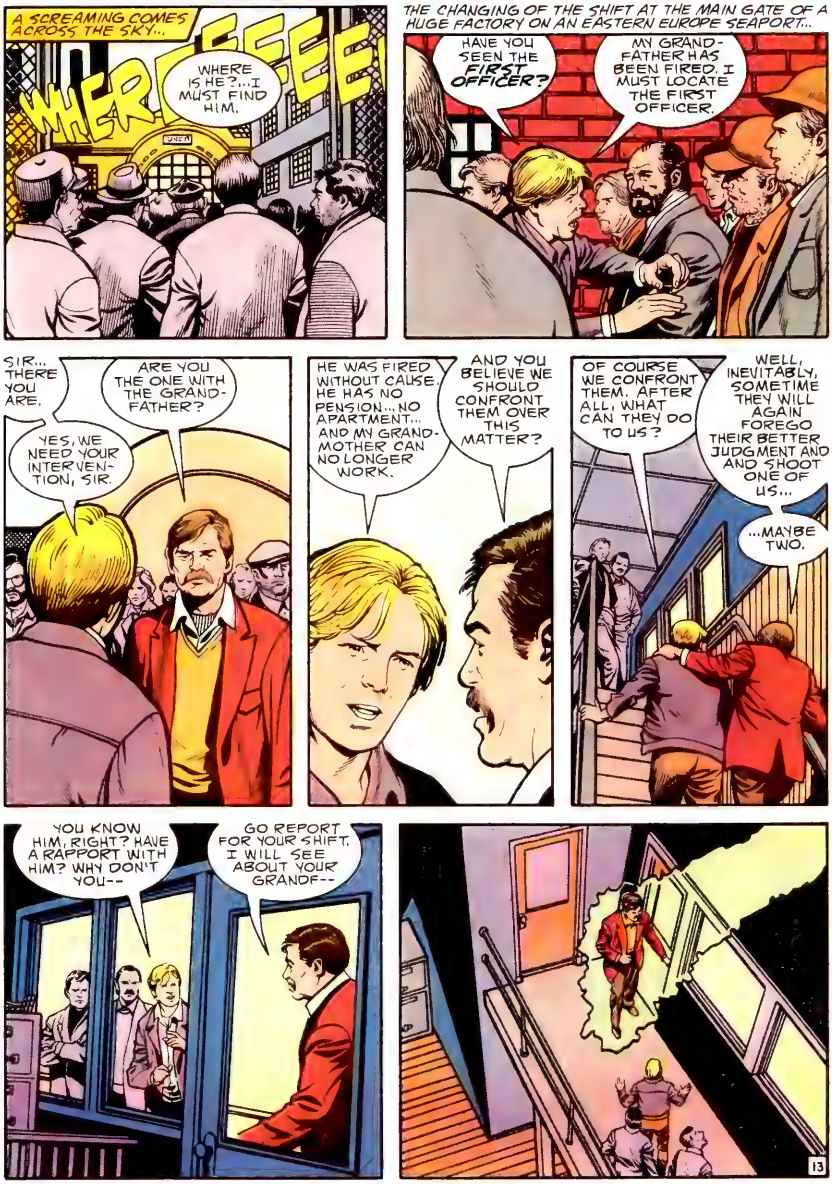


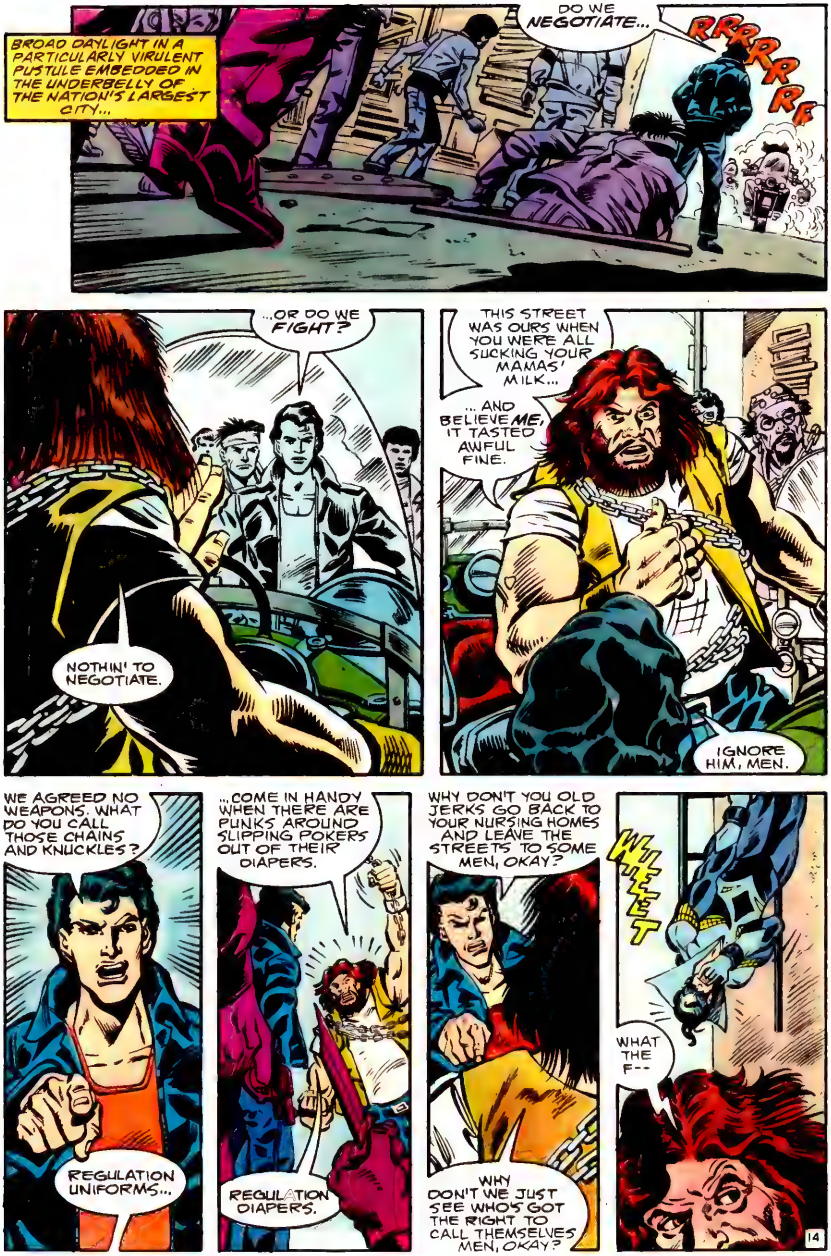


THIS IS RESPONSE NUMBER THREE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND ONE,

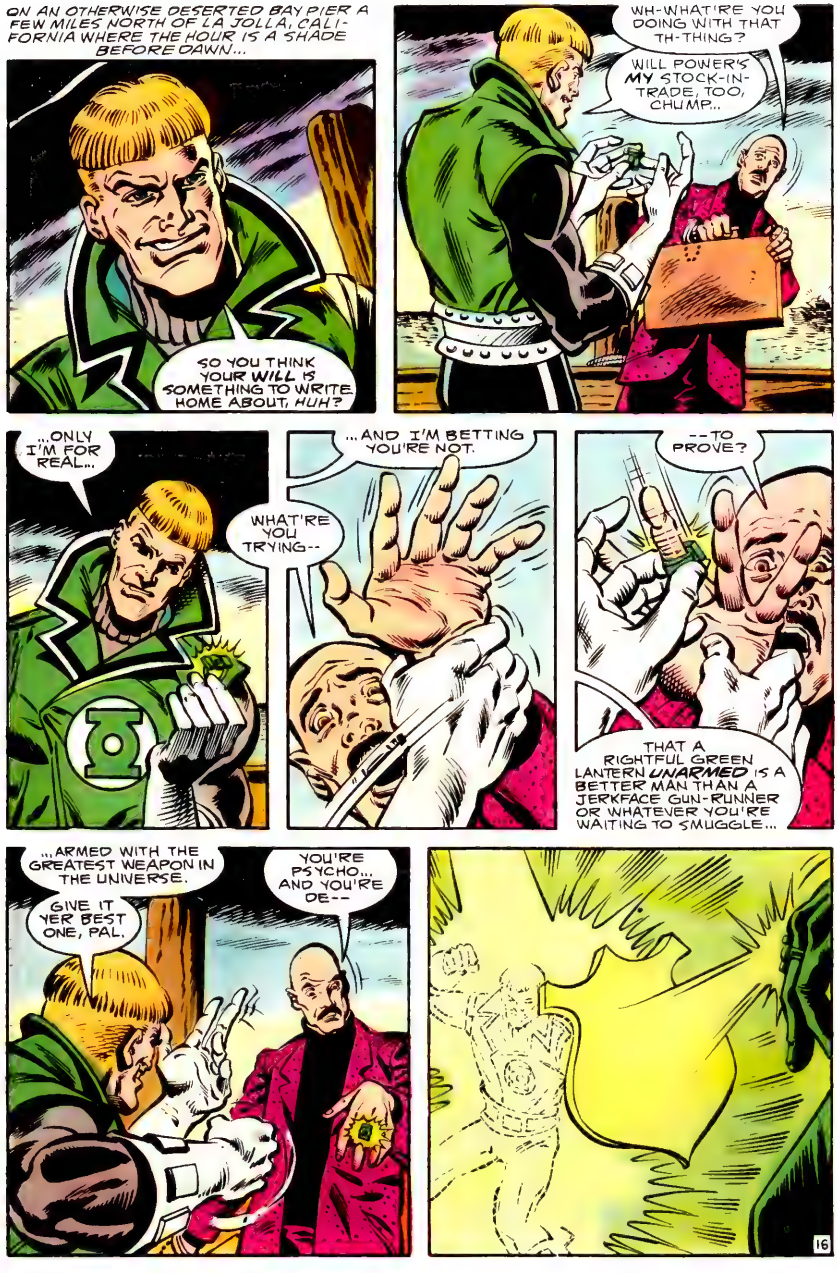


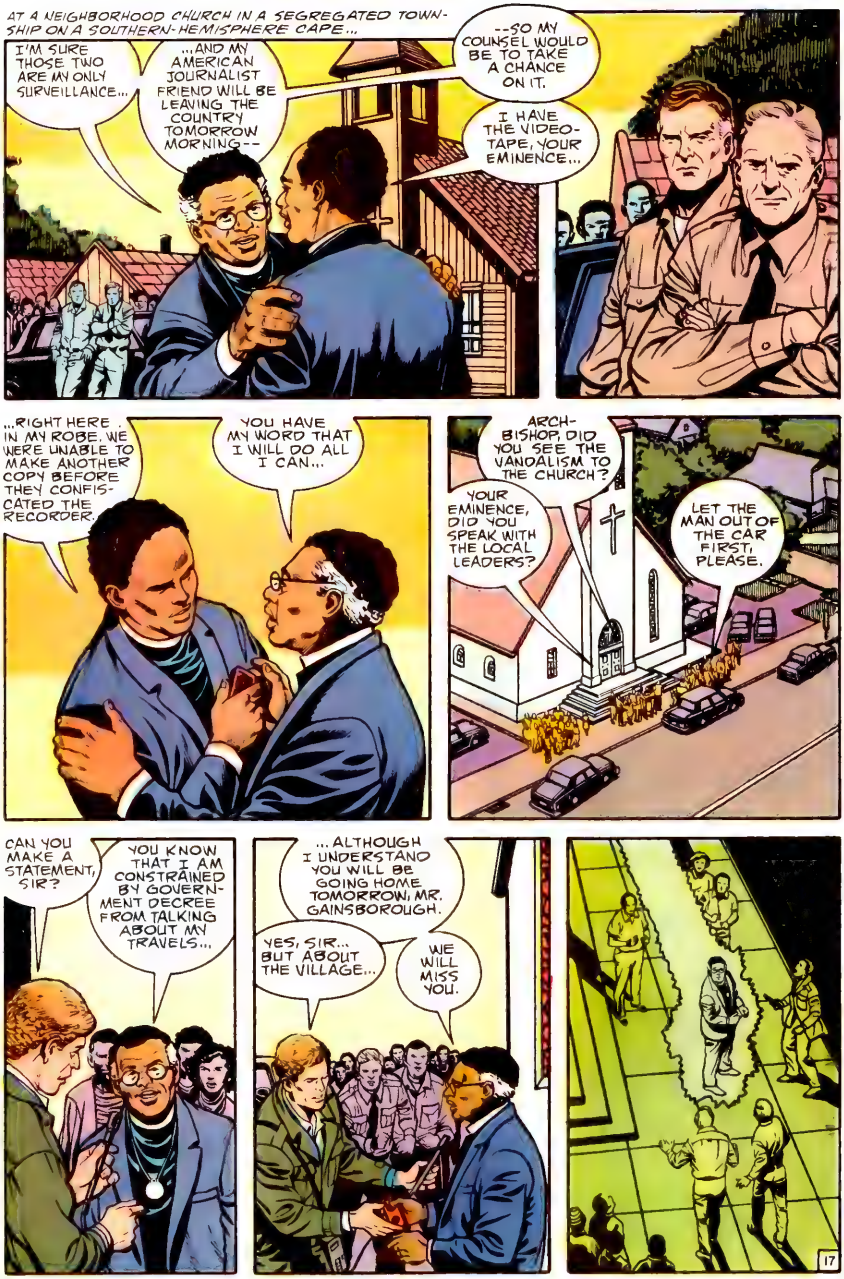
CHAPTER III: THE SUMMONING

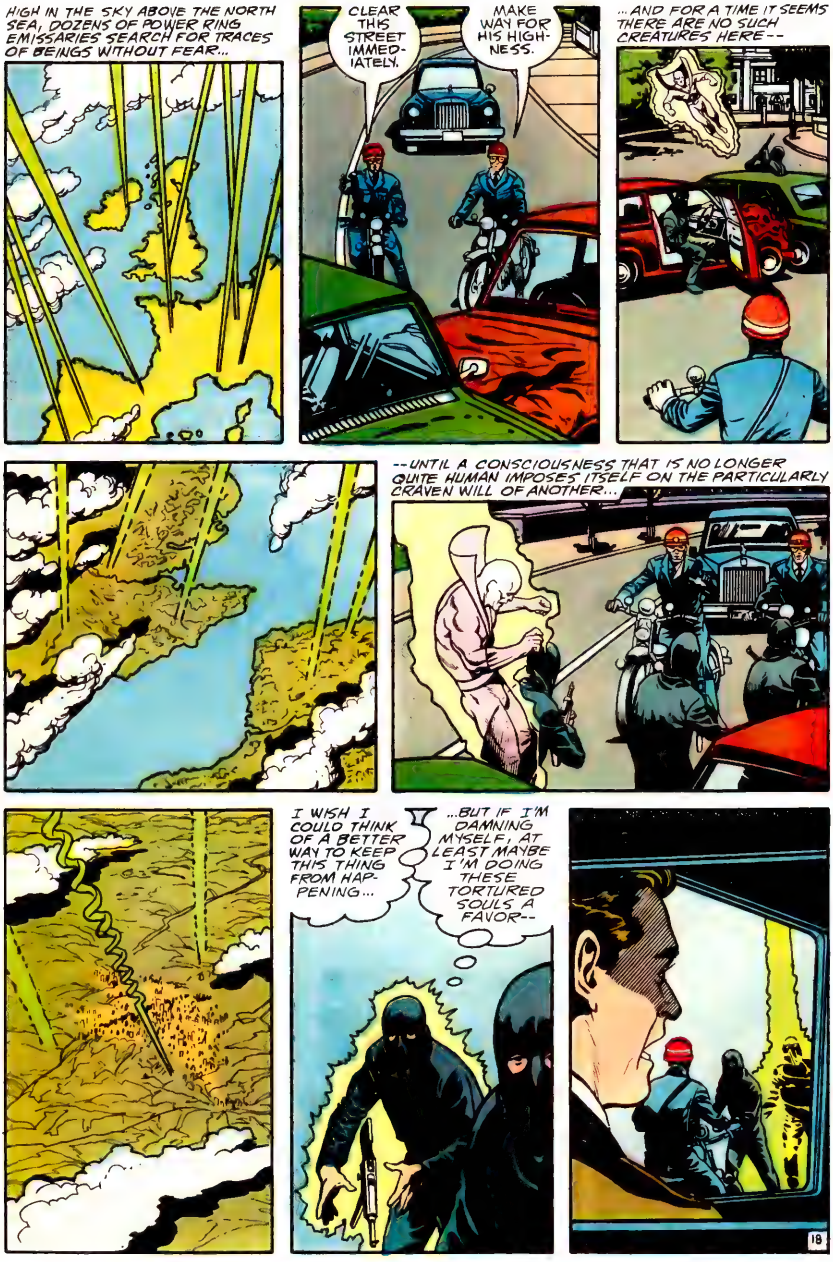

A SCREAMING COMES ACROSS THE SKY...
WHERE IS HE?...I MUST FIND HIM.
THE CHANGING OF THE SHIFT AT THE MAIN GATE OF A HUGE FACTORY ON AN EASTERN EUROPE SEAPORT...
HAVE YOU SEEN THE FIRST OFFICER?
MY GRANDFATHER HAS BEEN FIRED. I MUST LOCATE THE FIRST OFFICER.
SIR... THERE YOU ARE.
ARE YOU THE ONE WITH THE GRANDFATHER?
YES, WE NEED YOUR INTERVENTION, SIR.
HE WAS FIRED WITHOUT CAUSE. HE HAS NO PENSION...NO APARTMENT... AND MY GRANDMOTHER CAN NO LONGER WORK.
AND YOU BELIEVE WE SHOULD CONFRONT THEM OVER THIS MATTER?
OF COURSE WE CONFRONT THEM. AFTER ALL, WHAT CAN THEY DO TO US?
WELL, INEVITABLY, SOMETIME THEY WILL AGAIN FOREGO THEIR BETTER JUDGMENT AND SHOOT ONE OF US...
...MAYBE TWO.
YOU KNOW HIM, RIGHT? HAVE A RAPPORT WITH HIM? WHY DON'T YOU--
GO REPORT FOR YOUR SHIFT. I WILL SEE ABOUT YOUR GRANDF--


BROAD DAYLIGHT IN A PARTICULARLY VIRULENT PUSTULE EMBEDDED IN THE UNDERBELLY OF THE NATION'S LARGEST CITY...
DO WE NEGOTIATE...
RRRRRRR
...OR DO WE FIGHT?
NOTHIN' TO NEGOTIATE.
THIS STREET WAS OURS WHEN YOU WERE ALL SUCKING YOUR MAMAS' MILK...
... AND BELIEVE ME, IT TASTED AWFUL FINE.
IGNORE HIM, MEN.
WE AGREED NO WEAPONS. WHAT DO YOU CALL THOSE CHAINS AND KNUCKLES?
REGULATION UNIFORMS...
...COME IN HANDY WHEN THERE ARE PUNKS AROUND SLIPPING POKERS OUT OF THEIR DIAPERS.
REGULATION DIAPERS.
WHY DON'T YOU OLD JERKS GO BACK TO YOUR NURSING HOMES AND LEAVE THE STREETS TO SOME MEN, OKAY?
WHY DON'T WE JUST SEE WHO'S GOT THE RIGHT TO CALL THEMSELVES MEN, OKAY?
WEEET
WHAT THE F--
14

GEEZ, APES ARE DRESSING IN FUNNY CLOTHES THESE DAYS...
...AND CALLING THEMSELVES BY FUNNY NAMES--MEN?...
...AND SWINGING BY FUNNY GRAPEVINES...
YIIEEEEEE
...BUT YOU SURE CLIMB SOME SPIFFY-LOOKING TREES.
AN EVERGREEN HARLEY WITH A WIDE TRUNK. I LIKE IT.
THIS CLOWN TALKS TOO MUCH. HE SHOULD BE EASY TO TAKE DOWN.
DO HIM.
NIGHTWING HAS FOUND HIS ELEMENT ...VICIOUS COMBAT AGAINST INCREDIBLE ODDS--
--WHERE, BY MAKING HIMSELF THE COMMON ENEMY, HE CAN AVERT TWO ENEMIES' MUTUAL DESTRUCTION.
MANY TIMES HAS HE BEEN HERE...
...BUT NEVER WHERE HE IS GOING--


ON AN OTHERWISE DESERTED BAY PIER A FEW MILES NORTH OF LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA WHERE THE HOUR IS A SHADE BEFORE DAWN...
SO YOU THINK YOUR WILL IS SOMETHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT, HUH?
WH-WHAT'RE YOU DOING WITH THAT TH-THING?
WILL POWER'S MY STOCK-IN-TRADE, TOO, CHUMP..
...ONLY I'M FOR REAL...
WHAT'RE YOU TRYING--
...AND I'M BETTING YOU'RE NOT.
--TO PROVE?
THAT A RIGHTFUL GREEN LANTERN UNARMED IS A BETTER MAN THAN A JERKFACE GUN-RUNNER OR WHATEVER YOU'RE WAITING TO SMUGGLE...
...ARMED WITH THE GREATEST WEAPON IN THE UNIVERSE.
GIVE IT YER BEST ONE, PAL.
YOU'RE PSYCHO... AND YOU'RE DE--
16

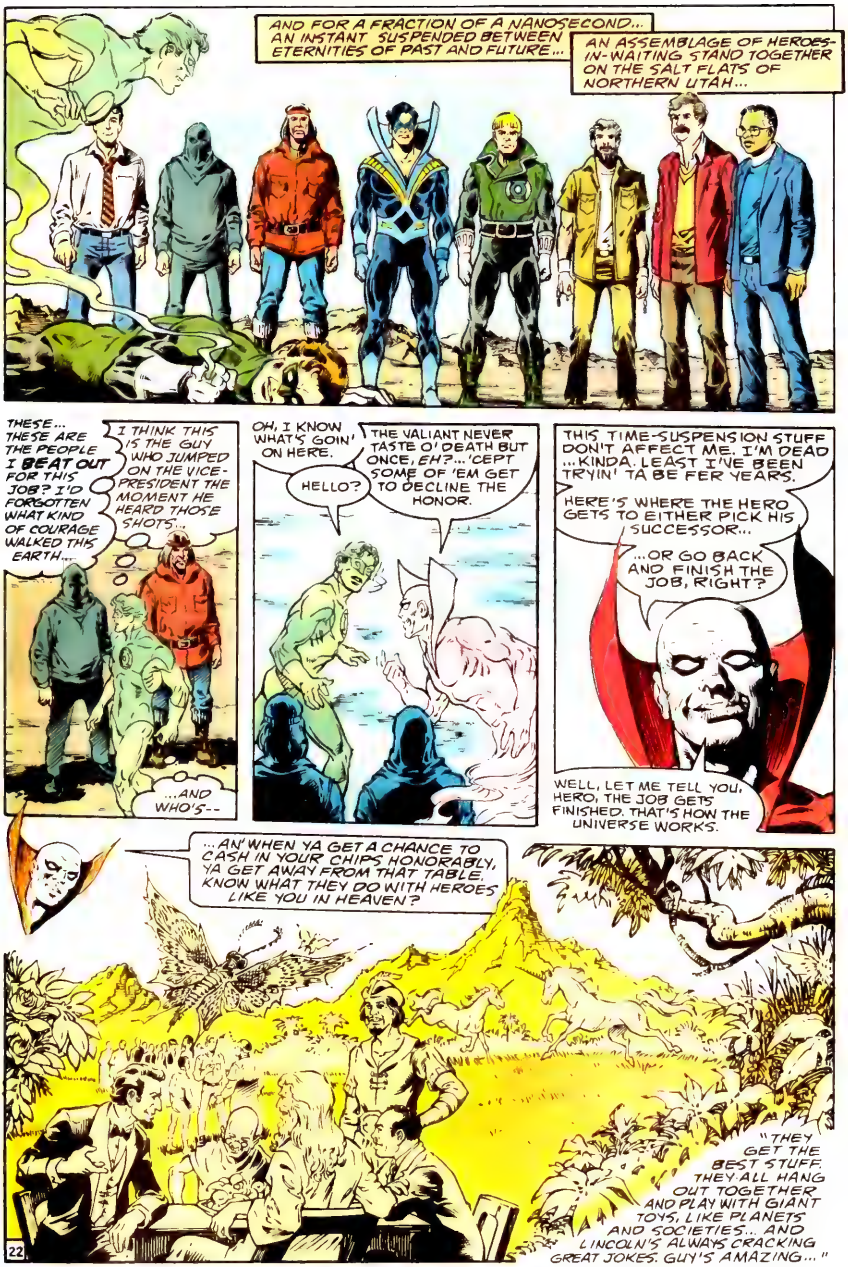

AT A NEIGHBORHOOD CHURCH IN A SEGREGATED TOWNSHIP ON A SOUTHERN-HEMISPHERE CAPE...
I'M SURE THOSE TWO ARE MY ONLY SURVEILLANCE...
...AND MY AMERICAN JOURNALIST FRIEND WILL BE LEAVING THE COUNTRY TOMORROW MORNING--
--SO MY COUNSEL WOULD BE TO TAKE A CHANCE ON IT.
I HAVE THE VIDEO-TAPE, YOUR EMINENCE...
...RIGHT HERE IN MY ROBE. WE WERE UNABLE TO MAKE ANOTHER COPY BEFORE THEY CONFISCATED THE RECORDER.
YOU HAVE MY WORD THAT I WILL DO ALL I CAN...
ARCH-BISHOP, DID YOU SEE THE VANDALISM TO THE CHURCH?
YOUR EMINENCE, DID YOU SPEAK WITH THE LOCAL LEADERS?
LET THE MAN OUT OF THE CAR FIRST, PLEASE.
CAN YOU MAKE A STATEMENT, SIR?
YOU KNOW THAT I AM CONSTRAINED BY GOVERNMENT DECREE FROM TALKING ABOUT MY TRAVELS...
... ALTHOUGH I UNDERSTAND YOU WILL BE GOING HOME TOMORROW, MR. GAINSBOROUGH.
YES, SIR... BUT ABOUT THE VILLAGE...
WE WILL MISS YOU.
17

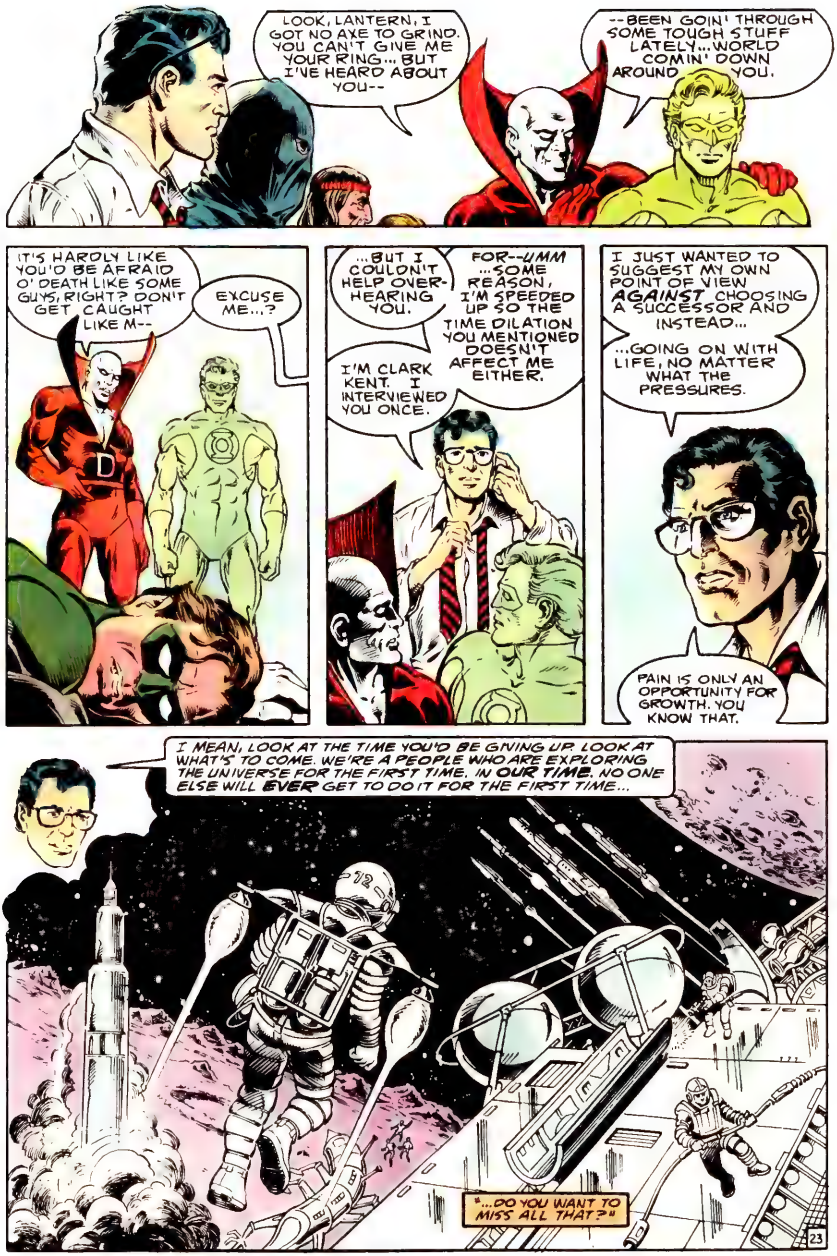

HIGH IN THE SKY ABOVE THE NORTH SEA, DOZENS OF POWER RING EMISSARIES SEARCH FOR TRACES OF BEINGS WITHOUT FEAR...
CLEAR THIS STREET IMMEDIATELY.
MAKE WAY FOR HIS HIGHNESS.
...AND FOR A TIME IT SEEMS THERE ARE NO SUCH CREATURES HERE--
--UNTIL A CONSCIOUSNESS THAT IS NO LONGER QUITE HUMAN IMPOSES ITSELF ON THE PARTICULARLY CRAVEN WILL OF ANOTHER...
I WISH I COULD THINK OF A BETTER WAY TO KEEP THIS THING FROM HAPPENING...
...BUT IF I'M DAMNING MYSELF, AT LEAST MAYBE I'M DOING THESE TORTURED SOULS A FAVOR--
18

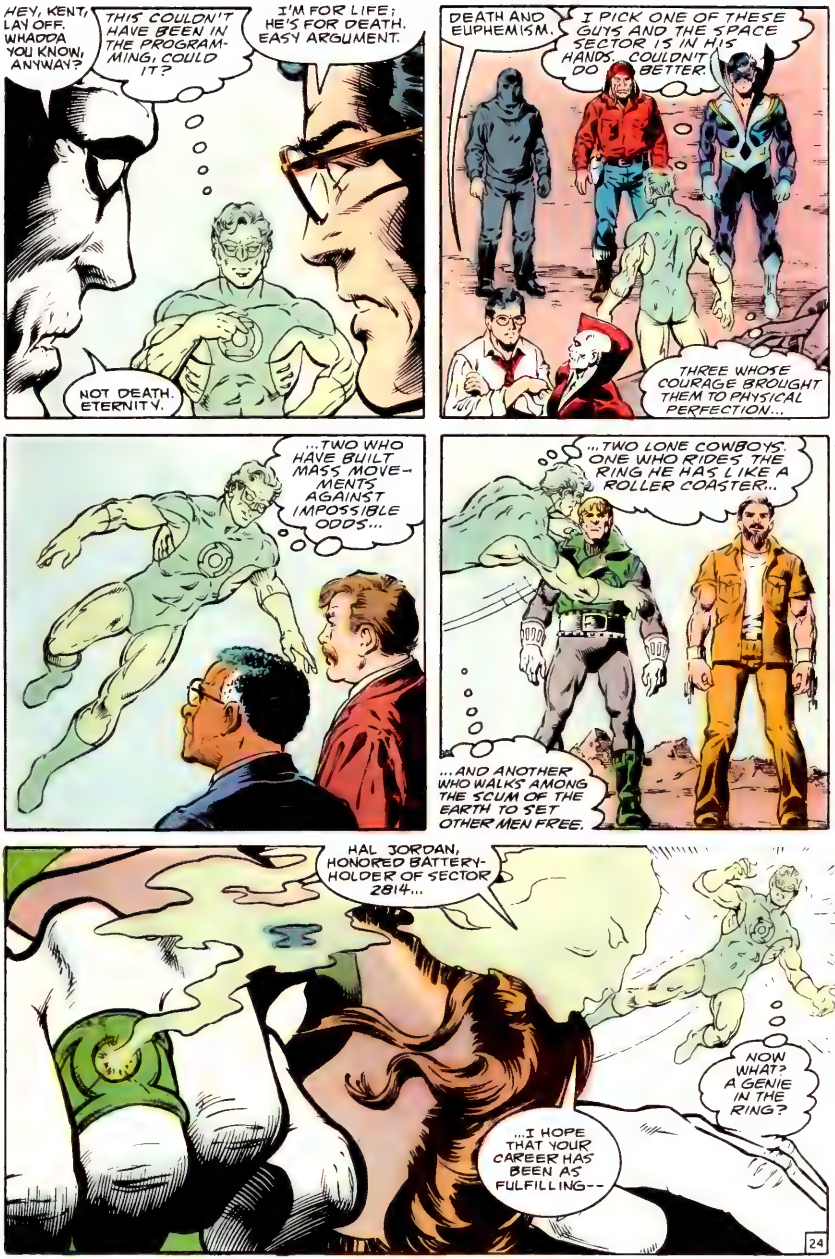
IN THE NORTHERN LANDS WHERE ONCE SITTING BULL AND CRAZY HORSE DREAMED OF AN HONORABLE MYSTICAL KINGDOM OF THE DAKOTAH NATION...
THIS IS THE WAY MORNING REALLY FEELS, DAVY. GOOD, HUH?
GOOD BUT C-C-COLD, GRANDPA RUFUS.
LIKE I SAID. THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO FEEL.
OKAY, TODAY'S FIRST LESSON IS FROM MY OLD SECRET SERVICE SURVIVAL TRAINING...
...TAKE A GOOD DEEP BREATH BEFORE YOU WALK OUT OF CAMP. SMELL THE AIR.
YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU MIGHT BE DOWN-WIND OF.
ALL CLEAR, GRANDPA RUFUS.
ROWWRR!
DON'T MOVE, DAVY, UNTIL--
--NOW!
BACK TO CAMP! MOVE IT!
19

IN AN APARTMENT AT THE CENTER OF ONE OF THE LARGEST AND DENSEST COLONIES OF HUMANS ON THE PLANET...
EVERYTHING IS PART OF EVERYTHING ELSE...
...A REMARKABLE MIND PORES OVER THE STATISTICAL DETRITUS OF HUMANKIND TO UNEARTH REMARKABLE FACTS--
...THOUGH IT MAKES ALMOST NO SENSE THAT LONG-TERM INTEREST RATES WOULD VARY INVERSELY--
--WITH THE EARNED-RUN AVERAGES OF NEW YORK METS' PITCHERS...
...BUT IT'S A FACT! THE PARALLELS ARE UN-CANNY!
NOW... WHY? HOW MANY INVESTMENT BANKERS OWN SEASON TICKETS TO SHEA STADIUM? WHAT HAPPENED OFF-SEASON WHEN OJEDA HURT HIM-SELF? WHO HAS THE--
DRAT! WHO'S THAT ABOUT TO KNOCK ON THE DOOR...?
ARNIE CIVES! FROM THE SIXTH FLOOR. NO THREAT.
COME IN! IT'S OPEN!
MR. KENT? I'M SELLING RAFFLE TICKETS FOR A SOUSA-PHONE FOR THE HIGH-SCHOOL BAND'S FUND-RAISER...
MR. KENT? WHERE ARE YOU?
HI, ARNIE. I'M IN HE--

IN A BEIRUT BASEMENT WHOSE ROACH POPULATION IS KEPT WELL IN CONTROL BY AN EFFICIENT PATROL OF NEWTS AND RATS...
SKRITCH
SKRITCH
THESE BLOODY CHEAP RUFFIANS ALMOST MAKE ME SWEAR!
I COME TO NEGOTIATE THE HOSTAGES' RELEASE ...EVERY BLOODY THING ON THE TABLE...
SNAP
...AND THEY BLOODY WELL TAKE ME!
I'VE GOT A CAUSE... YOU'VE GOT A CAUSE ...EVERYBODY'S GOT TO HAVE A CAUSE...
SKRT
...AND MINE IS FREEDOM, BE BLOODY WELL SURE, RIGHT NOW, MY OWN.
COULD YOU FIND THE BEANBALL TEAM ON THE SATELLITE? THE ONE WITH THAT FELLOW MOOKIE?
BASEBALL. NO, LOOK ON THE SCANNER YOURSELF.
I KNOW THERE ARE AT LEAST FOUR OTHER MEN BEING HELD SOMEWHERE IN THIS HOUSE...
...AND I AM NOT FREE--
--UNTIL THEY ARE, TOO!
KRASH
21

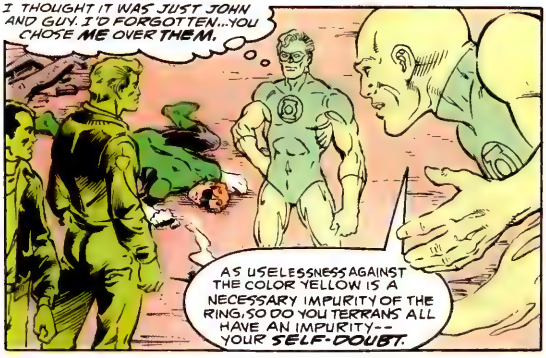

AND FOR A FRACTION OF A NANOSECOND... AN INSTANT SUSPENDED BETWEEN ETERNITIES OF PAST AND FUTURE...
AN ASSEMBLAGE OF HEROES-IN-WAITING STAND TOGETHER ON THE SALT FLATS OF NORTHERN UTAH...
THESE... THESE ARE THE PEOPLE I BEAT OUT FOR THIS JOB? I'D FORGOTTEN WHAT KIND OF COURAGE WALKED THIS EARTH...
I THINK THIS IS THE GUY WHO JUMPED ON THE VICE-PRESIDENT THE MOMENT HE HEARD THOSE SHOTS...
...AND WHO'S--
OH, I KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE.
HELLO?
THE VALIANT NEVER TASTE O' DEATH BUT ONCE, EH? - 'CEPT SOME OF 'EM GET TO DECLINE THE HONOR.
THIS TIME-SUSPENSION STUFF DON'T AFFECT ME. I'M DEAD ...KINDA. LEAST I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TA BE FER YEARS.
HERE'S WHERE THE HERO GETS TO EITHER PICK HIS SUCCESSOR...
...OR GO BACK AND FINISH THE JOB, RIGHT?
WELL, LET ME TELL YOU, HERO, THE JOB GETS FINISHED. THAT'S HOW THE UNIVERSE WORKS.
...AN' WHEN YA GET A CHANCE TO CASH IN YOUR CHIPS HONORABLY, YA GET AWAY FROM THAT TABLE. KNOW WHAT THEY DO WITH HEROES LIKE YOU IN HEAVEN?
"THEY GET THE BEST STUFF. THEY ALL HANG OUT TOGETHER AND PLAY WITH GIANT TOYS, LIKE PLANETS AND SOCIETIES... AND LINCOLN'S ALWAYS CRACKING GREAT JOKES. GUY'S AMAZING..."

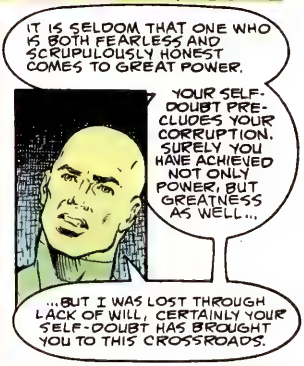

LOOK, LANTERN, I GOT NO AXE TO GRIND. YOU CAN'T GIVE ME YOUR RING... BUT I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU--
--BEEN GOIN' THROUGH SOME TOUGH STUFF LATELY... WORLD COMIN' DOWN AROUND YOU.
IT'S HARDLY LIKE YOU'D BE AFRAID O' DEATH LIKE SOME GUYS, RIGHT? DON'T GET CAUGHT LIKE M--
EXCUSE ME...?
...BUT I COULDN'T HELP OVER-HEARING YOU.
FOR--UMM ...SOME REASON, I'M SPEEDED UP SO THE TIME DILATION YOU MENTIONED DOESN'T AFFECT ME EITHER.
I'M CLARK KENT. I INTERVIEWED YOU ONCE.
I JUST WANTED TO SUGGEST MY OWN POINT OF VIEW AGAINST CHOOSING A SUCCESSOR AND INSTEAD...
...GOING ON WITH LIFE, NO MATTER WHAT THE PRESSURES.
PAIN IS ONLY AN OPPORTUNITY FOR GROWTH. YOU KNOW THAT.
I MEAN, LOOK AT THE TIME YOU'D BE GIVING UP. LOOK AT WHAT'S TO COME. WE'RE A PEOPLE WHO ARE EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE FOR THE FIRST TIME. IN OUR TIME. NO ONE ELSE WILL EVER GET TO DO IT FOR THE FIRST TIME...
"...DO YOU WANT TO MISS ALL THAT?"

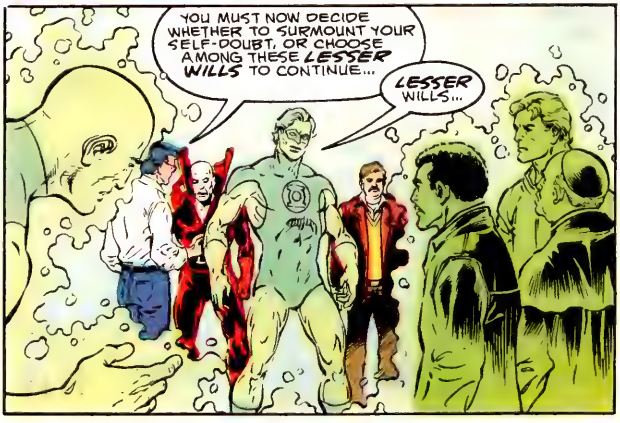

HEY, KENT, LAY OFF. WHADDA YOU KNOW, ANYWAY?
THIS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN THE PROGRAMMING, COULD IT?
I'M FOR LIFE; HE'S FOR DEATH. EASY ARGUMENT.
NOT DEATH. ETERNITY.
DEATH AND EUPHEMISM.
I PICK ONE OF THESE GUYS AND THE SPACE SECTOR IS IN HIS HANDS. COULDN'T DO BETTER.
THREE WHOSE COURAGE BROUGHT THEM TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION...
...TWO WHO HAVE BUILT MASS MOVEMENTS AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS...
...TWO LONE COWBOYS. ONE WHO RIDES THE RING HE HAS LIKE A ROLLER COASTER...
...AND ANOTHER WHO WALKS AMONG THE SCUM OF THE EARTH TO SET OTHER MEN FREE.
HAL JORDAN, HONORED BATTERY-HOLDER OF SECTOR 2814...
NOW WHAT? A GENIE IN THE RING?
...I HOPE THAT YOUR CAREER HAS BEEN AS FULFILLING--

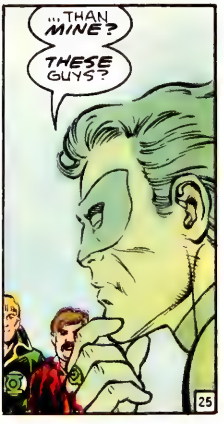
--AS WAS MY OWN. I HOPE THIS, BUT I DOUBT IT.
ABIN SUR. I KNEW WE'D MEET AGAIN.
I AM A PROGRAMMED RESPONSE TO YOUR IMPENDING DEMISE.

YOU MUST KNOW THAT ALL THESE HERE WERE CANDIDATES FOR YOUR POSITION, AS WELL AS THESE OTHERS...
...A MAN OF GOD FROM THE CITY OF MILAN WHO HAS SINCE DIED--AN ARCHITECT FROM AMONG YOUR OWN NATION WHO HAS LEFT THE PLANET --AND YOURSELF.


I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST JOHN AND GUY. I'D FORGOTTEN...YOU CHOSE ME OVER THEM.
AS USELESSNESS AGAINST THE COLOR YELLOW IS A NECESSARY IMPURITY OF THE RING, SO DO YOU TERRANS ALL HAVE AN IMPURITY-- YOUR SELF-DOUBT.


IT IS SELDOM THAT ONE WHO IS BOTH FEARLESS AND SCRUPULOUSLY HONEST COMES TO GREAT POWER.
YOUR SELF-DOUBT PRECLUDES YOUR CORRUPTION. SURELY YOU HAVE ACHIEVED NOT ONLY POWER, BUT GREATNESS AS WELL...
...BUT I WAS LOST THROUGH LACK OF WILL, CERTAINLY YOUR SELF-DOUBT HAS BROUGHT YOU TO THIS CROSSROADS.


YOU MUST NOW DECIDE WHETHER TO SURMOUNT YOUR SELF-DOUBT, OR CHOOSE AMONG THESE LESSER WILLS TO CONTINUE...
LESSER WILLS...


...THAN MINE?
THESE GUYS?

HEY, LANTERN, LISTEN UP...
NO, GREEN LANTERN, LISTEN HERE...
HERE'S HOW THINGS GO. THINGS GET BORN, GROW, MAKE THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO THE WAY THINGS GO, AND DIE--

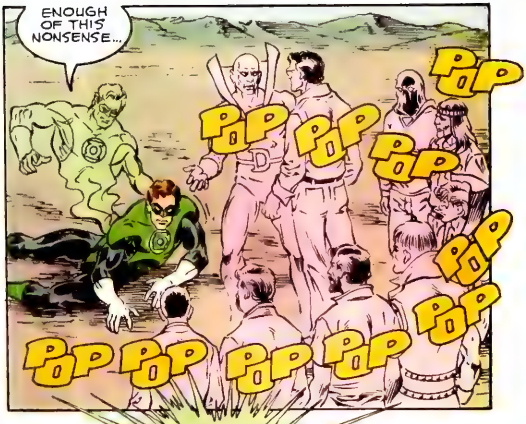
WHICH IS ALL THE MORE REASON TO MAKE AS GREAT A CONTRIBUTION AS YOU CAN.
WHICH IS ALL THE MORE REASON NOT TO SCREW AROUND WITH THE WAY THINGS GO, LIKE I DID...

...THE WAY EVERY HERO-TYPE WHO CHEATS DEATH ON A DAILY BASIS STARTS TO DO AFTER A WHILE.

I RESENT THAT, DEADMAN.
ON WHOSE BEHALF, REPORTER CLARK KENT?

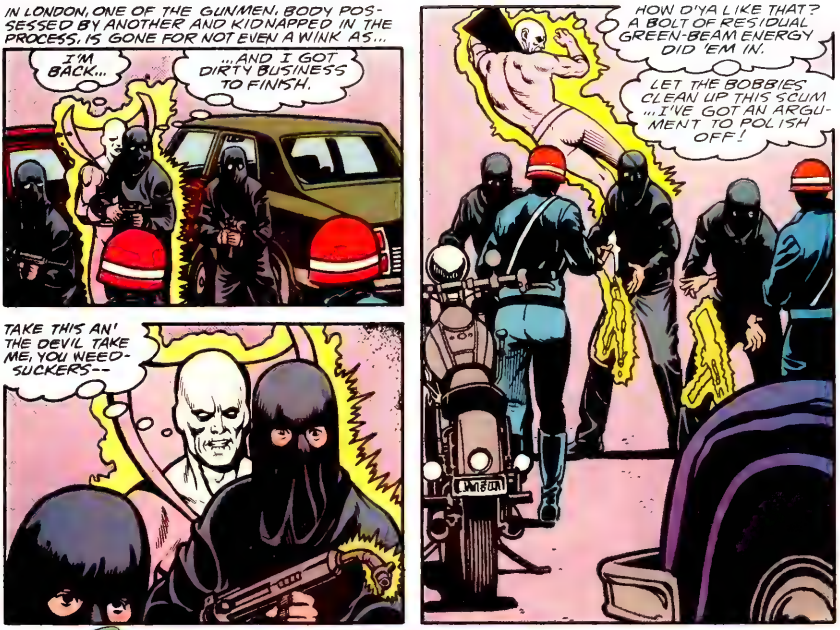
ON BEHALF OF ...OF ALL OF US HERE, THAT'S WHO--

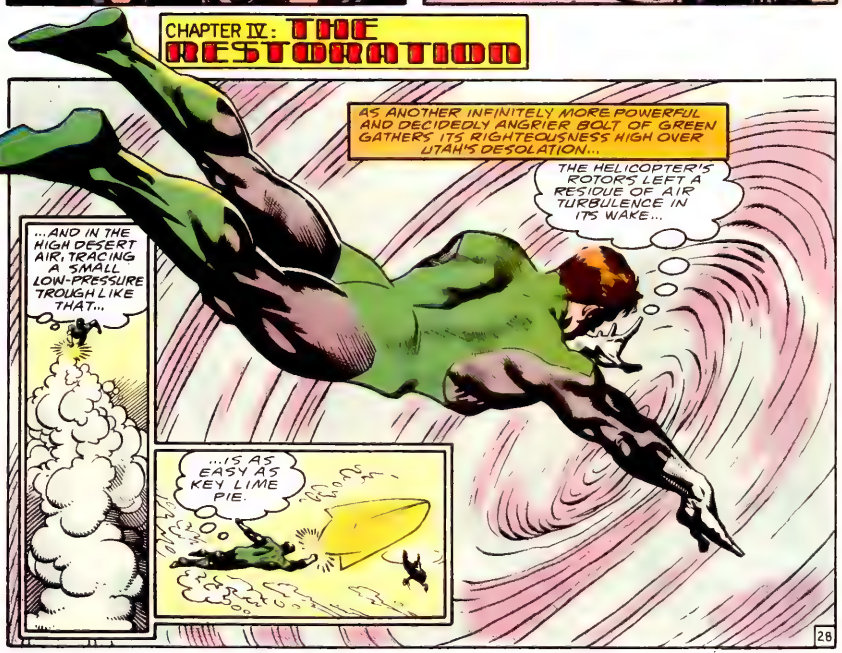
YOUR ARGUMENT'S A LOSER, KENT!
AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOURS IS-- UM, DEAD IN THE WATER.


ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE...
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP

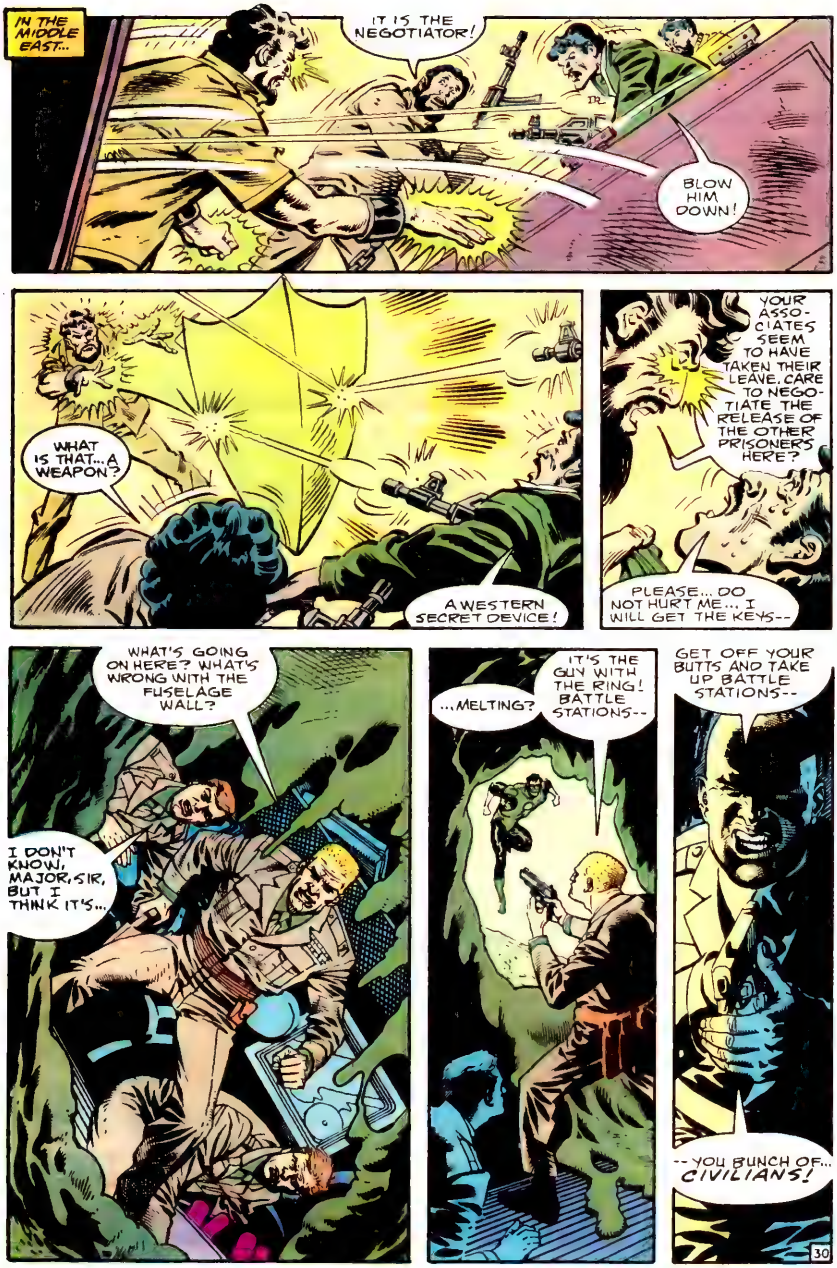
OKAY, BATTERY, JUICE ME UP!

IN BRIGHTEST DAY, IN BLACKEST NIGHT, NO EVIL SHALL ESCAPE MY SIGHT; LET THOSE WHO WORSHIP EVIL'S MIGHT BEWARE MY POWER... GREEN LANTERN'S LIGHT!


IN LONDON, ONE OF THE GUNMEN, BODY POSSESSED BY ANOTHER AND KIDNAPPED IN THE PROCESS, IS GONE FOR NOT EVEN A WINK AS...
I'M BACK...
...AND I GOT DIRTY BUSINESS TO FINISH.
HOW D'YA LIKE THAT? A BOLT OF RESIDUAL GREEN-BEAM ENERGY DID 'EM IN.
LET THE BOBBIES CLEAN UP THIS SCUM ...I'VE GOT AN ARGUMENT TO POLISH OFF!
TAKE THIS AN' THE DEVIL TAKE ME, YOU WEED-SUCKERS--

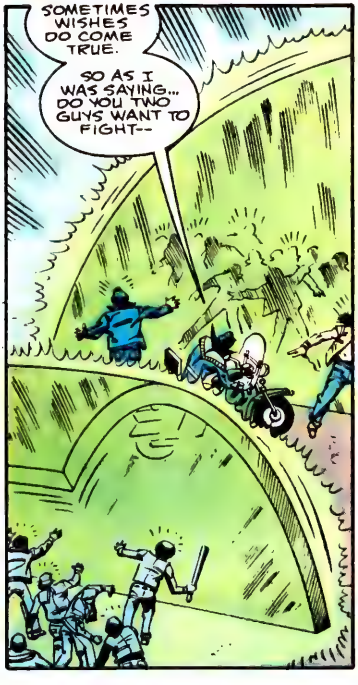

CHAPTER IV: THE RESTORATION
AS ANOTHER INFINITELY MORE POWERFUL AND DECIDEDLY ANGRIER BOLT OF GREEN GATHERS ITS RIGHTEOUSNESS HIGH OVER UTAH'S DESOLATION...
THE HELICOPTER'S ROTORS LEFT A RESIDUE OF AIR TURBULENCE IN ITS WAKE...
...AND IN THE HIGH DESERT AIR, TRACING A SMALL LOW-PRESSURE TROUGH LIKE THAT...
...IS AS EASY AS KEY LIME PIE.

SIMILARLY, AFTER A NANO-SECOND PASSES IN THAT NORTHERN SEAPORT CITY IN EUROPE...
THE OLD MAN WILL BE REINSTATED TOMORROW WITHOUT A FUSS.
YOU WOULD NOT MAKE ANY FUSS, WOULD YOU?
I WOULD NOT THINK OF IT...
...ASSUMING YOU REINSTATE THE TEN-HOUR DAY RULE.
OF COURSE. AS SOON AS I RETURN TO MY DESK, PLEASE LET ME KNOW IF THERE IS MORE I CAN DO FOR YOU--
MAJOR, RADAR INDICATED A SMALL OBJECT APPROACHING UNTIL A MOMENT AGO, BUT IT DISAPPEARED.
JUST CLEAR AIR TURBULENCE AS FAR AS I CAN SEE. DON'T GET WUSSY OVER WIND SHEAR, SOLDIER.
YES, SIR.
KAWHAM!
THIS'LL SWEAT 'EM OUT.

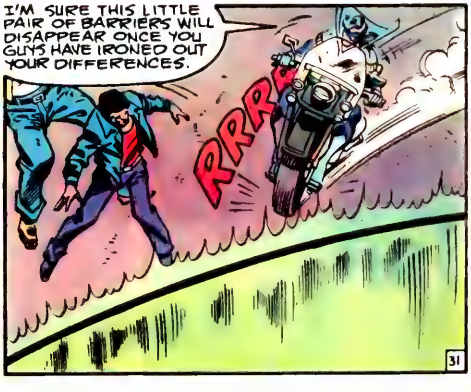

IN THE MIDDLE EAST...
IT IS THE NEGOTIATOR!
BLOW HIM DOWN!
WHAT IS THAT... A WEAPON?
A WESTERN SECRET DEVICE!
YOUR ASSOCIATES SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN THEIR LEAVE. CARE TO NEGOTIATE THE RELEASE OF THE OTHER PRISONERS HERE?
PLEASE... DO NOT HURT ME... I WILL GET THE KEYS--
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE FUSELAGE WALL?
I DON'T KNOW, MAJOR, SIR, BUT I THINK IT'S...
...MELTING?
IT'S THE GUN WITH THE RING! BATTLE STATIONS--
GET OFF YOUR BUTTS AND TAKE UP BATTLE STATIONS--
--YOU BUNCH OF... CIVILIANS!

TALK TO EACH OTHER...OR BRAWL WITH ME!
EASY CHOICE.
SKREEEEEE
LOOKIT HIS EYES... GLOWING--

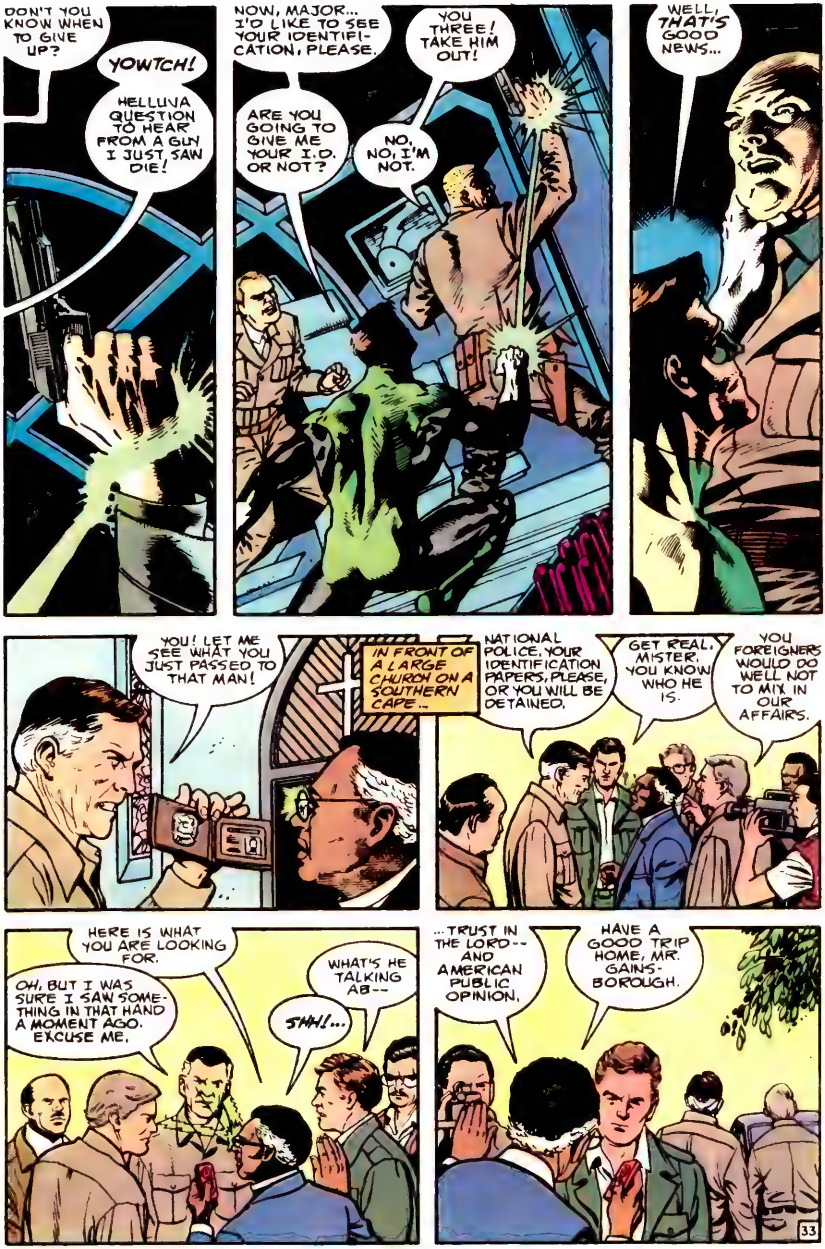
--GREEN!
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT?

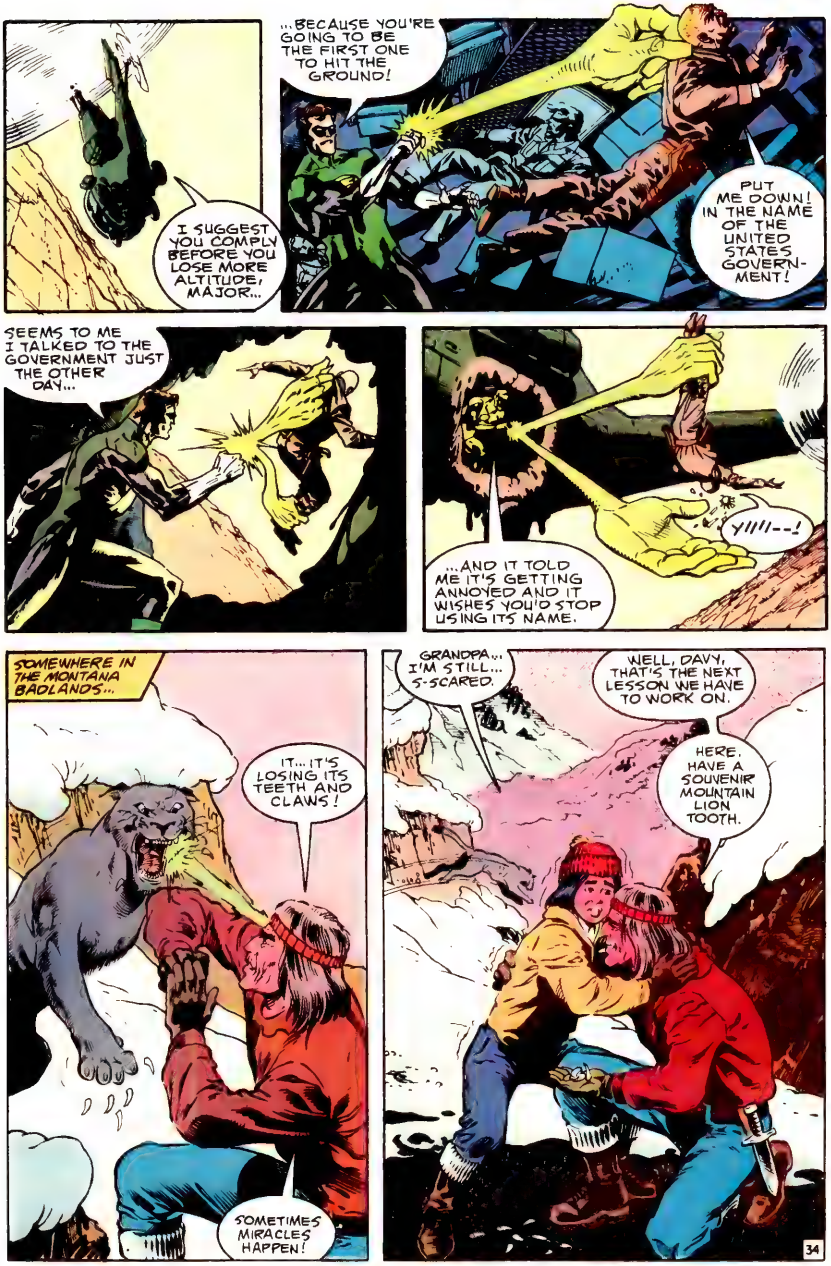

SOMETIMES WISHES DO COME TRUE.
SO AS I WAS SAYING... DO YOU TWO GUYS WANT TO FIGHT--

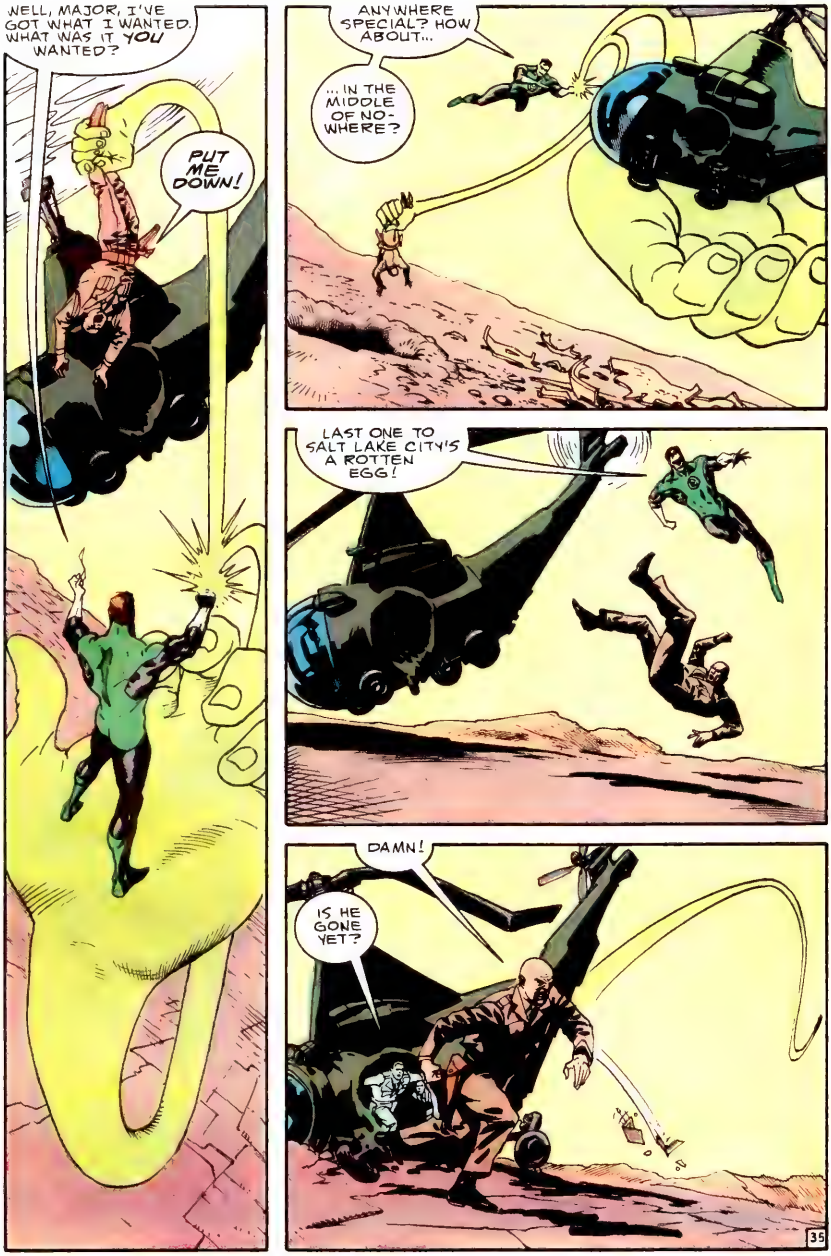
--OR TALK?
NO PREFERENCE, EH?

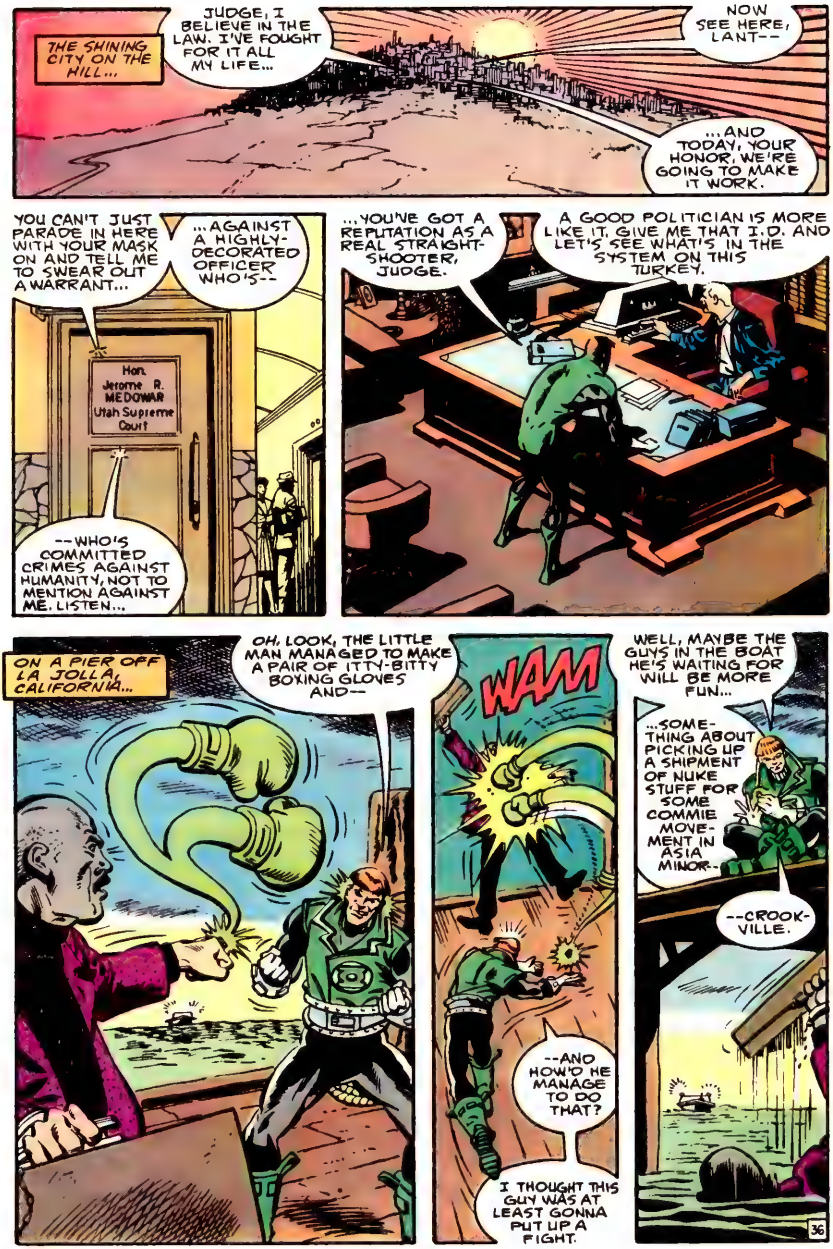

I'M SURE THIS LITTLE PAIR OF BARRIERS WILL DISAPPEAR ONCE YOU GUYS HAVE IRONED OUT YOUR DIFFERENCES.
RRRR

MEAN-WHILE...
...I'LL BE AROUND.
AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN MOVE HIS BUTT AROUND HERE--?
HAVING FUN, LITTLE BOY?
I'LL TAKE THAT IF YOU DON'T MIND, MAJOR EASTERLY.
YOU'LL... SQUIRTING WATER? WHAT'D YOU DO TO MY SIDEARM, FREAK?
I BELIEVE I'VE BEATEN IT INTO A PLOWSHARE.
GIVE ME THAT!

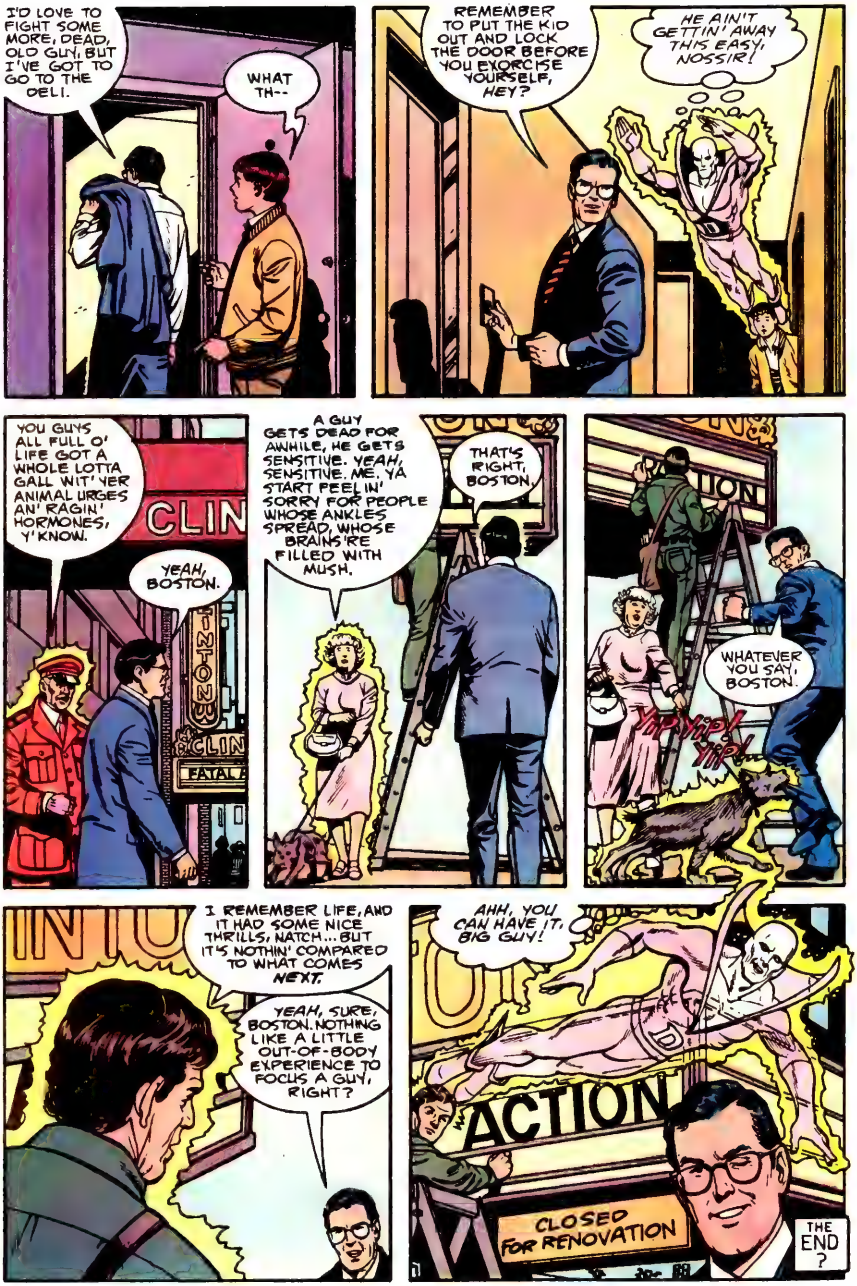

DON'T YOU KNOW WHEN TO GIVE UP?
YOWTCH!
HELLUVA QUESTION TO HEAR FROM A GUN I JUST SAW DIE!
NOW, MAJOR... I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR IDENTIFI-CATION, PLEASE.
YOU THREE! TAKE HIM OUT!
ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME YOUR I.D. OR NOT?
NO, NO, I'M NOT.
WELL, THAT'S GOOD NEWS...
YOU! LET ME SEE WHAT YOU JUST PASSED TO THAT MAN!
IN FRONT OF A LARGE CHURCH ON A SOUTHERN CAPE...
NATIONAL POLICE, YOUR IDENTIFICATION PAPERS, PLEASE, OR YOU WILL BE DETAINED.
GET REAL, MISTER. YOU KNOW WHO HE IS.
YOU FOREIGNERS WOULD DO WELL NOT TO MIX IN OUR AFFAIRS.
HERE IS WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR.
OH, BUT I WAS SURE I SAW SOME-THING IN THAT HAND A MOMENT AGO. EXCUSE ME.
WHAT'S HE TALKING AB--
SHH!...
...TRUST IN THE LORD-- AND AMERICAN PUBLIC OPINION.
HAVE A GOOD TRIP HOME, MR. GAINS-BOROUGH.

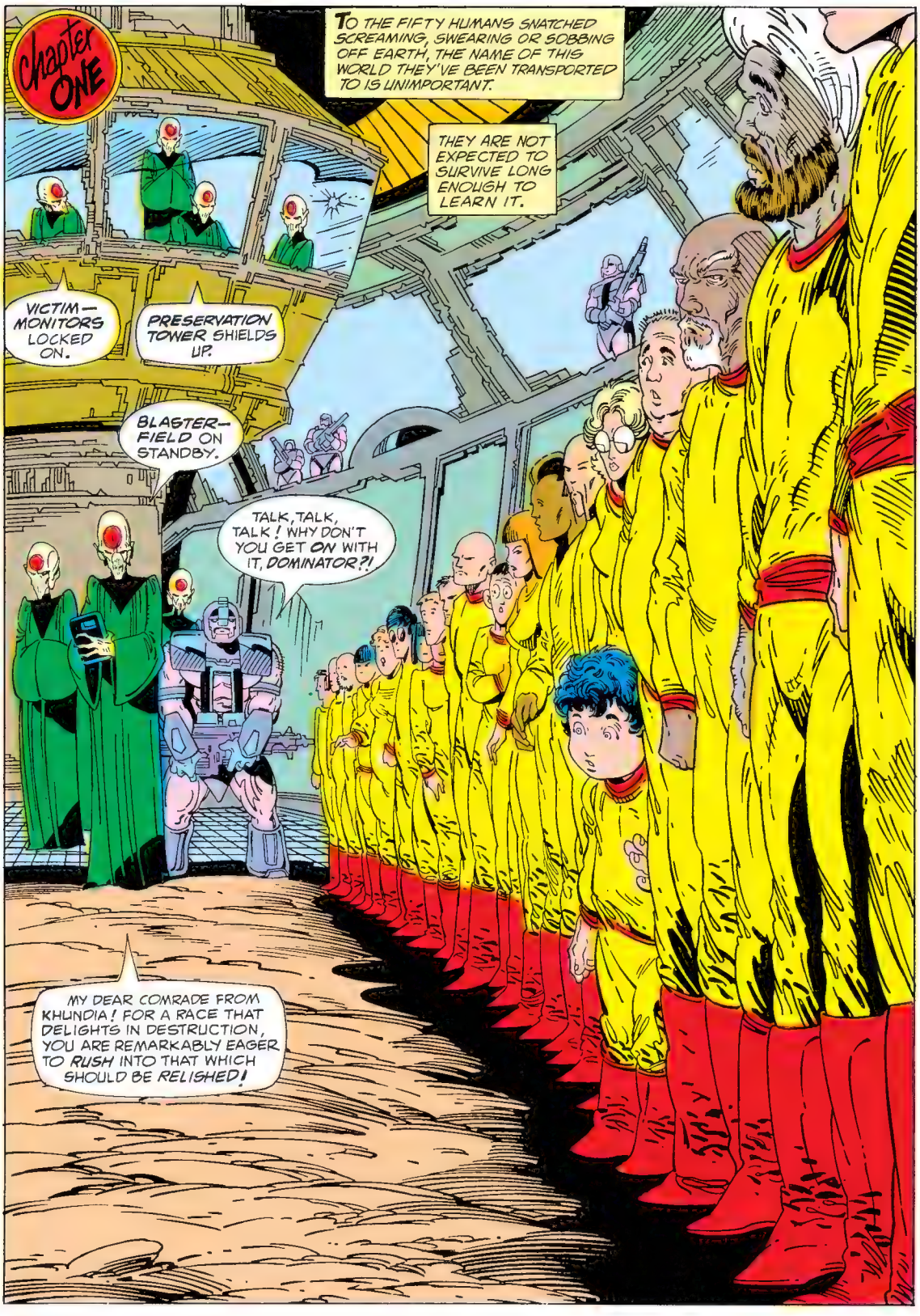

I SUGGEST YOU COMPLY BEFORE YOU LOSE MORE ALTITUDE, MAJOR...
...BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE FIRST ONE TO HIT THE GROUND!
PUT ME DOWN! IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!
SEEMS TO ME I TALKED TO THE GOVERNMENT JUST THE OTHER DAY...
Y!!!!--!
...AND IT TOLD ME IT'S GETTING ANNOYED AND IT WISHES YOU'D STOP USING ITS NAME.
SOMEWHERE IN THE MONTANA BADLANDS...
IT... IT'S LOSING ITS TEETH AND CLAWS!
SOMETIMES MIRACLES HAPPEN!
GRANDPA... I'M STILL... S-SCARED.
WELL, DAVY, THAT'S THE NEXT LESSON WE HAVE TO WORK ON.
HERE, HAVE A SOUVENIR MOUNTAIN LION TOOTH.

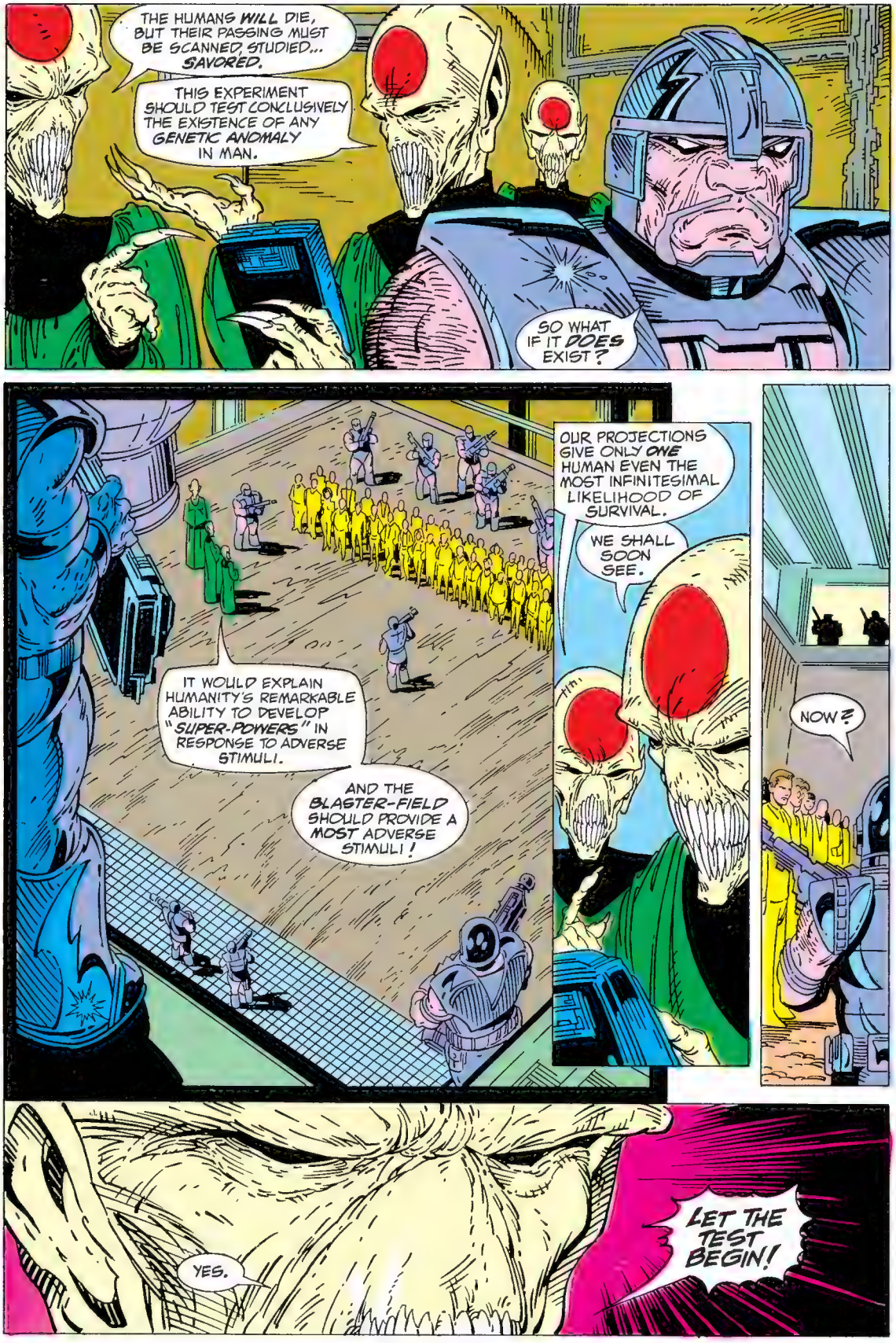

WELL, MAJOR, I'VE GOT WHAT I WANTED. WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?
PUT ME DOWN!
ANYWHERE SPECIAL? HOW ABOUT...
...IN THE MIDDLE OF NO-WHERE?
LAST ONE TO SALT LAKE CITY'S A ROTTEN EGG!
DAMN!
IS HE GONE YET?

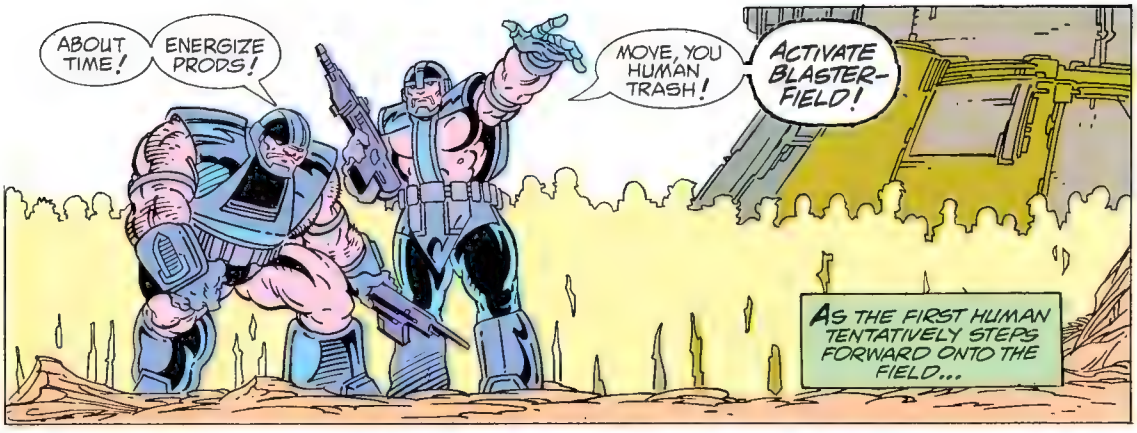

THE SHINING CITY ON THE HILL...
JUDGE, I BELIEVE IN THE LAW. I'VE FOUGHT FOR IT ALL MY LIFE...
NOW SEE HERE, LANT--
...AND TODAY, YOUR HONOR, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT WORK.
YOU CAN'T JUST PARADE IN HERE WITH YOUR MASK ON AND TELL ME TO SWEAR OUT A WARRANT...
...AGAINST A HIGHLY-DECORATED OFFICER WHO'S--
Hon. Jerome R. MEDOWAR Utah Supreme Court
--WHO'S COMMITTED CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY, NOT TO MENTION AGAINST ME. LISTEN...
...YOU'VE GOT A REPUTATION AS A REAL STRAIGHT-SHOOTER, JUDGE.
A GOOD POLITICIAN IS MORE LIKE IT. GIVE ME THAT I.D. AND LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THE SYSTEM ON THIS TURKEY.
ON A PIER OFF LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA...
OH, LOOK, THE LITTLE MAN MANAGED TO MAKE A PAIR OF ITTY-BITTY BOXING GLOVES AND--
WAM
--AND HOW'D HE MANAGE TO DO THAT?
I THOUGHT THIS GUY WAS AT LEAST GONNA PUT UP A FIGHT.
WELL, MAYBE THE GUYS IN THE BOAT HE'S WAITING FOR WILL BE MORE FUN...
...SOMETHING ABOUT PICKING UP A SHIPMENT OF NUKE STUFF FOR SOME COMMIE MOVEMENT IN ASIA MINOR--
--CROOKVILLE.

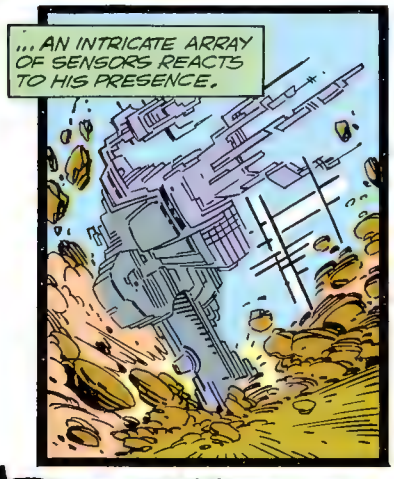
SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF... INTELLIGENCE OFFICER IN ZAIRE FOR TWO YEARS... REPRESENTATIVE OF THE FORMER SECRETARY OF DEFENSE IN... IN IRAN!?!
THIS BOY'S BEEN SOME WEIRD PLACES--SEEN SOME WEIRD STUFF!
WANT IT STRAIGHT, LANTERN? THIS GUY'S A HEAVY HITTER! I DO THIS THING AND HE COULD HAVE ME ASSASSINATED.
YOUR HONOR, THEN YOU'LL HAVE MY PERSONAL PROTECTION. ON MY HONOR.
YOUNG MAN, YOU JUST SAID THE MAGIC WORDS. HAND ME THAT PEN AND YOU'VE GOT YOUR WARRANT.
WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT WORK.
AND FINALLY, IN A LITTLE APARTMENT IN THE CITY OF METROPOLIS...
WELL, THE SCHOOL BAND HAS TO TAKE A TRIP TO WASHINGTON, SEE, AND...
I FEEL A SURGE OF ENERGY INSIDE ME... RESIDUE FROM THE GREEN LANTERN ENERGY I WAS EXPOSED TO, I'LL BET.
MORE POWER... THAT'S ALL I NEED. I'LL JUST SUPPRESS IT AND GET BACK TO HELP HAL IF I CAN.
LOOK, I WAS JUST ON MY WAY OUT AND--
YOU DON'T NEED TA GO ANYWHERE, KENT. LANTERN'S TAKIN' CARE OF HIS PROBLEMS JUST FINE...
...BUT YOU AND I GOT A BONE TO PICK.
BOSTON BRAND? HERE? I'M HONORED.
DEADMAN TO YOU, KENT. NOW SUPERMAN. ON THE OTHER HAND, HE COULD CALL ME ANYTHING HE WANTED.

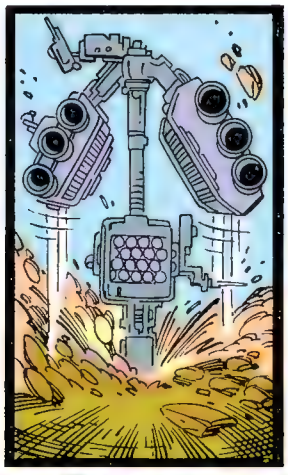

I'D LOVE TO FIGHT SOME MORE, DEAD, OLD GUY, BUT I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE DELI.
WHAT TH--
REMEMBER TO PUT THE KID OUT AND LOCK THE DOOR BEFORE YOU EXORCISE YOURSELF, HEY?
HE AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY THIS EASY, NOSSIR!
YOU GUYS ALL FULL O' LIFE GOT A WHOLE LOTTA GALL WIT' YER ANIMAL URGES AN' RAGIN' HORMONES, Y'KNOW.
CLIN
YEAH, BOSTON.
TINTONS
CLIN
FATAL
A GUY GETS DEAD FOR AWHILE, HE GETS SENSITIVE. YEAH, SENSITIVE. ME, YA START FEELIN' SORRY FOR PEOPLE WHOSE ANKLES SPREAD, WHOSE BRAINS'RE FILLED WITH MUSH.
THAT'S RIGHT, BOSTON.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, BOSTON.
YIPPY!
YIPPY!
I REMEMBER LIFE, AND IT HAD SOME NICE THRILLS, NATCH... BUT IT'S NOTHIN' COMPARED TO WHAT COMES NEXT.
YEAH, SURE, BOSTON. NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE TO FOCUS A GUY, RIGHT?
AHH, YOU CAN HAVE IT, BIG GUY!
ACTION
CLOSED FOR RENOVATION
THE END ?

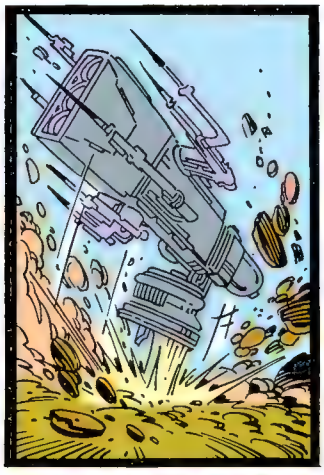

Chapter ONE
TO THE FIFTY HUMANS SNATCHED SCREAMING, SWEARING OR SOBBING OFF EARTH, THE NAME OF THIS WORLD THEY'VE BEEN TRANSPORTED TO IS UNIMPORTANT.
THEY ARE NOT EXPECTED TO SURVIVE LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN IT.
VICTIM—MONITORS LOCKED ON.
PRESERVATION TOWER SHIELDS UP.
BLASTER—FIELD ON STANDBY.
TALK, TALK, TALK! WHY DON'T YOU GET ON WITH IT, DOMINATOR?!
MY DEAR COMRADE FROM KHUNDIA! FOR A RACE THAT DELIGHTS IN DESTRUCTION, YOU ARE REMARKABLY EAGER TO RUSH INTO THAT WHICH SHOULD BE RELISHED!

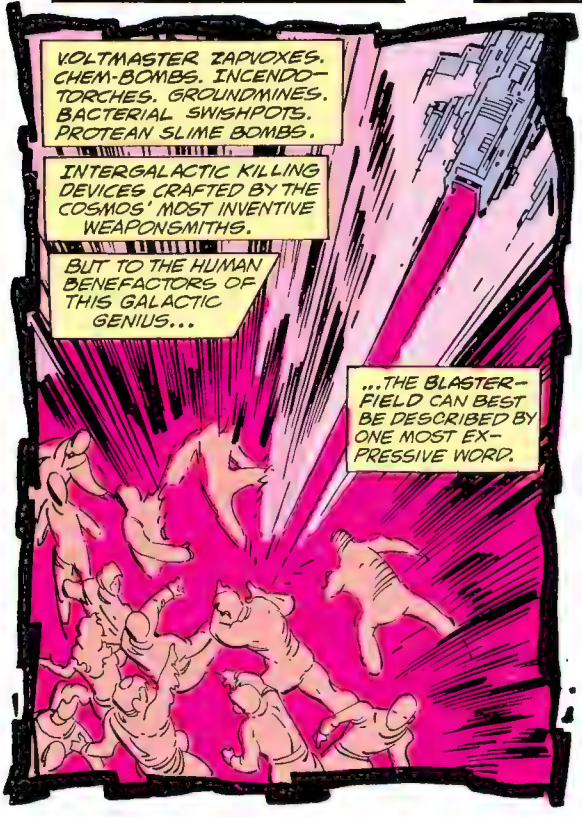

THE HUMANS WILL DIE, BUT THEIR PASSING MUST BE SCANNED, STUDIED... SAVORED.
THIS EXPERIMENT SHOULD TEST CONCLUSIVELY THE EXISTENCE OF ANY GENETIC ANOMALY IN MAN.
SO WHAT IF IT DOES EXIST?
IT WOULD EXPLAIN HUMANITY'S REMARKABLE ABILITY TO DEVELOP "SUPER-POWERS" IN RESPONSE TO ADVERSE STIMULI.
AND THE BLASTER-FIELD SHOULD PROVIDE A MOST ADVERSE STIMULI!
OUR PROJECTIONS GIVE ONLY ONE HUMAN EVEN THE MOST INFINITESIMAL LIKELIHOOD OF SURVIVAL.
WE SHALL SOON SEE.
Hm.
NOW?
YES.
LET THE TEST BEGIN!


ABOUT TIME!
ENERGIZE PRODS!
MOVE, YOU HUMAN TRASH!
ACTIVATE BLASTER-FIELD!
AS THE FIRST HUMAN TENTATIVELY STEPS FORWARD ONTO THE FIELD...

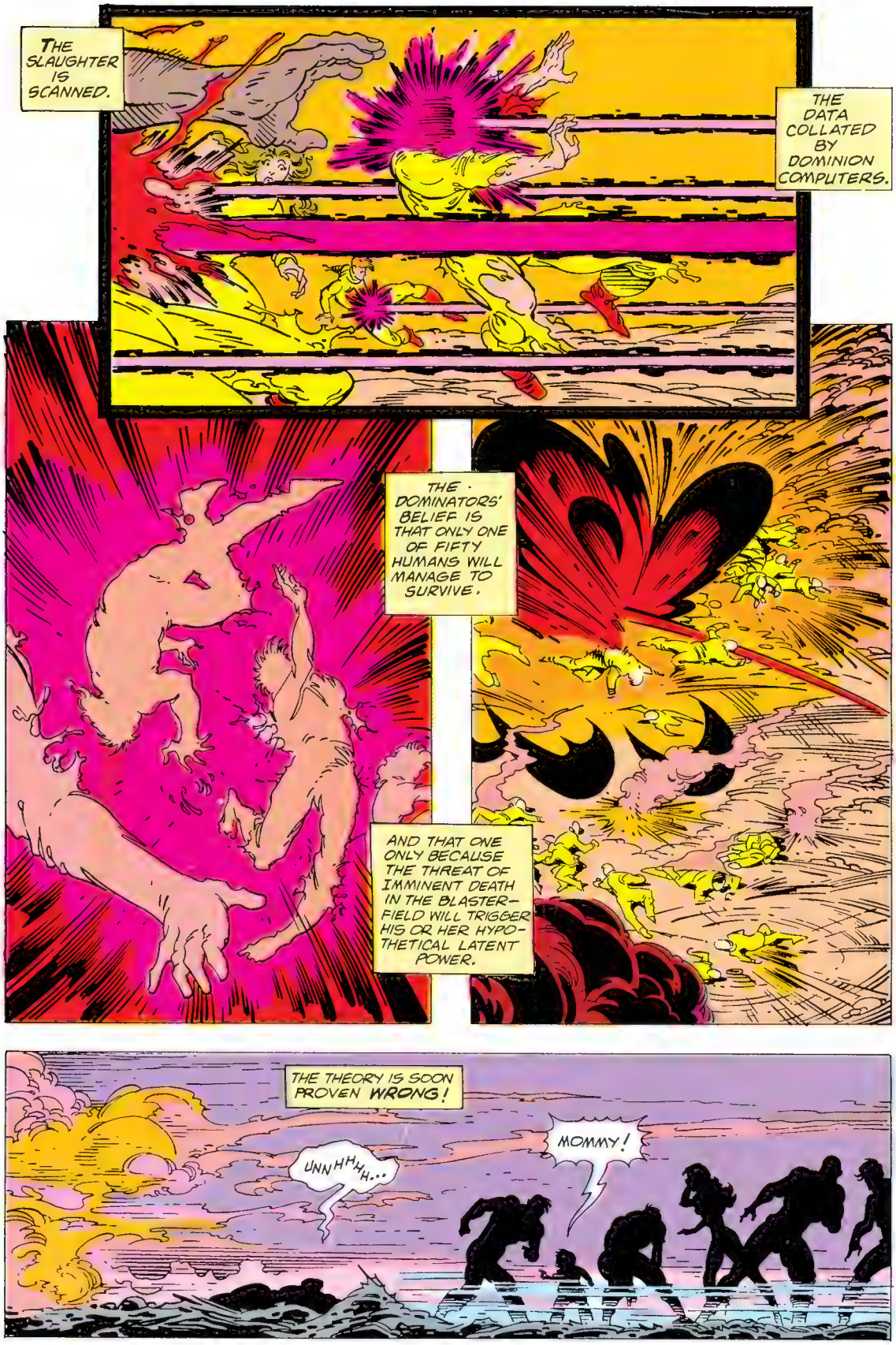

...AN INTRICATE ARRAY OF SENSORS REACTS TO HIS PRESENCE.

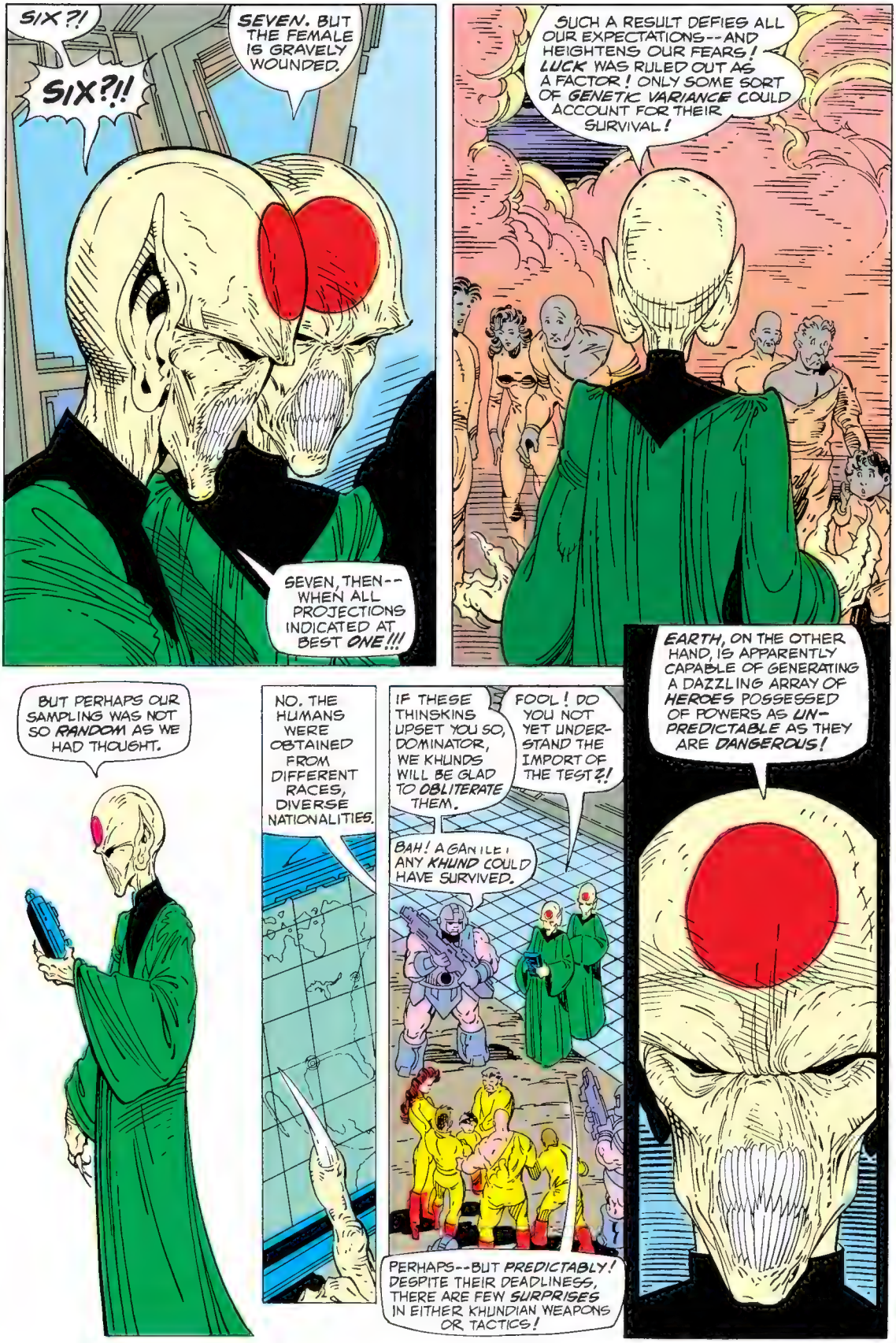


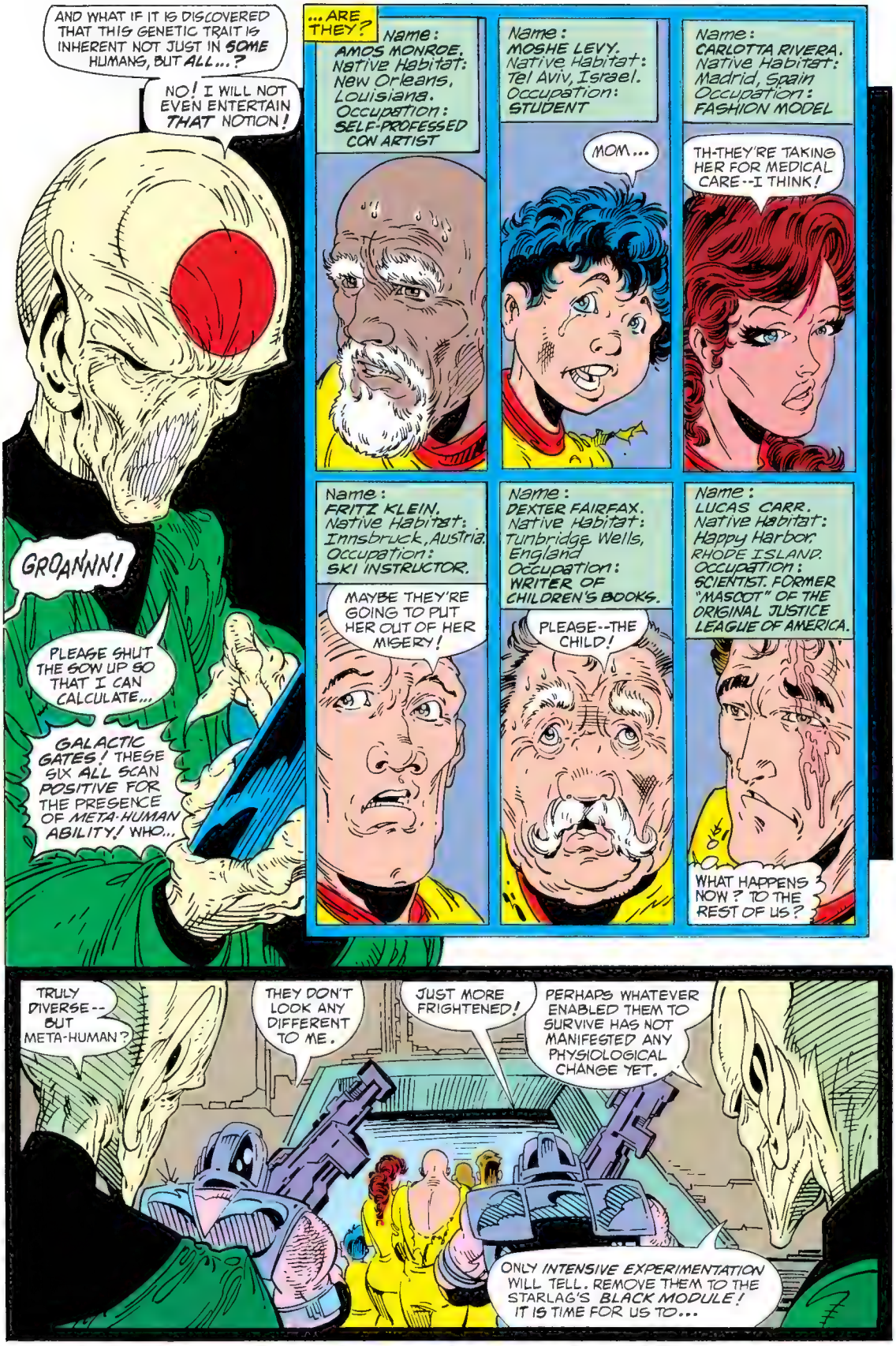


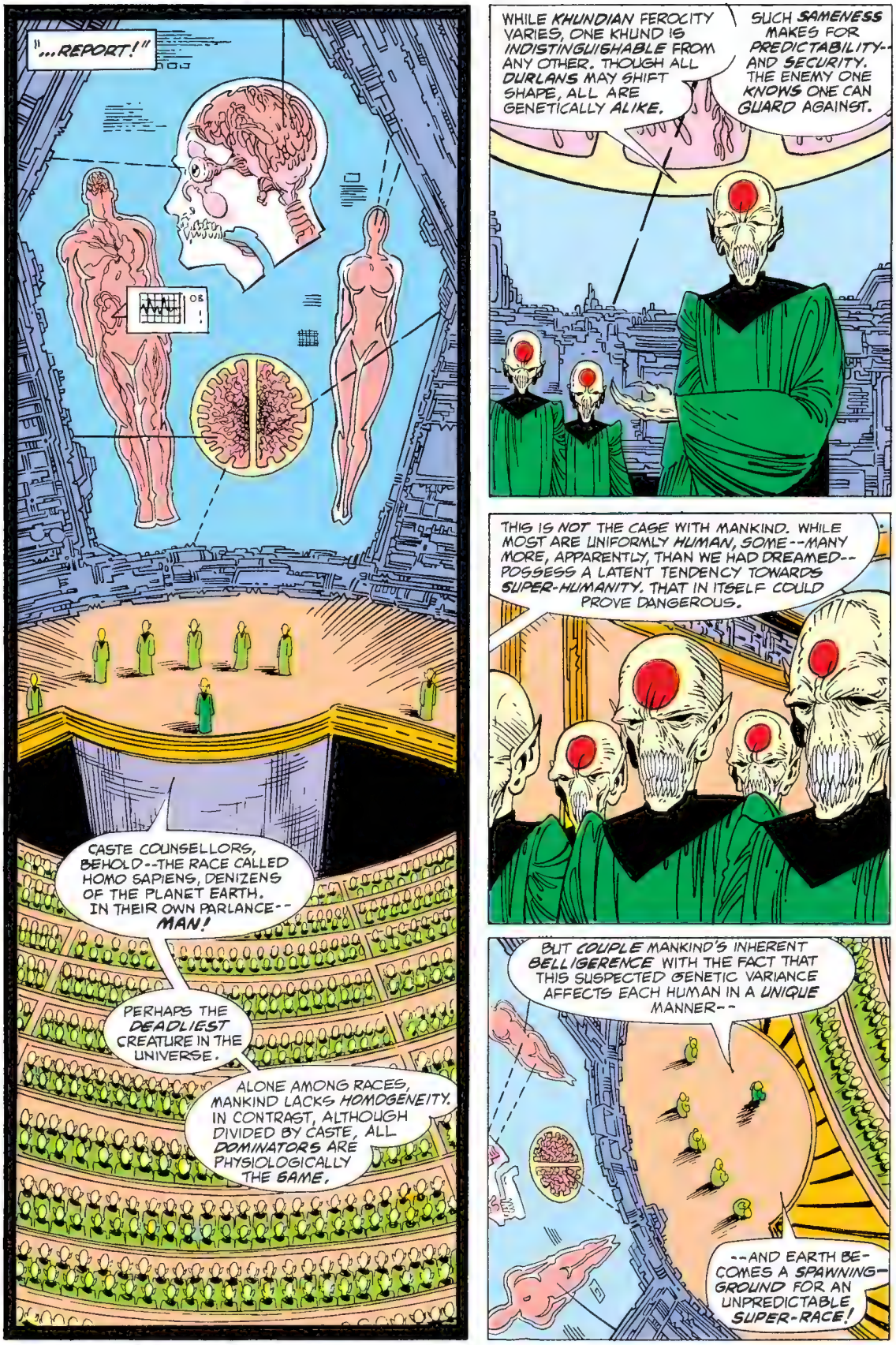

VOLTMASTER ZAPNOXES. CHEM-BOMBS. INCENDO-TORCHES. GROUNDMINES. BACTERIAL SWISHPOTS. PROTEAN SLIME BOMBS.
INTERGALACTIC KILLING DEVICES CRAFTED BY THE COSMOS' MOST INVENTIVE WEAPONSMITHS.
BUT TO THE HUMAN BENEFACTORS OF THIS GALACTIC GENIUS...
...THE BLASTER-FIELD CAN BEST BE DESCRIBED BY ONE MOST EXPRESSIVE WORD.

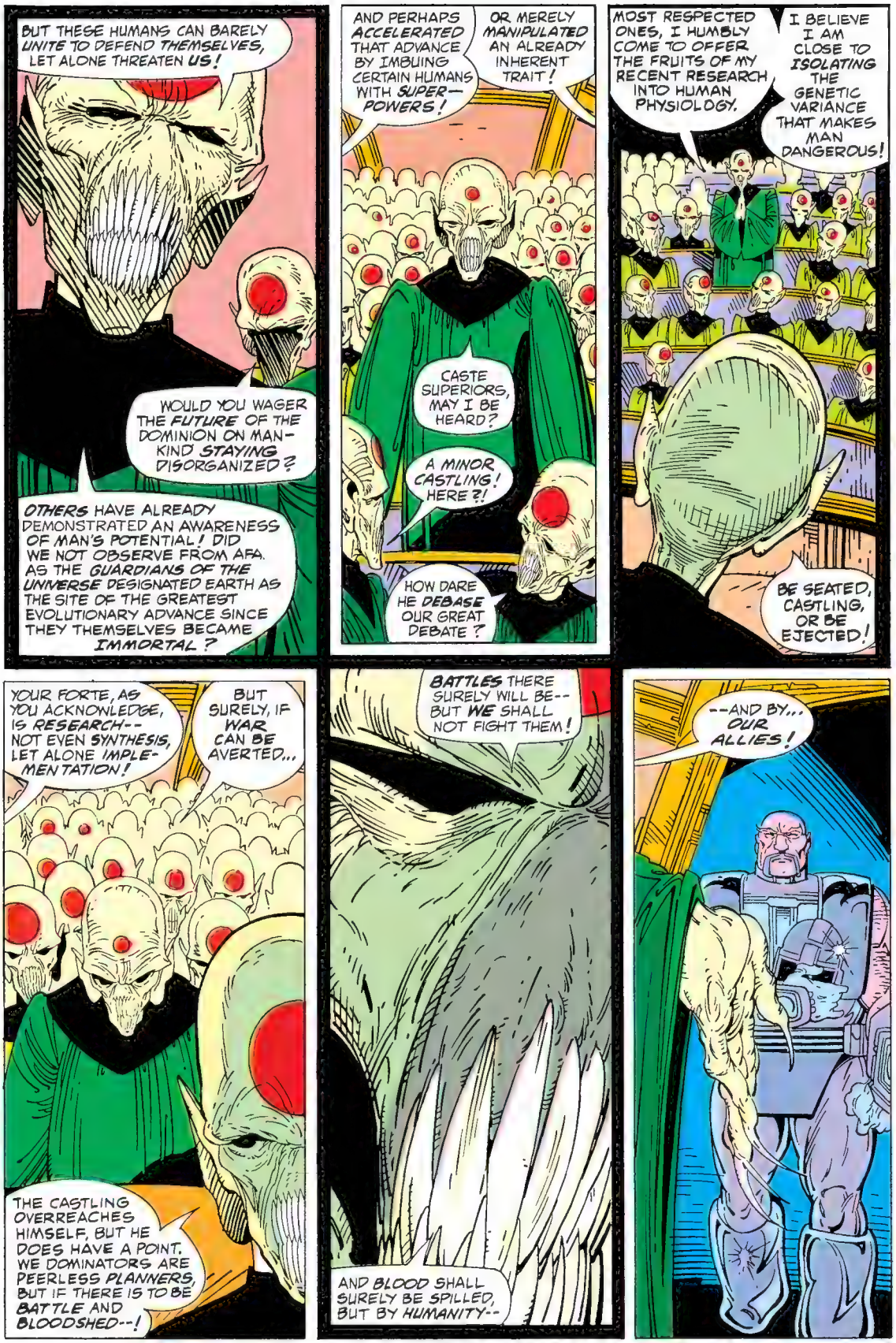
DEATH!

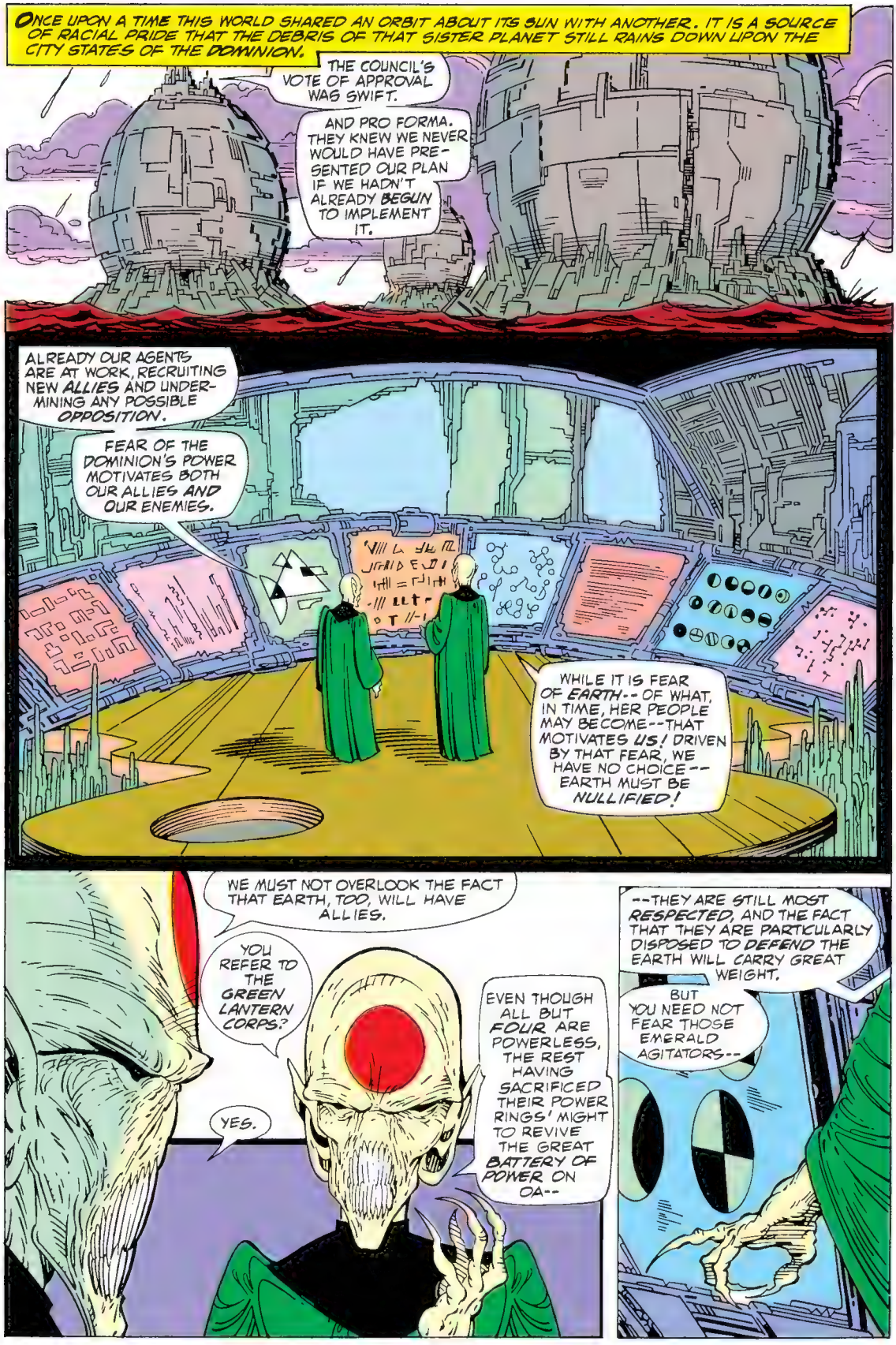

THE SLAUGHTER IS SCANNED.
THE DATA COLLATED BY DOMINION COMPUTERS.
THE DOMINATORS' BELIEF IS THAT ONLY ONE OF FIFTY HUMANS WILL MANAGE TO SURVIVE.
AND THAT ONE ONLY BECAUSE THE THREAT OF IMMINENT DEATH IN THE BLASTER-FIELD WILL TRIGGER HIS OR HER HYPOTHETICAL LATENT POWER.
THE THEORY IS SOON PROVEN WRONG!
UNNHHHH...
MOMMY!

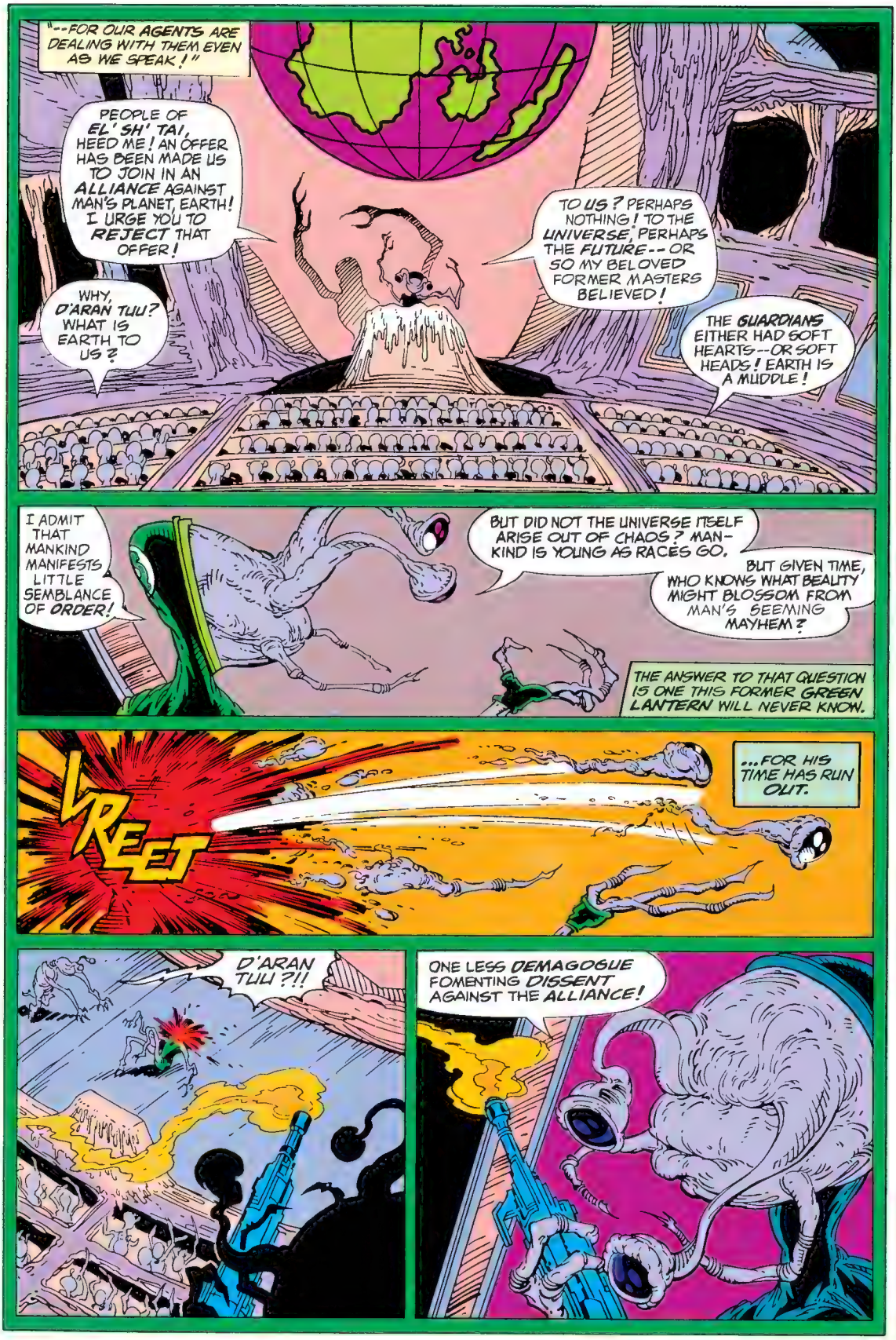

SIX?!
SIX?!!
SEVEN. BUT THE FEMALE IS GRAVELY WOUNDED.
SEVEN, THEN--WHEN ALL PROJECTIONS INDICATED AT BEST ONE!!!
SUCH A RESULT DEFIES ALL OUR EXPECTATIONS--AND HEIGHTENS OUR FEARS! LUCK WAS RULED OUT AS A FACTOR! ONLY SOME SORT OF GENETIC VARIANCE COULD ACCOUNT FOR THEIR SURVIVAL!
EARTH, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS APPARENTLY CAPABLE OF GENERATING A DAZZLING ARRAY OF HEROES POSSESSED OF POWERS AS UNPREDICTABLE AS THEY ARE DANGEROUS!
BUT PERHAPS OUR SAMPLING WAS NOT SO RANDOM AS WE HAD THOUGHT.
NO. THE HUMANS WERE OBTAINED FROM DIFFERENT RACES, DIVERSE NATIONALITIES.
IF THESE THINSKINS UPSET YOU SO, DOMINATOR, WE KHUNDS WILL BE GLAD TO OBLITERATE THEM.
FOOL! DO YOU NOT YET UNDERSTAND THE IMPORT OF THE TEST?!
BAH! AGAIN! ANY KHUND COULD HAVE SURVIVED.
PERHAPS--BUT PREDICTABLY! DESPITE THEIR DEADLINESS, THERE ARE FEW SURPRISES IN EITHER KHUNDIAN WEAPONS OR TACTICS!

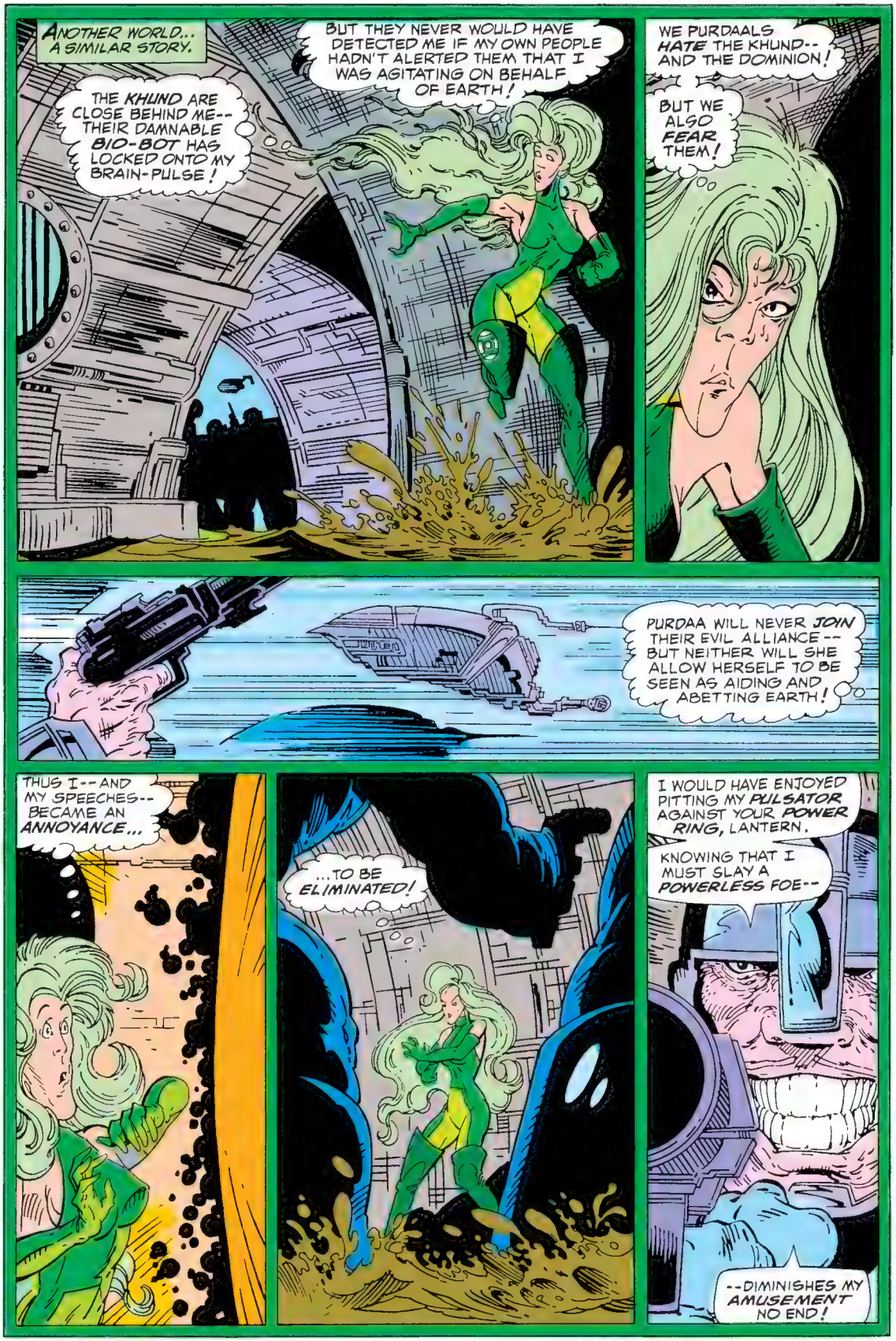

AND WHAT IF IT IS DISCOVERED THAT THIS GENETIC TRAIT IS INHERENT NOT JUST IN SOME HUMANS, BUT ALL...?
NO! I WILL NOT EVEN ENTERTAIN THAT NOTION!
GROANNN!
PLEASE SHUT THE SOW UP SO THAT I CAN CALCULATE...
GALACTIC GATES! THESE SIX ALL SCAN POSITIVE FOR THE PRESENCE OF META-HUMAN ABILITY! WHO...
...ARE THEY?
Name: AMOS MONROE. Native Habitat: New Orleans, Louisiana. Occupation: SELF-PROFESSED CON ARTIST
Name: MOSHE LEVY. Native Habitat: Tel Aviv, Israel. Occupation: STUDENT
MOM...
Name: CARLOTTA RIVERA. Native Habitat: Madrid, Spain Occupation: FASHION MODEL
TH-THEY'RE TAKING HER FOR MEDICAL CARE--I THINK!
Name: FRITZ KLEIN. Native Habitat: Innsbruck, Austria. Occupation: SKI INSTRUCTOR.
MAYBE THEY'RE GOING TO PUT HER OUT OF HER MISERY!
Name: DEXTER FAIRFAX. Native Habitat: Tunbridge Wells, England Occupation: WRITER OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.
PLEASE--THE CHILD!
Name: LUCAS CARR. Native Habitat: Happy Harbor, RHODE ISLAND. OCCUPATION: SCIENTIST. FORMER "MASCOT" OF THE ORIGINAL JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA.
WHAT HAPPENS NOW? TO THE REST OF US?
TRULY DIVERSE--BUT META-HUMAN?
THEY DON'T LOOK ANY DIFFERENT TO ME.
JUST MORE FRIGHTENED!
PERHAPS WHATEVER ENABLED THEM TO SURVIVE HAS NOT MANIFESTED ANY PHYSIOLOGICAL CHANGE YET.
ONLY INTENSIVE EXPERIMENTATION WILL TELL. REMOVE THEM TO THE STARLAG'S BLACK MODULE! IT IS TIME FOR US TO...

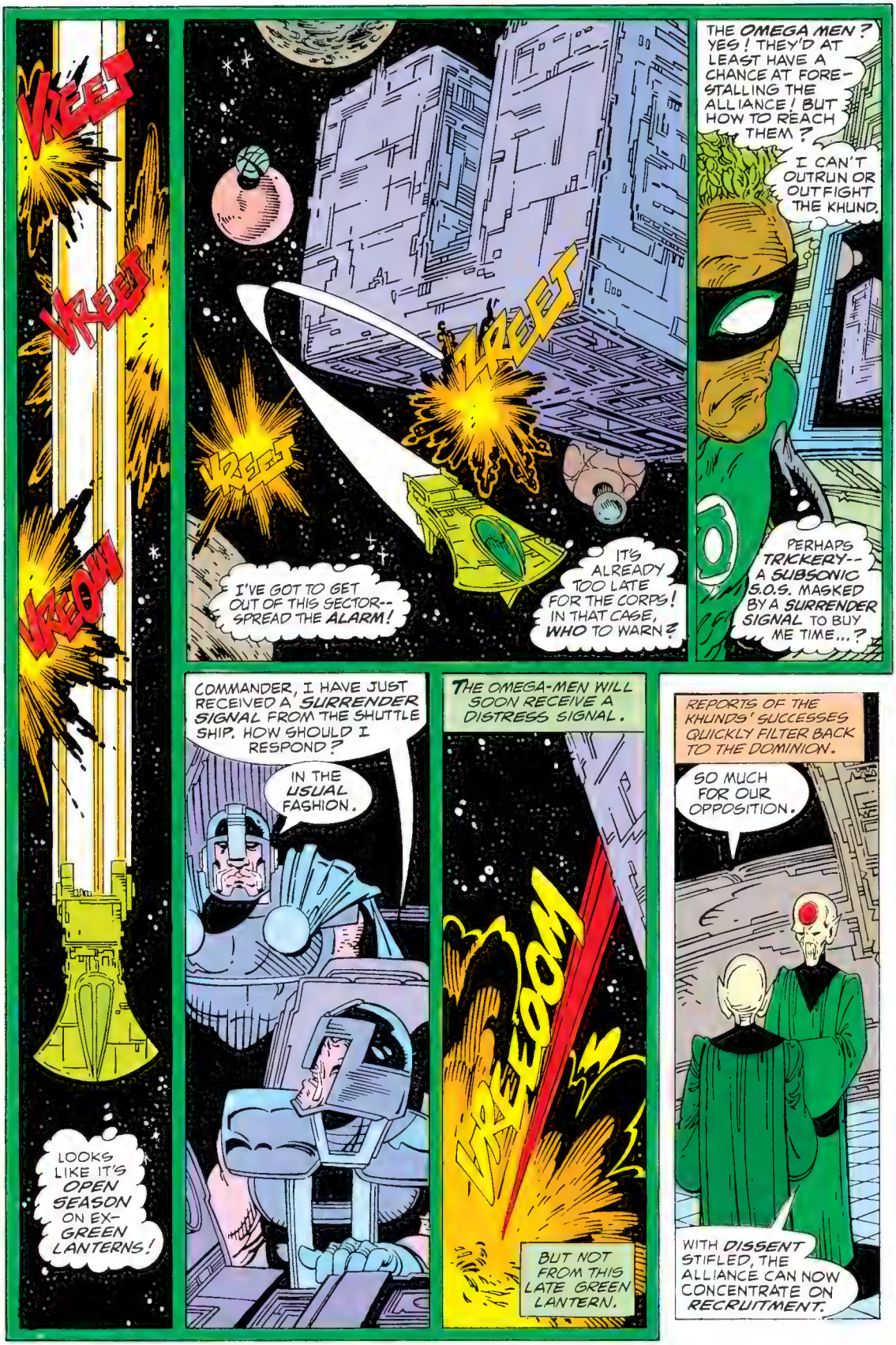

"...REPORT!"
CASTE COUNSELLORS, BEHOLD--THE RACE CALLED HOMO SAPIENS, DENIZENS OF THE PLANET EARTH. IN THEIR OWN PARLANCE--MAN!
PERHAPS THE DEADLIEST CREATURE IN THE UNIVERSE.
ALONE AMONG RACES, MANKIND LACKS HOMOGENEITY. IN CONTRAST, ALTHOUGH DIVIDED BY CASTE, ALL DOMINATORS ARE PHYSIOLOGICALLY THE SAME.
WHILE KHUNDIAN FEROCITY VARIES, ONE KHUND IS INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM ANY OTHER. THOUGH ALL DURLANS MAY SHIFT SHAPE, ALL ARE GENETICALLY ALIKE.
SUCH SAMENESS MAKES FOR PREDICTABILITY--AND SECURITY. THE ENEMY ONE KNOWS ONE CAN GUARD AGAINST.
THIS IS NOT THE CASE WITH MANKIND. WHILE MOST ARE UNIFORMLY HUMAN, SOME--MANY MORE, APPARENTLY, THAN WE HAD DREAMED--POSSESS A LATENT TENDENCY TOWARDS SUPER-HUMANITY. THAT IN ITSELF COULD PROVE DANGEROUS.
BUT COUPLE MANKIND'S INHERENT BELLIGERENCE WITH THE FACT THAT THIS SUSPECTED GENETIC VARIANCE AFFECTS EACH HUMAN IN A UNIQUE MANNER--
--AND EARTH BECOMES A SPAWNING-GROUND FOR AN UNPREDICTABLE SUPER-RACE!


BUT THESE HUMANS CAN BARELY UNITE TO DEFEND THEMSELVES, LET ALONE THREATEN US!
WOULD YOU WAGER THE FUTURE OF THE DOMINION ON MANKIND STAYING DISORGANIZED?
OTHERS HAVE ALREADY DEMONSTRATED AN AWARENESS OF MAN'S POTENTIAL! DID WE NOT OBSERVE FROM AFA. AS THE GUARDIANS OF THE UNIVERSE DESIGNATED EARTH AS THE SITE OF THE GREATEST EVOLUTIONARY ADVANCE SINCE THEY THEMSELVES BECAME IMMORTAL?
AND PERHAPS ACCELERATED THAT ADVANCE BY IMBUING CERTAIN HUMANS WITH SUPER-POWERS!
OR MERELY MANIPULATED AN ALREADY INHERENT TRAIT!
CASTE SUPERIORS, MAY I BE HEARD?
A MINOR CASTLING! HERE?!
HOW DARE HE DEBASE OUR GREAT DEBATE?
MOST RESPECTED ONES, I HUMBLY COME TO OFFER THE FRUITS OF MY RECENT RESEARCH INTO HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.
I BELIEVE I AM CLOSE TO ISOLATING THE GENETIC VARIANCE THAT MAKES MAN DANGEROUS!
BE SEATED, CASTLING, OR BE EJECTED!
YOUR FORTE, AS YOU ACKNOWLEDGE, IS RESEARCH-- NOT EVEN SYNTHESIS, LET ALONE IMPLEMENTATION!
BUT SURELY, IF WAR CAN BE AVERTED...
THE CASTLING OVERREACHES HIMSELF, BUT HE DOES HAVE A POINT. WE DOMINATORS ARE PEERLESS PLANNERS, BUT IF THERE IS TO BE BATTLE AND BLOODSHED--!
BATTLES THERE SURELY WILL BE-- BUT WE SHALL NOT FIGHT THEM!
AND BLOOD SHALL SURELY BE SPILLED, BUT BY HUMANITY--
--AND BY... OUR ALLIES!

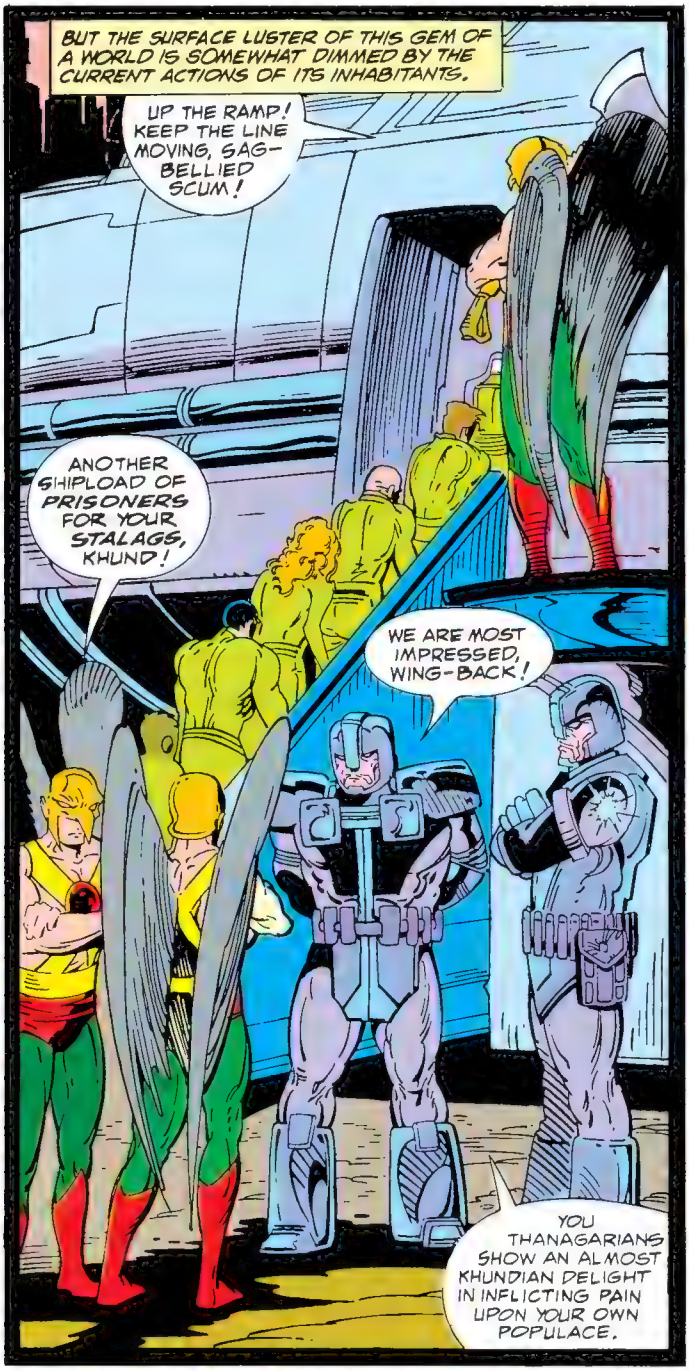

ONCE UPON A TIME THIS WORLD SHARED AN ORBIT ABOUT ITS SUN WITH ANOTHER. IT IS A SOURCE OF RACIAL PRIDE THAT THE DEBRIS OF THAT SISTER PLANET STILL RAINS DOWN UPON THE CITY STATES OF THE DOMINION.
THE COUNCIL'S VOTE OF APPROVAL WAS SWIFT.
AND PRO FORMA. THEY KNEW WE NEVER WOULD HAVE PRESENTED OUR PLAN IF WE HADN'T ALREADY BEGUN TO IMPLEMENT IT.
ALREADY OUR AGENTS ARE AT WORK, RECRUITING NEW ALLIES AND UNDERMINING ANY POSSIBLE OPPOSITION.
FEAR OF THE DOMINION'S POWER MOTIVATES BOTH OUR ALLIES AND OUR ENEMIES.
WHILE IT IS FEAR OF EARTH--OF WHAT, IN TIME, HER PEOPLE MAY BECOME--THAT MOTIVATES US! DRIVEN BY THAT FEAR, WE HAVE NO CHOICE--EARTH MUST BE NULLIFIED!
WE MUST NOT OVERLOOK THE FACT THAT EARTH, TOO, WILL HAVE ALLIES.
YOU REFER TO THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS?
YES.
EVEN THOUGH ALL BUT FOUR ARE POWERLESS, THE REST HAVING SACRIFICED THEIR POWER RINGS' MIGHT TO REVIVE THE GREAT BATTERY OF POWER ON OA--
--THEY ARE STILL MOST RESPECTED, AND THE FACT THAT THEY ARE PARTICULARLY DISPOSED TO DEFEND THE EARTH WILL CARRY GREAT WEIGHT.
BUT YOU NEED NOT FEAR THOSE EMERALD AGITATORS--

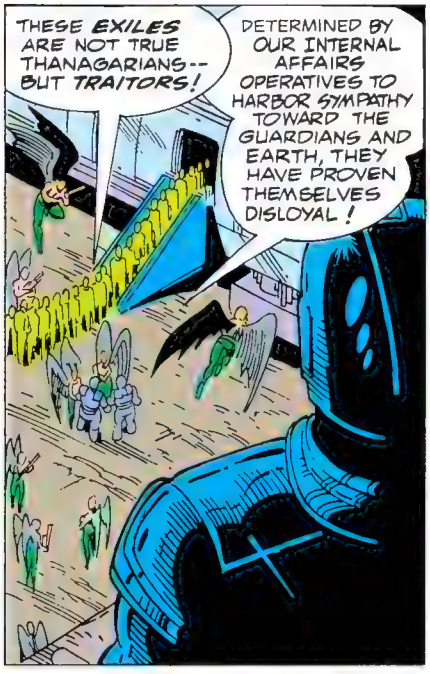

"--FOR OUR AGENTS ARE DEALING WITH THEM EVEN AS WE SPEAK!"
PEOPLE OF EL'SH'TAI, HEED ME! AN OFFER HAS BEEN MADE US TO JOIN IN AN ALLIANCE AGAINST MAN'S PLANET, EARTH! I URGE YOU TO REJECT THAT OFFER!
WHY, D'ARAN TUU? WHAT IS EARTH TO US?
TO US? PERHAPS NOTHING! TO THE UNIVERSE, PERHAPS THE FUTURE--OR SO MY BELOVED FORMER MASTERS BELIEVED!
THE GUARDIANS EITHER HAD SOFT HEARTS--OR SOFT HEADS! EARTH IS A MUDDLE!
I ADMIT THAT MANKIND MANIFESTS LITTLE SEMBLANCE OF ORDER!
BUT DID NOT THE UNIVERSE ITSELF ARISE OUT OF CHAOS? MANKIND IS YOUNG AS RACES GO.
BUT GIVEN TIME, WHO KNOWS WHAT BEAUTY MIGHT BLOSSOM FROM MAN'S SEEMING MAYHEM?
THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION IS ONE THIS FORMER GREEN LANTERN WILL NEVER KNOW.
VREET
...FOR HIS TIME HAS RUN OUT.
D'ARAN TUU?!!
ONE LESS DEMAGOGUE FOMENTING DISSENT AGAINST THE ALLIANCE!

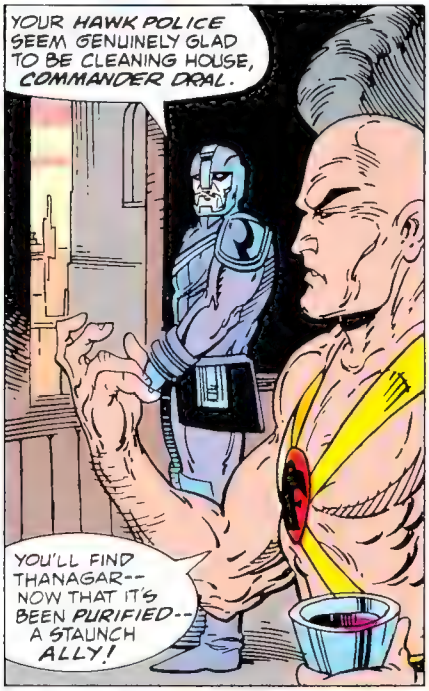

ANOTHER WORLD... A SIMILAR STORY.
THE KHUND ARE CLOSE BEHIND ME-- THEIR DAMNABLE BIO-BOT HAS LOCKED ONTO MY BRAIN-PULSE!
BUT THEY NEVER WOULD HAVE DETECTED ME IF MY OWN PEOPLE HADN'T ALERTED THEM THAT I WAS AGITATING ON BEHALF OF EARTH!
WE PURDAALS HATE THE KHUND-- AND THE DOMINION!
BUT WE ALSO FEAR THEM!
PURDAA WILL NEVER JOIN THEIR EVIL ALLIANCE -- BUT NEITHER WILL SHE ALLOW HERSELF TO BE SEEN AS AIDING AND ABETTING EARTH!
THUS I-- AND MY SPEECHES-- BECAME AN ANNOYANCE...
...TO BE ELIMINATED!
I WOULD HAVE ENJOYED PITTING MY PULSATOR AGAINST YOUR POWER RING, LANTERN.
KNOWING THAT I MUST SLAY A POWERLESS FOE--
--DIMINISHES MY AMUSEMENT NO END!

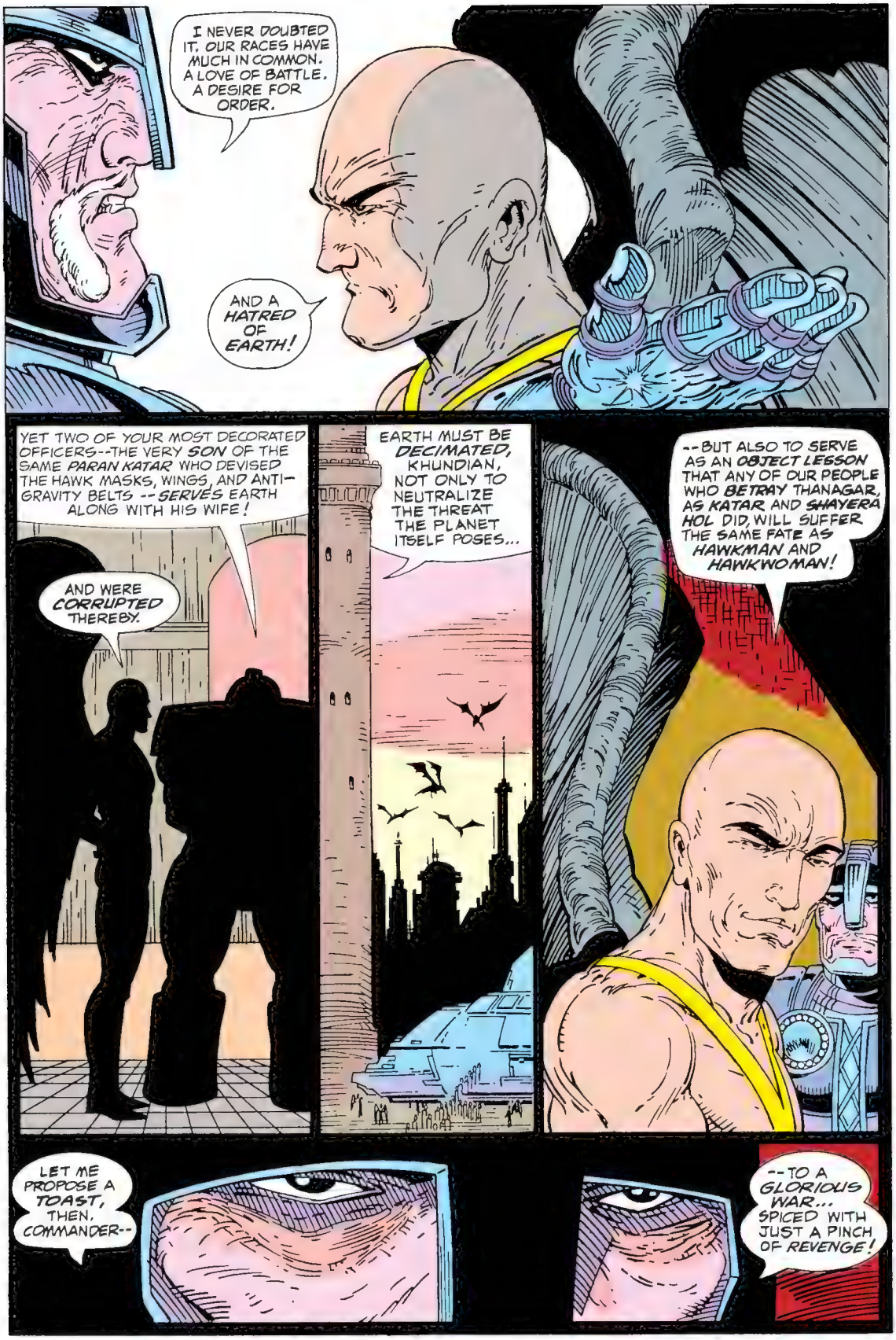

VREET
VREET
VREOW
LOOKS LIKE IT'S OPEN SEASON ON EX-GREEN LANTERNS!
ZZEET
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS SECTOR-- SPREAD THE ALARM!
IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE FOR THE CORPS! IN THAT CASE, WHO TO WARN?
THE OMEGA MEN? YES! THEY'D AT LEAST HAVE A CHANCE AT FORESTALLING THE ALLIANCE! BUT HOW TO REACH THEM?
I CAN'T OUTRUN OR OUTFIGHT THE KHUND.
PERHAPS TRICKERY-- A SUBSONIC S.O.S. MASKED BY A SURRENDER SIGNAL TO BUY ME TIME...?
COMMANDER, I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A SURRENDER SIGNAL FROM THE SHUTTLE SHIP. HOW SHOULD I RESPOND?
IN THE USUAL FASHION.
THE OMEGA-MEN WILL SOON RECEIVE A DISTRESS SIGNAL.
VREEOW
BUT NOT FROM THIS LATE GREEN LANTERN.
REPORTS OF THE KHUNDS' SUCCESSES QUICKLY FILTER BACK TO THE DOMINION.
SO MUCH FOR OUR OPPOSITION.
WITH DISSENT STIFLED, THE ALLIANCE CAN NOW CONCENTRATE ON RECRUITMENT.

THE PLANET THANAGAR SHINES, THE PROUDEST JEWEL IN THE CIRCLET OF WORLDS ORBITING THE STAR-SUN POLARIS.


BUT THE SURFACE LUSTER OF THIS GEM OF A WORLD IS SOMEWHAT DIMMED BY THE CURRENT ACTIONS OF ITS INHABITANTS.
UP THE RAMP! KEEP THE LINE MOVING, SAG-BELLIED SCUM!
ANOTHER SHIPLOAD OF PRISONERS FOR YOUR STALAGS, KHUND!
WE ARE MOST IMPRESSED, WING-BACK!
YOU THANAGARIANS SHOW AN ALMOST KHUNDIAN DELIGHT IN INFLICTING PAIN UPON YOUR OWN POPULACE.

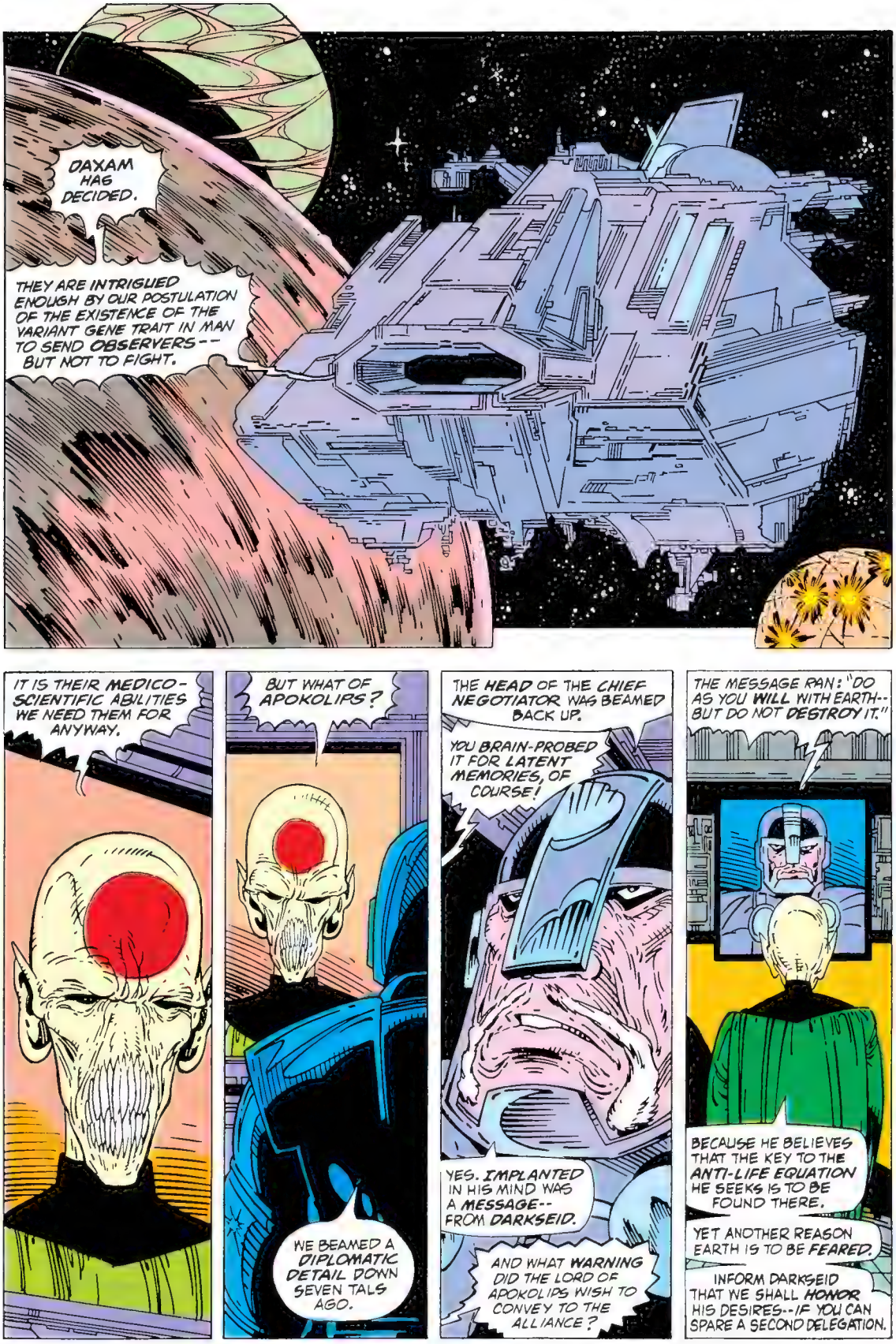

THESE EXILES ARE NOT TRUE THANAGARIANS-- BUT TRAITORS!
DETERMINED BY OUR INTERNAL AFFAIRS OPERATIVES TO HARBOR SYMPATHY TOWARD THE GUARDIANS AND EARTH, THEY HAVE PROVEN THEMSELVES DISLOYAL!

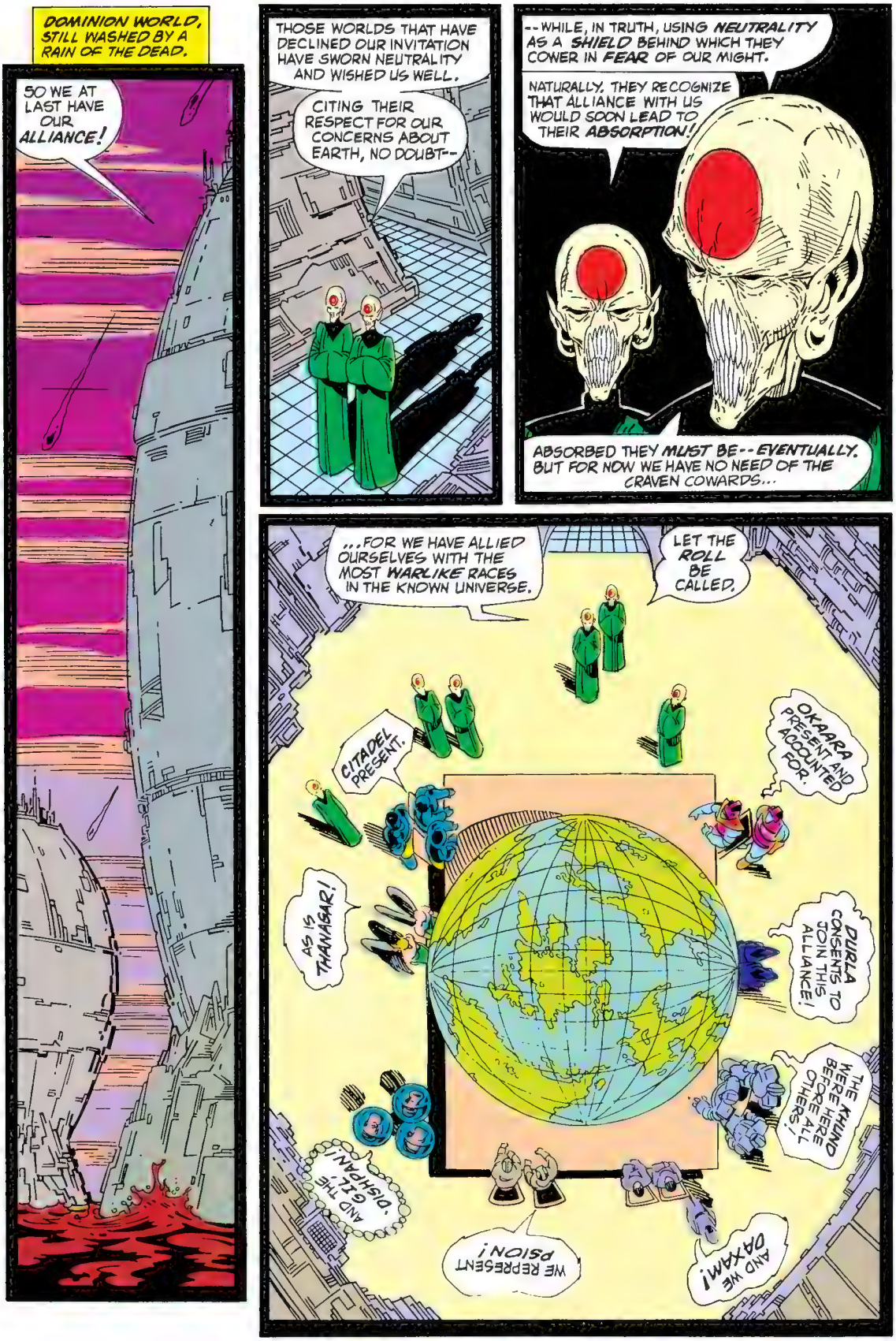

YOUR HAWK POLICE SEEM GENUINELY GLAD TO BE CLEANING HOUSE, COMMANDER DRAL.
YOU'LL FIND THANAGAR-- NOW THAT IT'S BEEN PURIFIED-- A STAUNCH ALLY!


I NEVER DOUBTED IT. OUR RACES HAVE MUCH IN COMMON. A LOVE OF BATTLE. A DESIRE FOR ORDER.
AND A HATRED OF EARTH!
YET TWO OF YOUR MOST DECORATED OFFICERS--THE VERY SON OF THE SAME PARAN KATAR WHO DEVISED THE HAWK MASKS, WINGS, AND ANTI-GRAVITY BELTS -- SERVES EARTH ALONG WITH HIS WIFE!
AND WERE CORRUPTED THEREBY.
EARTH MUST BE DECIMATED, KHUNDIAN, NOT ONLY TO NEUTRALIZE THE THREAT THE PLANET ITSELF POSES...
--BUT ALSO TO SERVE AS AN OBJECT LESSON THAT ANY OF OUR PEOPLE WHO BETRAY THANAGAR, AS KATAR AND SHAYERA HOL DID, WILL SUFFER THE SAME FATE AS HAWKMAN AND HAWKWOMAN!
LET ME PROPOSE A TOAST, THEN, COMMANDER--
--TO A GLORIOUS WAR... SPICED WITH JUST A PINCH OF REVENGE!

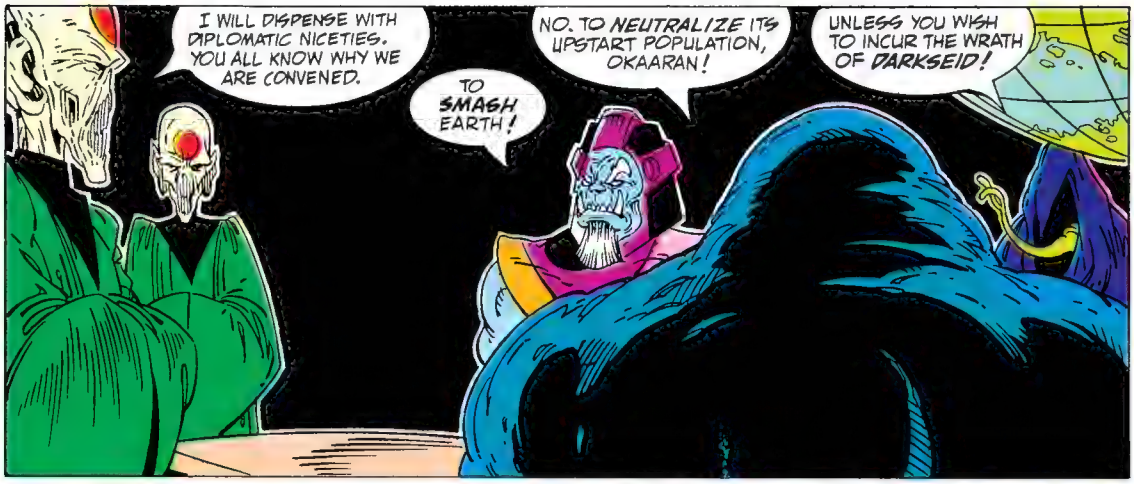
IF THERE IS MUSIC IN THE SPHERES SWINGING IN SLOW ORBIT ABOUT ALPHA CENTAURI A...
...THEN THE NOTE STRUCK ON THE PRE-DOMINANT PLANET OF THIS STAR-SUN IS, AT THE MOMENT, ONE OF DISCORD.
THE WORLD IS RANN, AND CHIEF AMONG ITS CITY-STATES IS RANAGAR, A TECHNOCRACY GUIDED BY THE SCIENTIFIC GENIUS OF THE PACIFISTIC SARDATH.
WE MUST FIGHT THIS ABOMINABLE ALLIANCE, ADAM!
STRANGE WORDS COMING FROM A MAN OF PEACE, SARDATH.
AND EVEN STRANGER THAT ADAM STRANGE SHOULD OPPOSE THEM!
YOU KNOW FATHER IS RIGHT, ADAM! ONCE WE REJECT THE DOMINION'S DEMAND THAT WE JOIN THEIR ALLIANCE, WE'LL BE FACING RETRIBUTION!
YES, THEY'D UNDOUBTEDLY LAUNCH A PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE AGAINST RANN--
--TO PREVENT RANN FROM OFFERING HER SUPER-SCIENCE IN THE DEFENSE OF EARTH.
UNLESS...
GIVE THEM... ME!
NO! YOU ARE MY HUSBAND--AND THE FATHER OF OUR SOON-TO-BE-BORN CHILD! WHATEVER FOLLY YOU'RE CONTEMPLATING...
I-I FORBID IT!
ALANNA, MY BELOVED -- DESPITE MY TIES TO RANN, THE ALLIANCE KNOWS I'M AN EARTHMAN! THEY'D LEVEL THIS WORLD SIMPLY TO NEUTRALIZE ME!
BUT WHAT IF RANN, PROMISING TO REMAIN NEUTRAL IN THE COMING WAR, MADE A GOOD-FAITH GESTURE TO THIS ALLIANCE?
WHAT KIND OF GESTURE?
GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT.

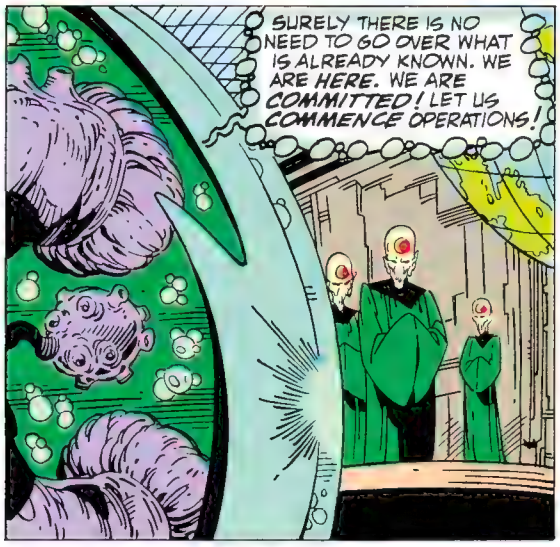
AS FATHER WAS SAYING, WE MUST PREPARE TO FIGHT...!
YOU'D LOSE. THE RACES OF RANN HAVE NEVER BEEN WARLIKE.
ISN'T THAT WHY YOU MADE AN EARTH-MAN RANN'S GREATEST CHAMPION? NOT THAT THERE'S MUCH EVEN I COULD DO TO STOP THE ALLIANCE...
...ESPECIALLY SINCE I COULD BE PLUCKED BACK TO EARTH BY THE ZETA BEAM AT ANY MOMENT.
WHICH IS MY FAIL-SAFE! LET THE ALLIANCE HAVE ME! AS THEIR PRISONER I'D BE IN A PERFECT POSITION TO SPY ON THEM--
--UNTIL THE ZETA BEAM WEARS OFF AND WHISKS ME OUT OF THEIR CLUTCHES!
UNLESS THEY SLAY YOU FIRST!
I WON'T LISTEN TO ANY MORE OF THIS!
I DON'T WANT TO BE MARRIED TO A CORPSE!
I CAN SEE HOW THAT MIGHT UPSET YOU, BELOVED!
AND I'LL DO MY DAMNEDEST TO KEEP YOU HAPPY!
TELL THE KHUND I'M COMING, SARDATH--
--AND PRAY I'M AS SMART AS I THINK I AM!
HERO... OR FOOL!
IN HIS WAKE, HIS WOMAN WEEPS. ADAM STRANGE HARDENS HIS HEART AS ANY SELF-SACRIFICING HERO SHOULD...

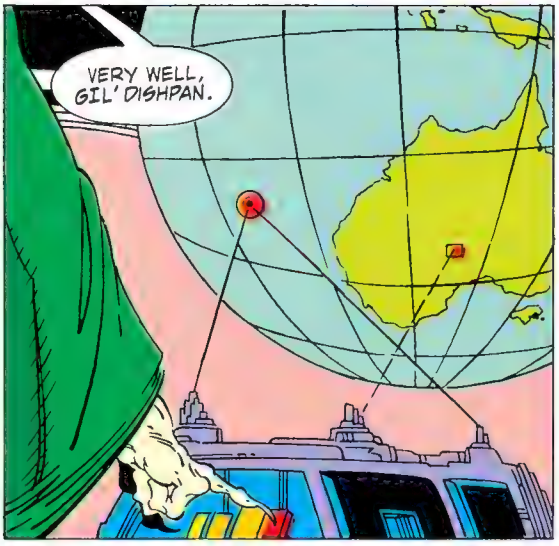

DAXAM HAS DECIDED.
THEY ARE INTRIGUED ENOUGH BY OUR POSTULATION OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE VARIANT GENE TRAIT IN MAN TO SEND OBSERVERS -- BUT NOT TO FIGHT.
IT IS THEIR MEDICO-SCIENTIFIC ABILITIES WE NEED THEM FOR ANYWAY.
BUT WHAT OF APOKOLIPS?
WE BEAMED A DIPLOMATIC DETAIL DOWN SEVEN TALS AGO.
THE HEAD OF THE CHIEF NEGOTIATOR WAS BEAMED BACK UP.
YOU BRAIN-PROBED IT FOR LATENT MEMORIES, OF COURSE!
YES. IMPLANTED IN HIS MIND WAS A MESSAGE-- FROM DARKSEID.
AND WHAT WARNING DID THE LORD OF APOKOLIPS WISH TO CONVEY TO THE ALLIANCE?
THE MESSAGE RAN: "DO AS YOU WILL WITH EARTH-- BUT DO NOT DESTROY IT."
BECAUSE HE BELIEVES THAT THE KEY TO THE ANTI-LIFE EQUATION HE SEEKS IS TO BE FOUND THERE.
YET ANOTHER REASON EARTH IS TO BE FEARED.
INFORM DARKSEID THAT WE SHALL HONOR HIS DESIRES--IF YOU CAN SPARE A SECOND DELEGATION.

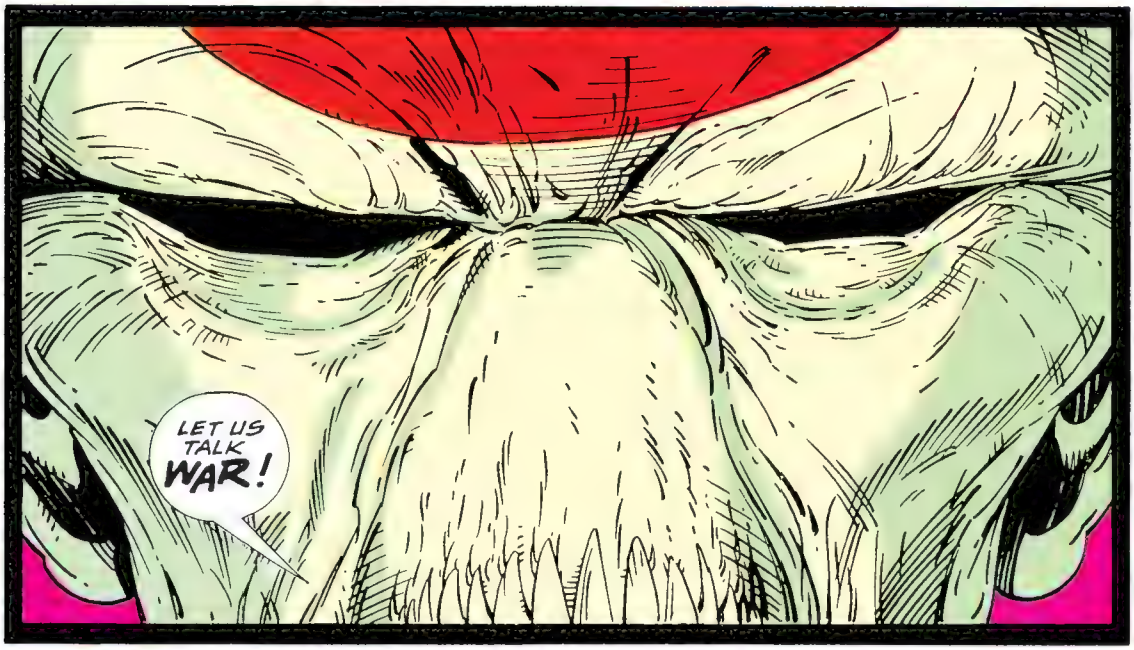

DOMINION WORLD, STILL WASHED BY A RAIN OF THE DEAD.
SO WE AT LAST HAVE OUR ALLIANCE!
THOSE WORLDS THAT HAVE DECLINED OUR INVITATION HAVE SWORN NEUTRALITY AND WISHED US WELL.
CITING THEIR RESPECT FOR OUR CONCERNS ABOUT EARTH, NO DOUBT--
--WHILE, IN TRUTH, USING NEUTRALITY AS A SHIELD BEHIND WHICH THEY COWER IN FEAR OF OUR MIGHT.
NATURALLY, THEY RECOGNIZE THAT ALLIANCE WITH US WOULD SOON LEAD TO THEIR ABSORPTION!
ABSORBED THEY MUST BE--EVENTUALLY. BUT FOR NOW WE HAVE NO NEED OF THE CRAVEN COWARDS...
...FOR WE HAVE ALLIED OURSELVES WITH THE MOST WARLIKE RACES IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE.
LET THE ROLL BE CALLED.
CITADEL PRESENT.
OKAARA PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR.
AS IS THANAGAR!
DURLA CONSENTS TO JOIN THIS ALLIANCE!
THE KHUND WERE HERE BEFORE ALL OTHERS!
AND THE GIL-DISHPAN!
WE REPRESENT PSION!
AND WE OAXAM!

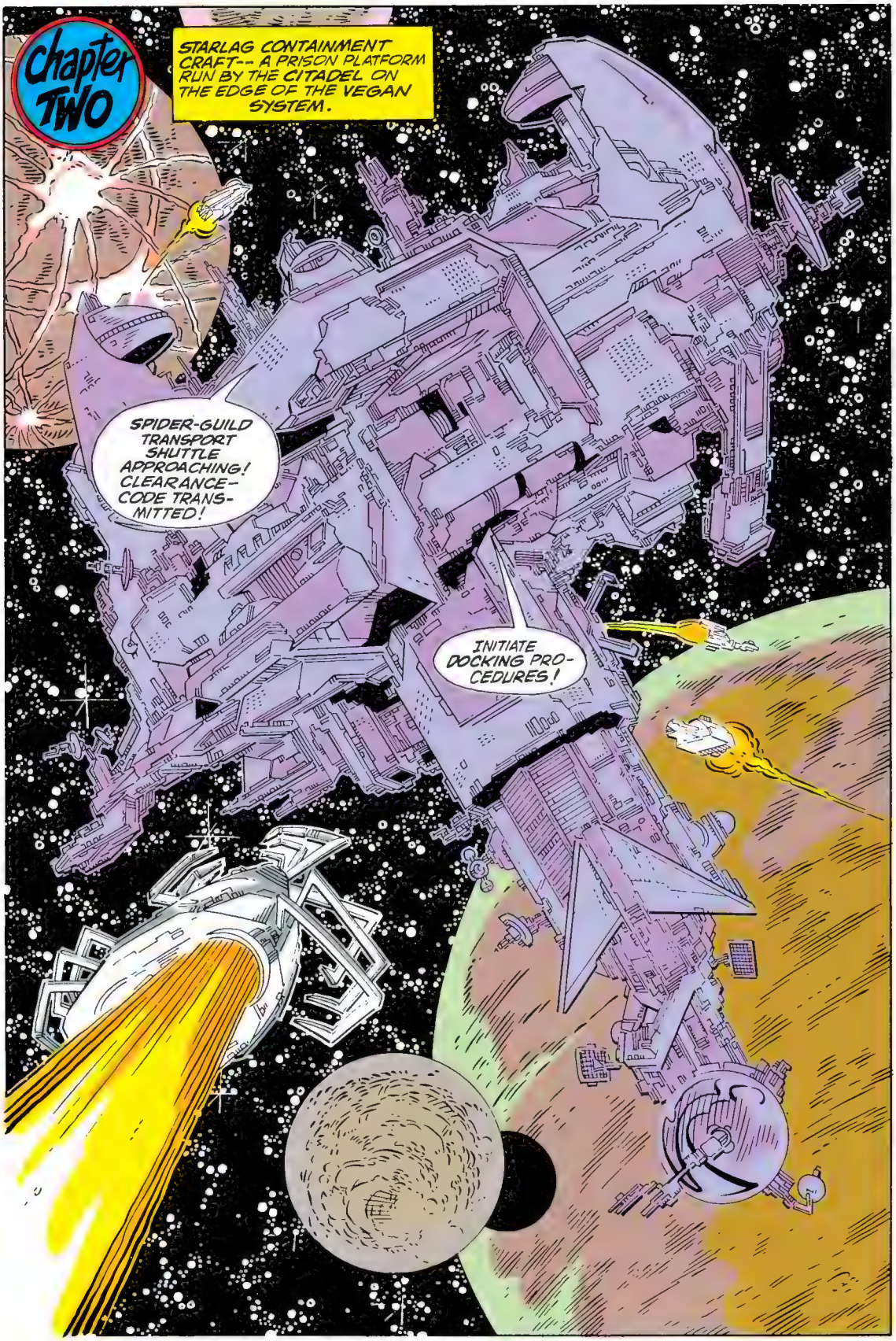
THEN, IN THE NAME OF OUR NEW-FOUNDED ALIEN ALLIANCE, THE DOMINION WELCOMES YOU ONE AND ALL.
YOU HAVE HEARD THE MEMBERS OF THE ALLIANCE IDENTIFY THEMSELVES. NOW KNOW THEIR NATURE.
THE DOMINATORS-- RUTHLESS PLANNERS AND PLOTTERS.
THE SHAPE-SHIFTERS OF DURLA.
SURVIVAL ON THEIR HARSH WORLD COMPELLED THEM TO EVOLVE CHAMELEON-LIKE CHARACTERISTICS.
EONS LATER, EVEN THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN THEIR ORIGINAL FORM.
THE HAWKMEN OF THANAGAR HAVE ALREADY BEEN INTRODUCED.
THEY DREAM OF TURNING THE UNIVERSE INTO A FASCIST POLICE-STATE MIRRORING THEIR OWN.
THE GIL'DISHPAN.
SUPERBLY ORGANIZED, THEY WILL HANDLE THE SUPPLY-LINES OF THE ALLIANCE.
THE DAXAMITES HAVE COME AS OBSERVERS.
THE EVOLUTION OF LIVING ORGANISMS HAS ALWAYS FASCINATED THEM...
...AND INSPIRED THEIR EXPERIMENTS IN GENETIC ENHANCEMENT.
THE WARLORDS OF OKAARA.
OKAARANS ARE TAUGHT THE ARTS OF WAR FROM THE CRADLE. THEY WILL SERVE AS THE WEAPONSMITHS OF THE ALLIANCE.
THE HUNKERING, SLOVENLY CITIZENS OF THE CITADEL.
KNOWN FOR THEIR BRUTE STRENGTH, THEY WILL ADMINISTRATE THE HUGE SPACE STALAG, NEARING COMPLETION EVEN AS THIS SUMMIT CONVENES.
THE PSIONS A RACE OF PURE SCIENTISTS... WITH A PENCHANT FOR SADISM.
THEY WILL CONFINE THEIR EFFORTS TO RESEARCH... AT THE VIVISECTION TABLE.
AND LASTLY, THE MOST BRUTAL... MOST INNATELY SAVAGE RACE OF WARMONGERS IN THE UNIVERSE...
--THE KHUND.

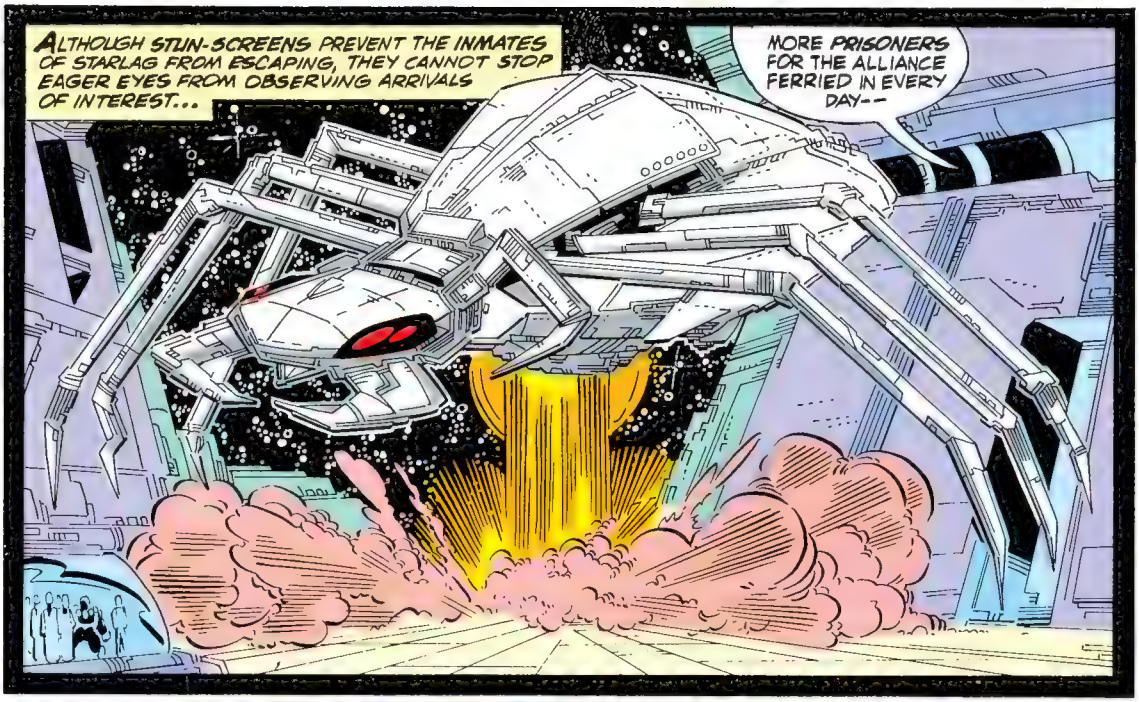

I WILL DISPENSE WITH DIPLOMATIC NICETIES. YOU ALL KNOW WHY WE ARE CONVENED.
TO SMASH EARTH!
NO. TO NEUTRALIZE ITS UPSTART POPULATION, OKAARAN!
UNLESS YOU WISH TO INCUR THE WRATH OF DARKSEID!

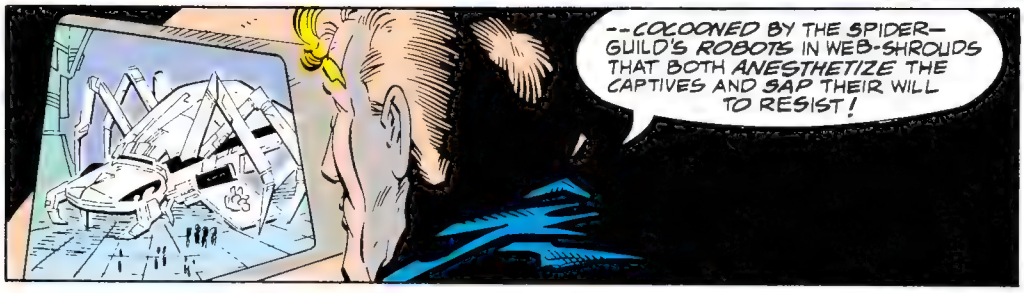

SURELY THERE IS NO NEED TO GO OVER WHAT IS ALREADY KNOWN. WE ARE HERE. WE ARE COMMITTED! LET US COMMENCE OPERATIONS!


VERY WELL, GIL'DISHPAN.

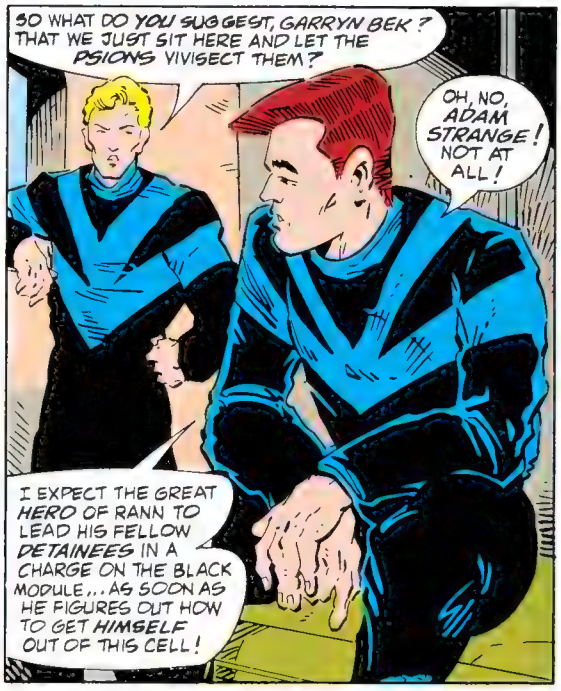

LET US TALK WAR!

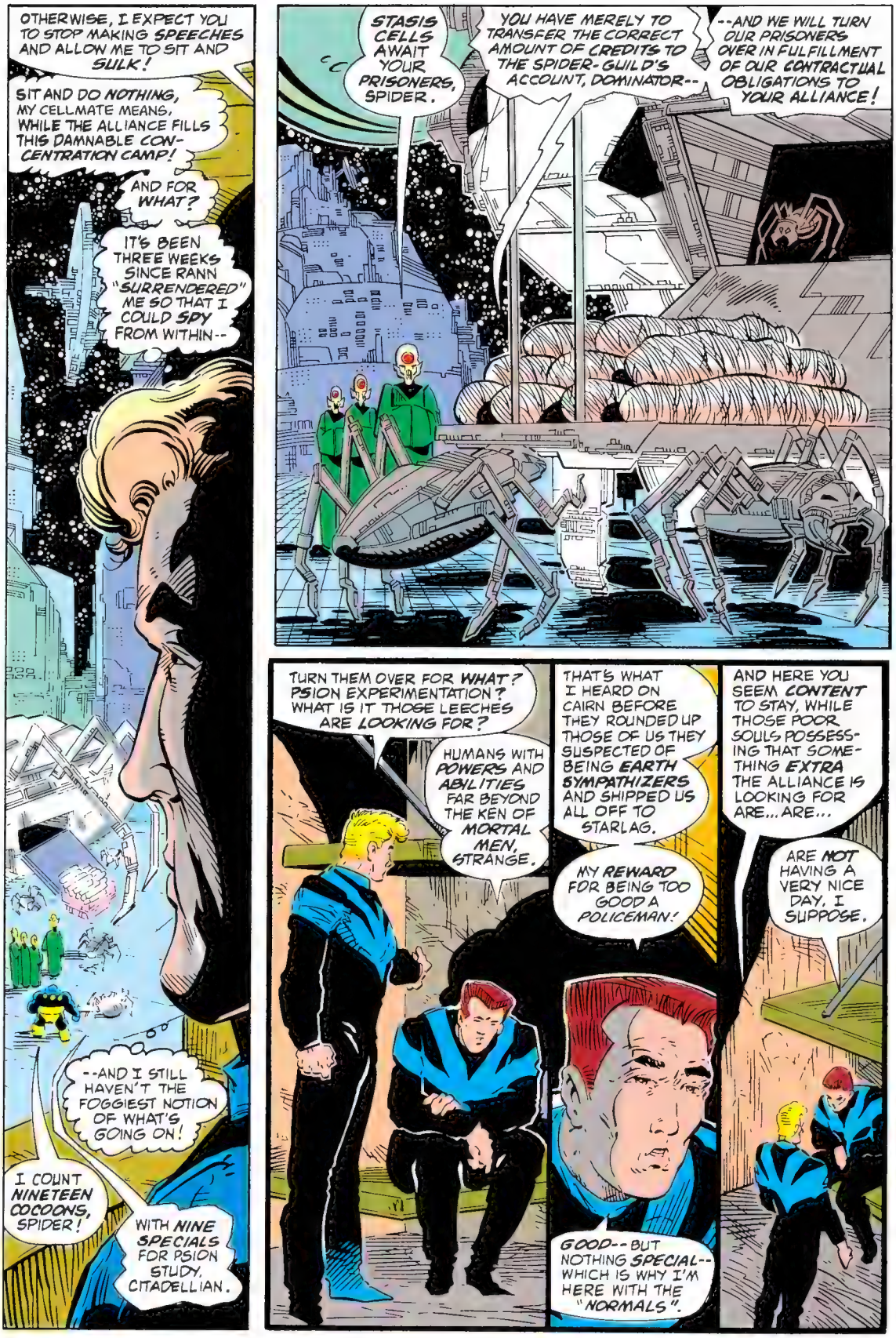

Chapter TWO
STARLAG CONTAINMENT CRAFT-- A PRISON PLATFORM RUN BY THE CITADEL ON THE EDGE OF THE VEGAN SYSTEM.
SPIDER-GUILD TRANSPORT SHUTTLE APPROACHING! CLEARANCE-CODE TRANSMITTED!
INITIATE DOCKING PROCEDURES!

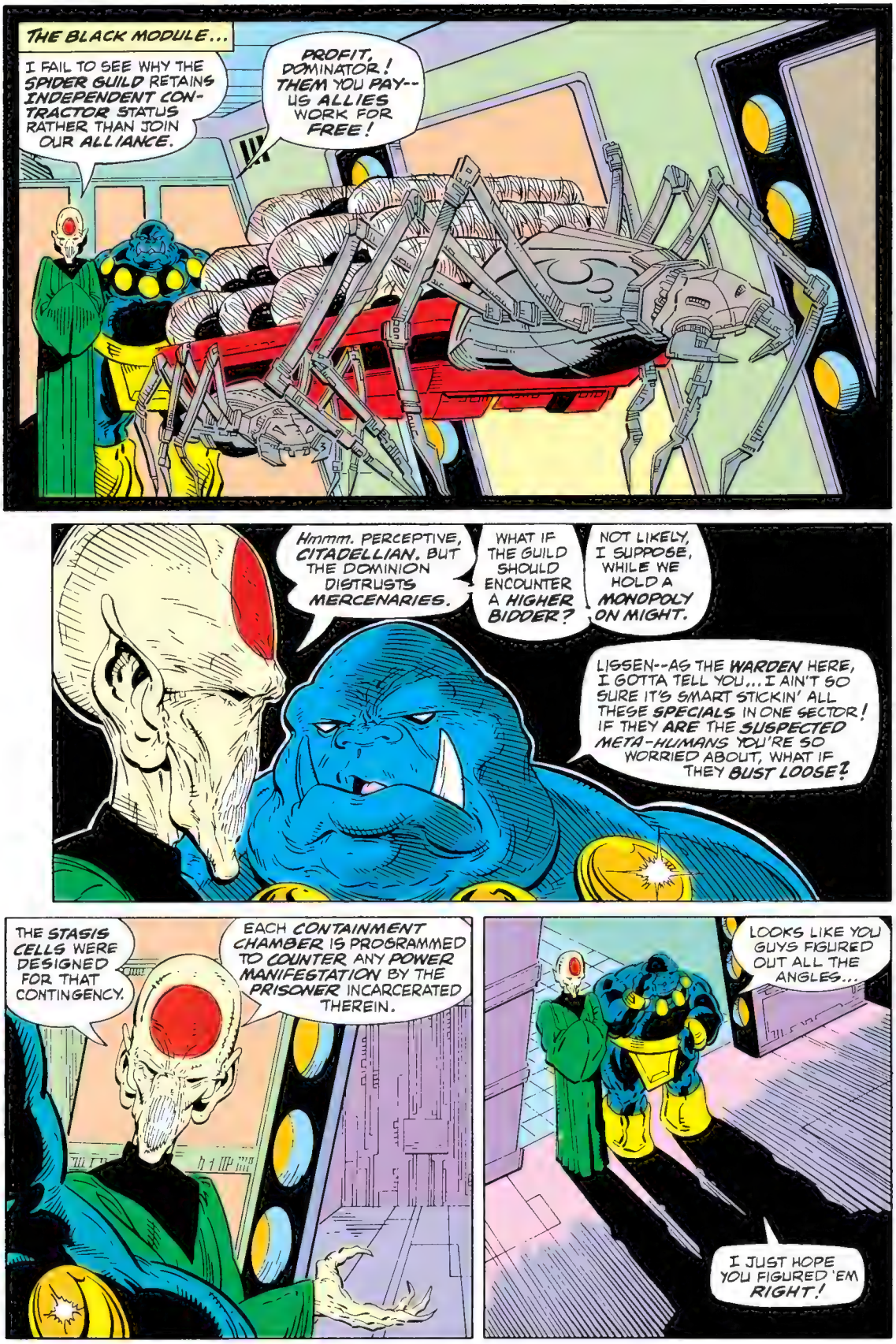

ALTHOUGH STUN-SCREENS PREVENT THE INMATES OF STARLAG FROM ESCAPING, THEY CANNOT STOP EAGER EYES FROM OBSERVING ARRIVALS OF INTEREST...
MORE PRISONERS FOR THE ALLIANCE FERRIED IN EVERY DAY--

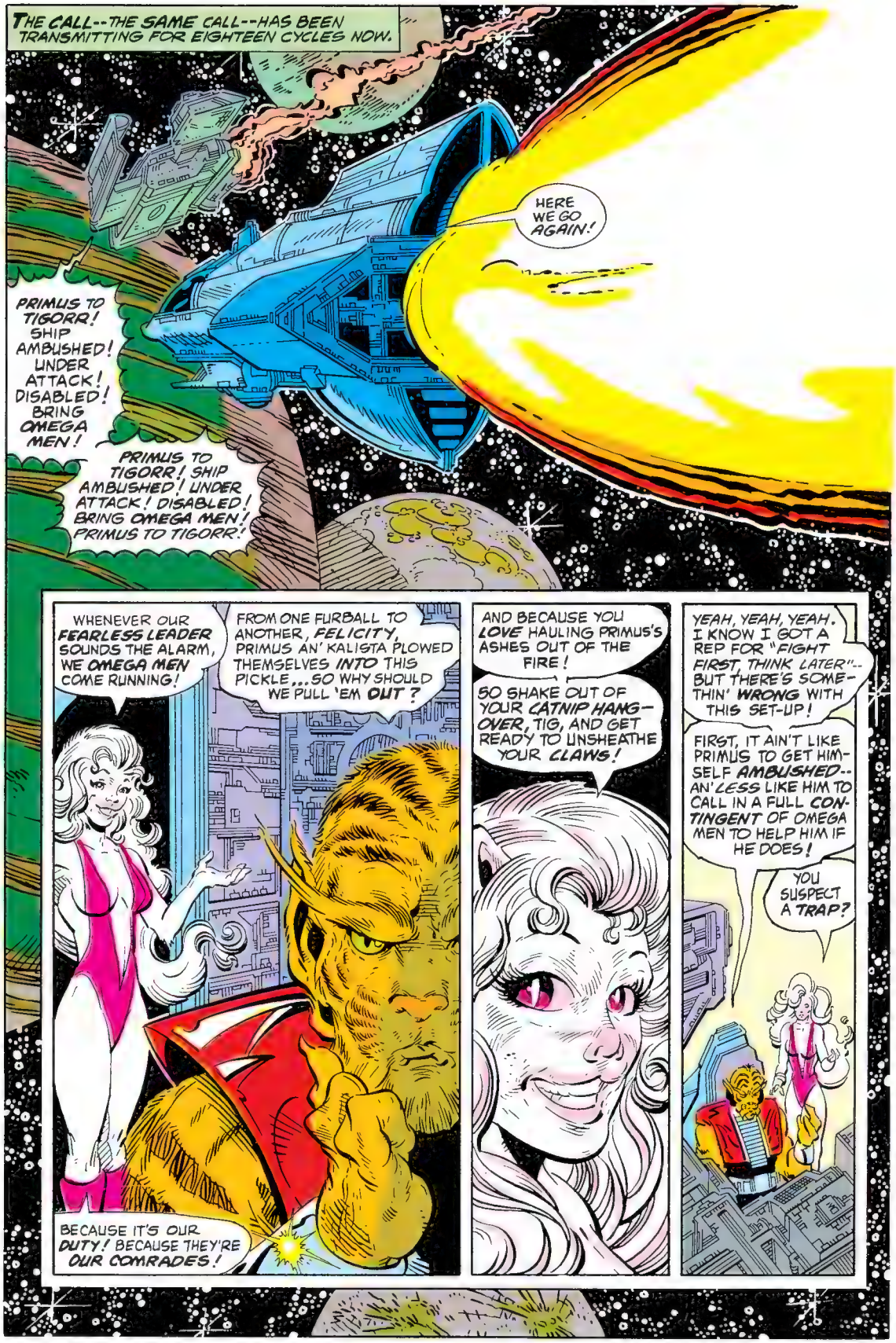

--COCOONED BY THE SPIDER-GUILD'S ROBOTS IN WEB-SHROUDS THAT BOTH ANESTHETIZE THE CAPTIVES AND SAP THEIR WILL TO RESIST!

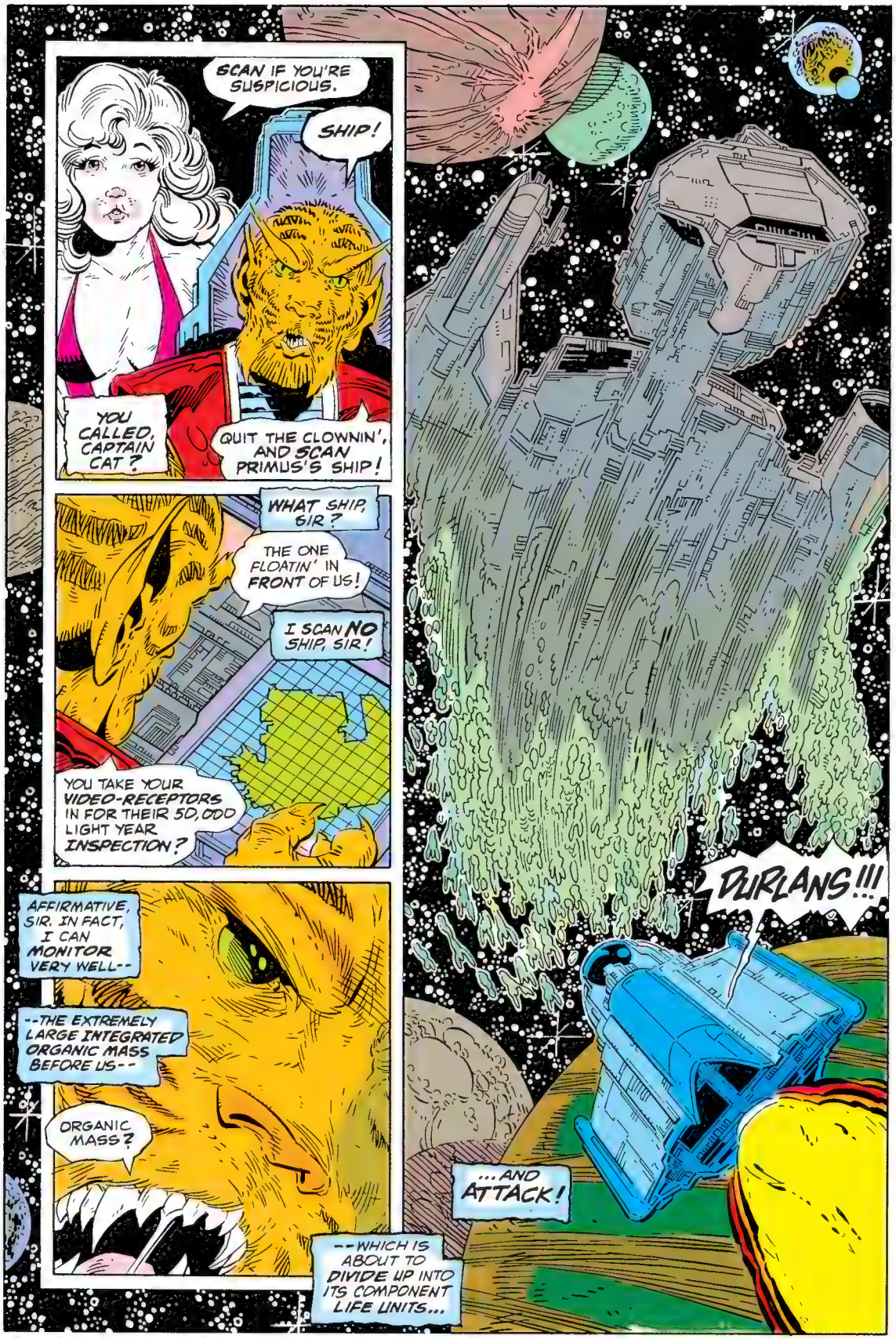
NO WAY TO TELL WHO THAT BATCH IS, OR WHERE THEY HAIL FROM. BUT THEY'RE BEING TAKEN TO THE SPECIAL SECTOR OVER IN THE BLACK MODULE!
THEN MAY RON DHU SAVE THEM, MY FRIEND-- FOR WE CANNOT!


SO WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, GARRYN BEK? THAT WE JUST SIT HERE AND LET THE PSIONS VIVISECT THEM?
OH, NO, ADAM STRANGE! NOT AT ALL!
I EXPECT THE GREAT HERO OF RANN TO LEAD HIS FELLOW DETAINEES IN A CHARGE ON THE BLACK MODULE... AS SOON AS HE FIGURES OUT HOW TO GET HIMSELF OUT OF THIS CELL!


OTHERWISE, I EXPECT YOU TO STOP MAKING SPEECHES AND ALLOW ME TO SIT AND SULK!
SIT AND DO NOTHING, MY CELLMATE MEANS, WHILE THE ALLIANCE FILLS THIS DAMNABLE CON-CENTRATION CAMP!
AND FOR WHAT?
IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE RANN "SURRENDERED" ME SO THAT I COULD SPY FROM WITHIN--
--AND I STILL HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST NOTION OF WHAT'S GOING ON!
I COUNT NINETEEN COCOONS, SPIDER!
WITH NINE SPECIALS FOR PSION STUDY, CITADELLIAN.
STASIS CELLS AWAIT YOUR PRISONERS, SPIDER.
YOU HAVE MERELY TO TRANSFER THE CORRECT AMOUNT OF CREDITS TO THE SPIDER-GUILD'S ACCOUNT, DOMINATOR--
--AND WE WILL TURN OUR PRISONERS OVER IN FULFILLMENT OF OUR CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATIONS TO YOUR ALLIANCE!
TURN THEM OVER FOR WHAT? PSION EXPERIMENTATION? WHAT IS IT THOSE LEECHES ARE LOOKING FOR?
HUMANS WITH POWERS AND ABILITIES FAR BEYOND THE KEN OF MORTAL MEN, STRANGE.
THAT'S WHAT I HEARD ON CAIRN BEFORE THEY ROUNDED UP THOSE OF US THEY SUSPECTED OF BEING EARTH SYMPATHIZERS AND SHIPPED US ALL OFF TO STARLAG.
MY REWARD FOR BEING TOO GOOD A POLICEMAN!
GOOD-- BUT NOTHING SPECIAL-- WHICH IS WHY I'M HERE WITH THE "NORMALS".
AND HERE YOU SEEM CONTENT TO STAY, WHILE THOSE POOR SOULS POSSESS-ING THAT SOME-THING EXTRA THE ALLIANCE IS LOOKING FOR ARE... ARE...
ARE NOT HAVING A VERY NICE DAY, I SUPPOSE.

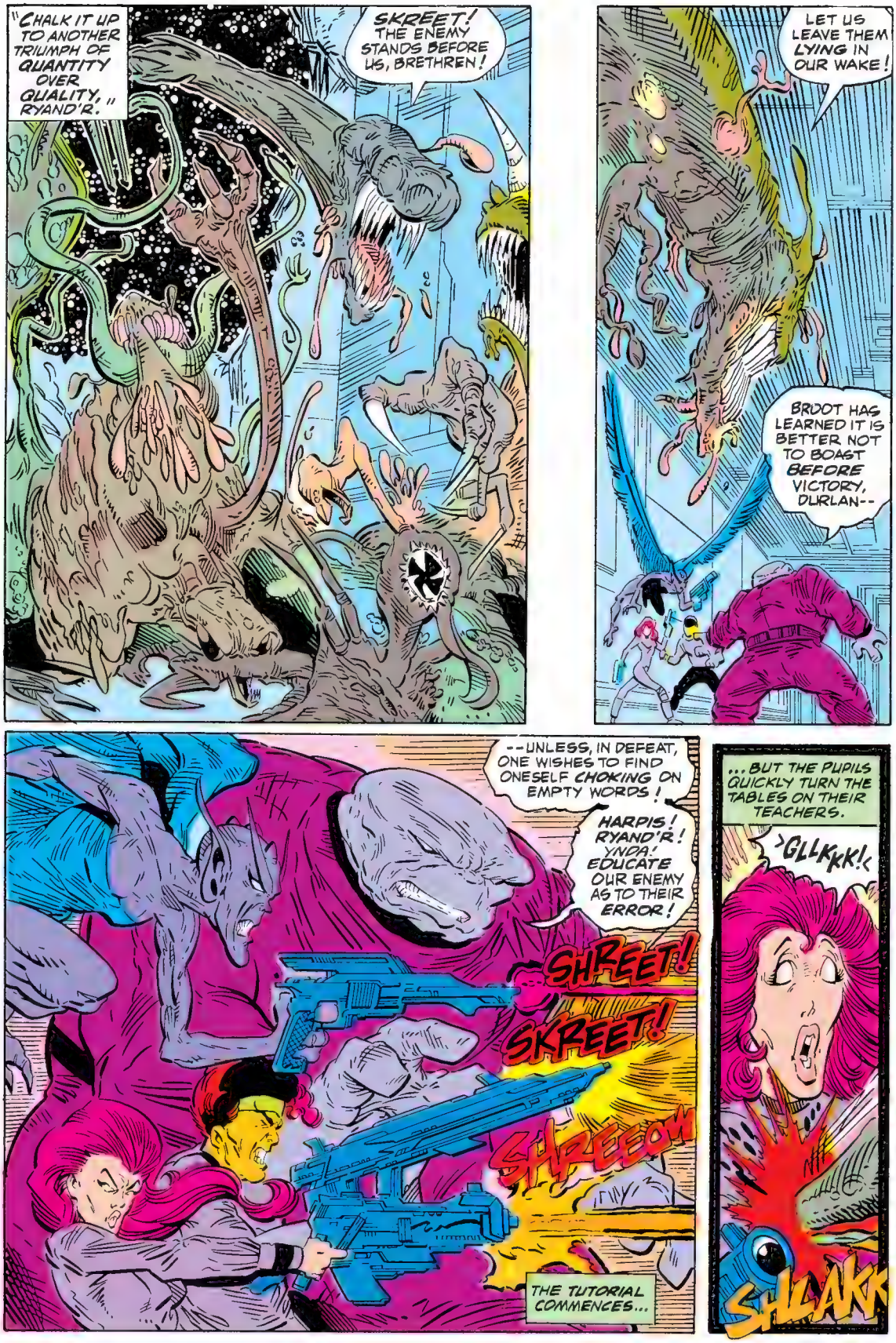

THE BLACK MODULE...
I FAIL TO SEE WHY THE SPIDER GUILD RETAINS INDEPENDENT CONTRACTOR STATUS RATHER THAN JOIN OUR ALLIANCE.
PROFIT, DOMINATOR! THEM YOU PAY--US ALLIES WORK FOR FREE!
Hmmm. PERCEPTIVE, CITADELLIAN. BUT THE DOMINION DISTRUSTS MERCENARIES.
WHAT IF THE GUILD SHOULD ENCOUNTER A HIGHER BIDDER?
NOT LIKELY, I SUPPOSE, WHILE WE HOLD A MONOPOLY ON MIGHT.
LISSEN--AS THE WARDEN HERE, I GOTTA TELL YOU... I AIN'T SO SURE IT'S SMART STICKIN' ALL THESE SPECIALS IN ONE SECTOR! IF THEY ARE THE SUSPECTED META-HUMANS YOU'RE SO WORRIED ABOUT, WHAT IF THEY BUST LOOSE?
THE STASIS CELLS WERE DESIGNED FOR THAT CONTINGENCY.
EACH CONTAINMENT CHAMBER IS PROGRAMMED TO COUNTER ANY POWER MANIFESTATION BY THE PRISONER INCARCERATED THEREIN.
LOOKS LIKE YOU GUYS FIGURED OUT ALL THE ANGLES...
I JUST HOPE YOU FIGURED 'EM RIGHT!


THE CALL--THE SAME CALL--HAS BEEN TRANSMITTING FOR EIGHTEEN CYCLES NOW.
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
PRIMUS TO TIGORR! SHIP AMBUSHED! UNDER ATTACK! DISABLED! BRING OMEGA MEN!
PRIMUS TO TIGORR! SHIP AMBUSHED! UNDER ATTACK! DISABLED! BRING OMEGA MEN! PRIMUS TO TIGORR!
WHENEVER OUR FEARLESS LEADER SOUNDS THE ALARM, WE OMEGA MEN COME RUNNING!
FROM ONE FURBALL TO ANOTHER, FELICITY, PRIMUS AN' KALISTA PLOWED THEMSELVES INTO THIS PICKLE... SO WHY SHOULD WE PULL 'EM OUT?
BECAUSE IT'S OUR DUTY! BECAUSE THEY'RE OUR COMRADES!
AND BECAUSE YOU LOVE HAULING PRIMUS'S ASHES OUT OF THE FIRE!
SO SHAKE OUT OF YOUR CATNIP HANG-OVER, TIG, AND GET READY TO UNSHEATHE YOUR CLAWS!
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. I KNOW I GOT A REP FOR "FIGHT FIRST, THINK LATER"-- BUT THERE'S SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH THIS SET-UP!
FIRST, IT AIN'T LIKE PRIMUS TO GET HIMSELF AMBUSHED-- AN' LESS LIKE HIM TO CALL IN A FULL CONTINGENT OF OMEGA MEN TO HELP HIM IF HE DOES!
YOU SUSPECT A TRAP?

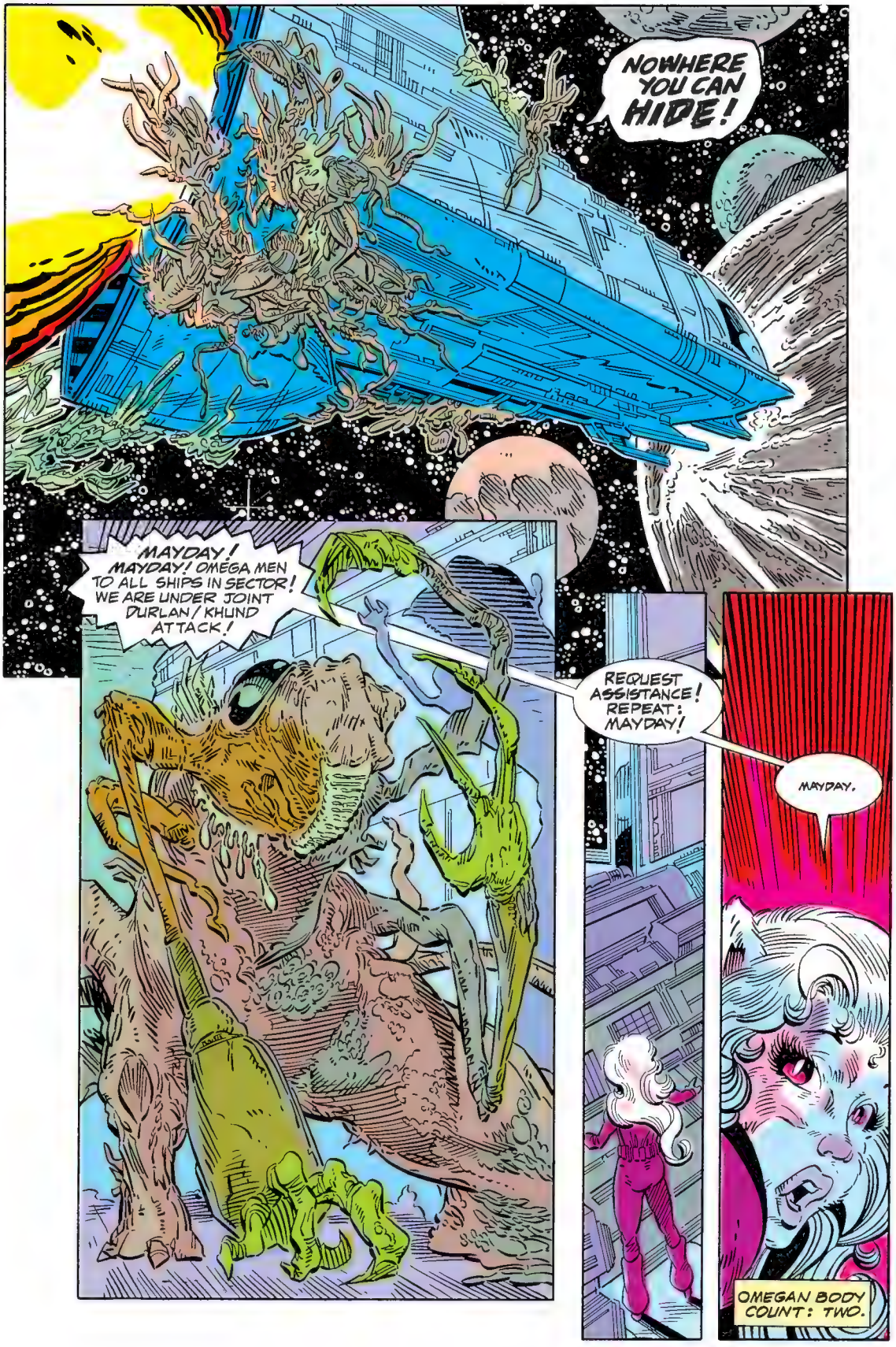

SCAN IF YOU'RE SUSPICIOUS.
SHIP!
YOU CALLED, CAPTAIN CAT?
QUIT THE CLOWNIN', AND SCAN PRIMUS'S SHIP!
WHAT SHIP, SIR?
THE ONE FLOATIN' IN FRONT OF US!
I SCAN NO SHIP, SIR!
YOU TAKE YOUR VIDEO-RECEPTORS IN FOR THEIR 50,000 LIGHT YEAR INSPECTION?
AFFIRMATIVE, SIR. IN FACT, I CAN MONITOR VERY WELL--
--THE EXTREMELY LARGE INTEGRATED ORGANIC MASS BEFORE US--
ORGANIC MASS?
--WHICH IS ABOUT TO DIVIDE UP INTO ITS COMPONENT LIFE UNITS...
DURLANS!!!
...AND ATTACK!

N-NOT PRIMUS'S SHIP AT ALL, BUT A DECOY CREATED OUT OF BIO-LINKED DURLANS!
I GOT THE PICTURE, PUSS! NOW HOW ABOUT ZIPPIN' YOUR LIP WHILE SHIP WARPS US OUT OF HERE!
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO THAT JUST NOW, SIR.
WHY THE HELL NOT?!
BECAUSE TRACTOR BEAMS FROM THOSE TWO KHUNDIAN BATTLE-WAGONS ARE JAMMING OUR WARP DRIVE.
OH.
WELL, NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! BUT, WHAT THE HECK--
--SO ARE THEY!
ELU!
I know! Durlans and the Khund! Do we RETREAT?
CAN'T!
AND I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY!
TELL EVERY-BODY TO SUIT UP!
Are we going OUT-side?
NOPE.

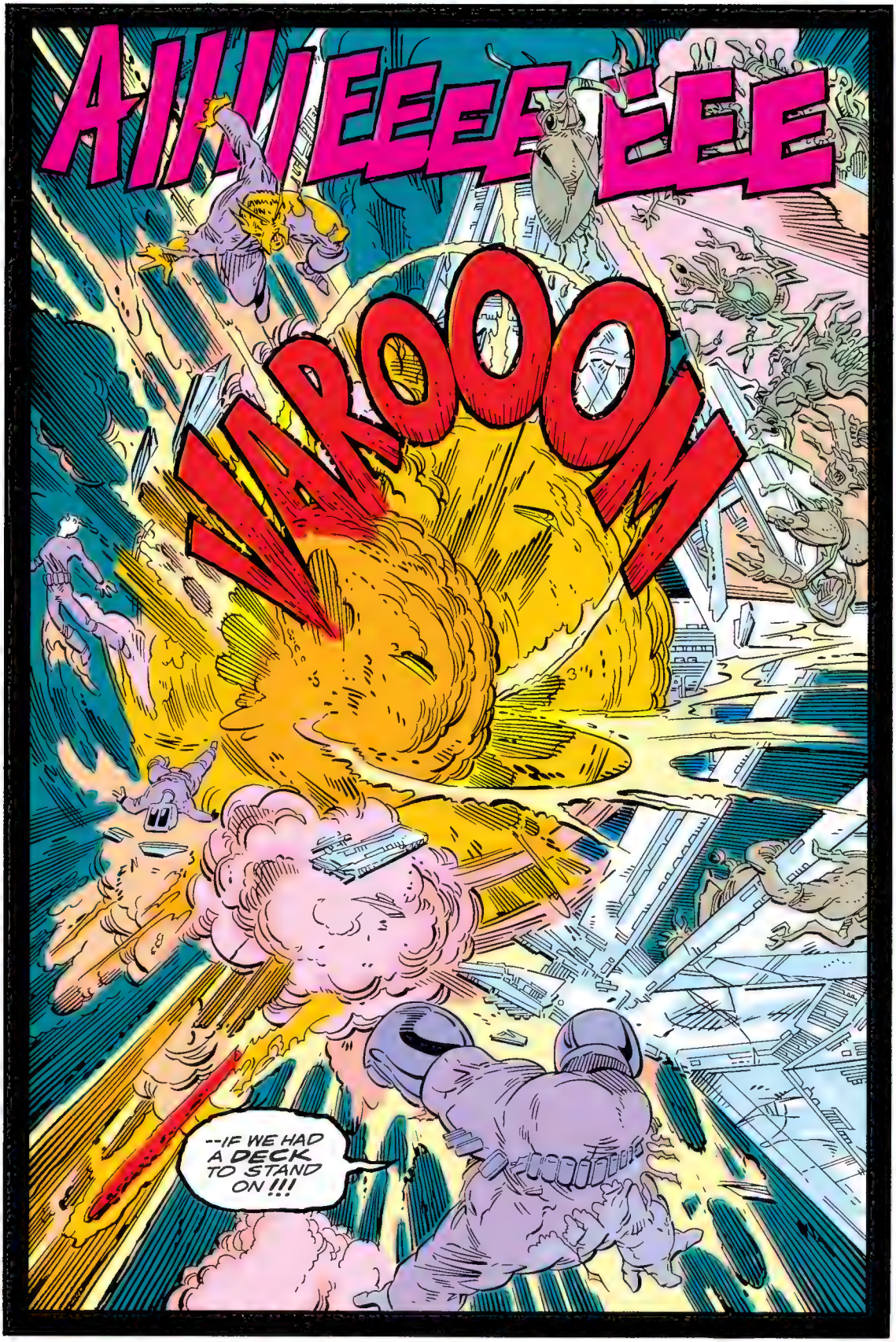
"THE DURLANS ARE BRINGIN' THE OUTSIDE IN!!!"
SPRAK
KROOM
WH-WHAT WAS THAT?
SOUND OF A HULL BEIN' BREACHED, SCHLAGEN!
PAY ATTENTION. IT AIN'T SOMETHIN' YOU'RE LIKELY TO HEAR TWICE.
IT SOUNDS LIKE WAVES CRASHIN' ON A REEF!
ONLY WE'RE THE REEF--AND WE CAN'T HOLD BACK THE TIDE!
BROOT! STATUS REPORT!
THE ENEMY ASSAULTS THE AIR-LOCKS, TIGORR!
EVEN YOU'D HAVE TROUBLE BATTERING THROUGH OUR HULL, BROOT, SO HOW CAN THEY BE STRONG ENOUGH TO--
THROOM


"CHALK IT UP TO ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF QUANTITY OVER QUALITY," RYAND'R.
SKREET! THE ENEMY STANDS BEFORE US, BRETHREN!
LET US LEAVE THEM LYING IN OUR WAKE!
BROOT HAS LEARNED IT IS BETTER NOT TO BOAST BEFORE VICTORY, DURLAN--
--UNLESS, IN DEFEAT, ONE WISHES TO FIND ONESELF CHOKING ON EMPTY WORDS!
HARPIS! RYAND'R! YNDA! EDUCATE OUR ENEMY AS TO THEIR ERROR!
SKREET!
SKREET!
SKREEOW
THE TUTORIAL COMMENCES...
...BUT THE PUPILS QUICKLY TURN THE TABLES ON THEIR TEACHERS.
>GLLKKK!<
SHLAKK

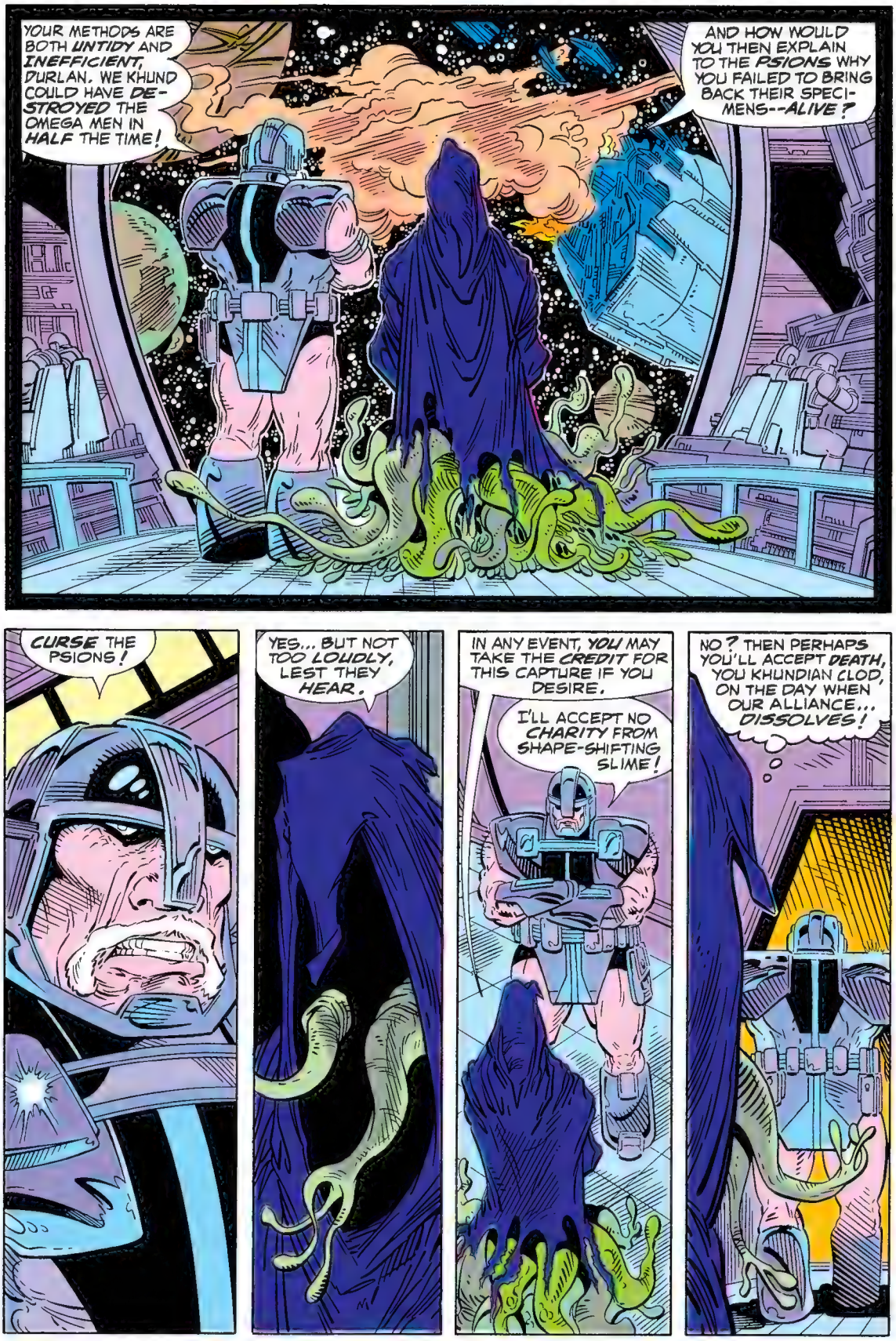
MEANWHILE, AMIDSHIPS...
OMEGANS! THE ENEMY IS COMING THROUGH MY HULL!
YOU'RE A REGULAR FOUNT O' INFORMATION, SHIP!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
PULL BACK, OMEGANS!
Pull back to WHERE, Green Man?
They're all AROUND us!
GOT ANY MORE BRIGHT IDEAS, GREENIE?
I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS, TIGORR!
THEN I SAY WE TURN AND FACE 'EM!
GOOD PLAN!
WE'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
THERE IS NOWHERE YOU CAN RUN, OMEGANS!

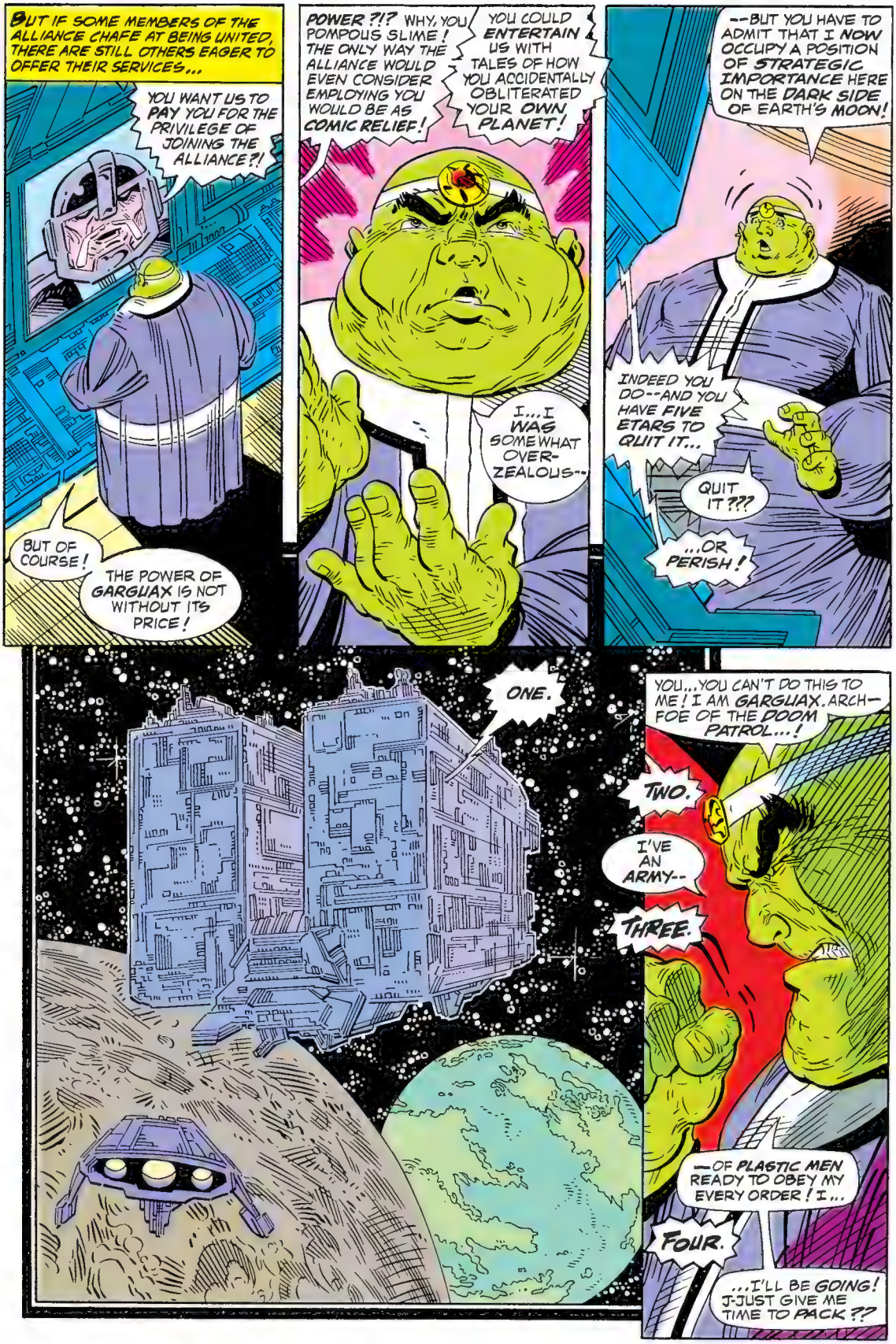

NOWHERE YOU CAN HIDE!
MAYDAY! MAYDAY! OMÉGA MEN TO ALL SHIPS IN SECTOR! WE ARE UNDER JOINT DURLAN/KHUND ATTACK!
REQUEST ASSISTANCE! REPEAT: MAYDAY!
MAYDAY.
OMEGAN BODY COUNT: TWO.

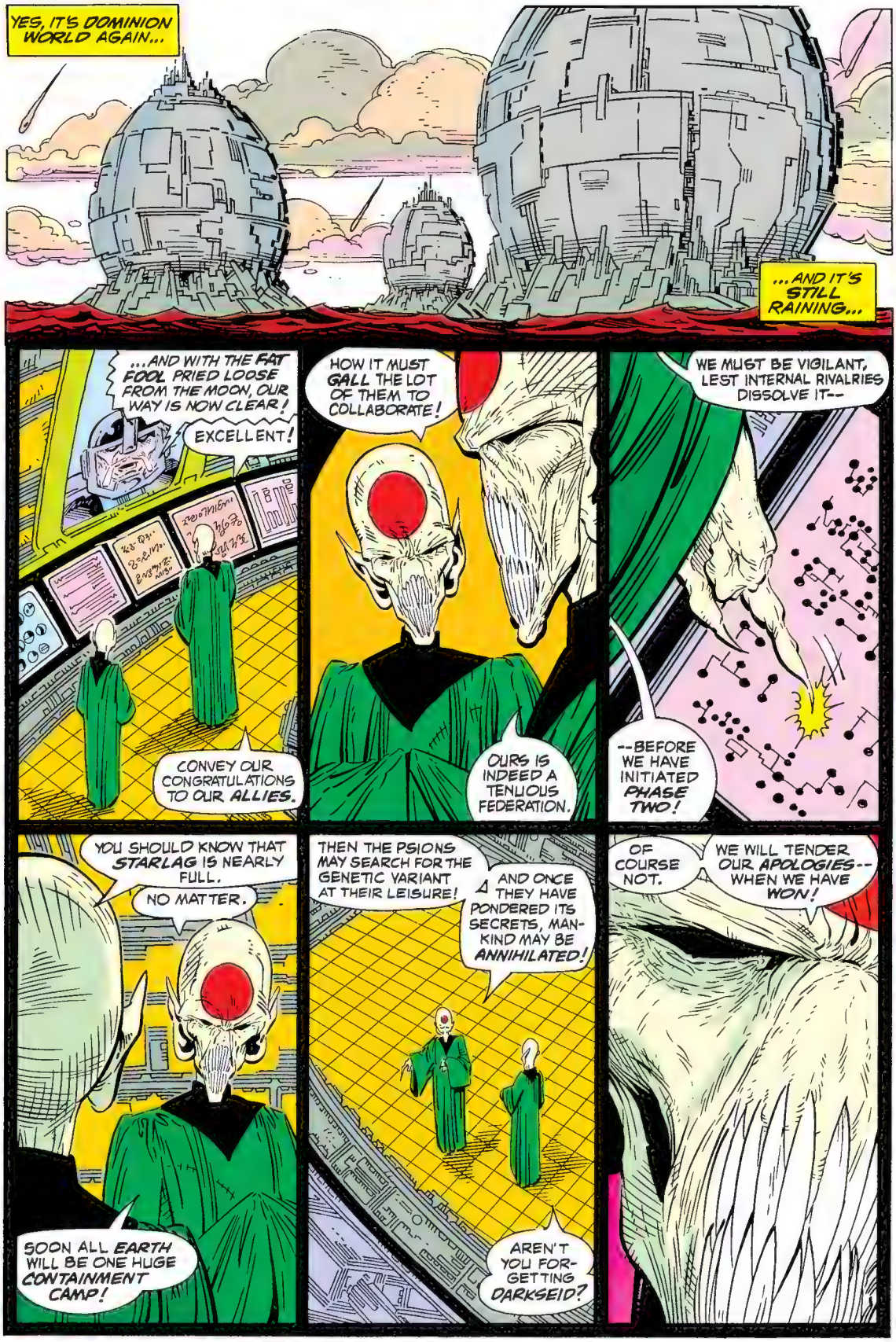
BROOT! TIGORR'S CONTINGENT COMES!
THEIR RETREAT BLOCKS OUR RETREAT!
We prefer the term: STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL!
AND I'M TELLIN' YA TO HOLD YOUR GROUND!
I'M--
RUNNCHHH
BODY COUNT: THREE!
THEY COME BY THE HUNDREDS, TIGORR-- FROM EVERY SIDE-- IN EVERY SHAPE! WE ARE, I FEAR, SURROUNDED!
GREAT! NOW MAYBE THE OMEGA MEN'LL STOP RUNNIN' AND START FIGHTIN'!
I AM NOT OPPOSED IN PRINCIPLE TO JOINING YOU IN A LAST STAND, TIGORR--

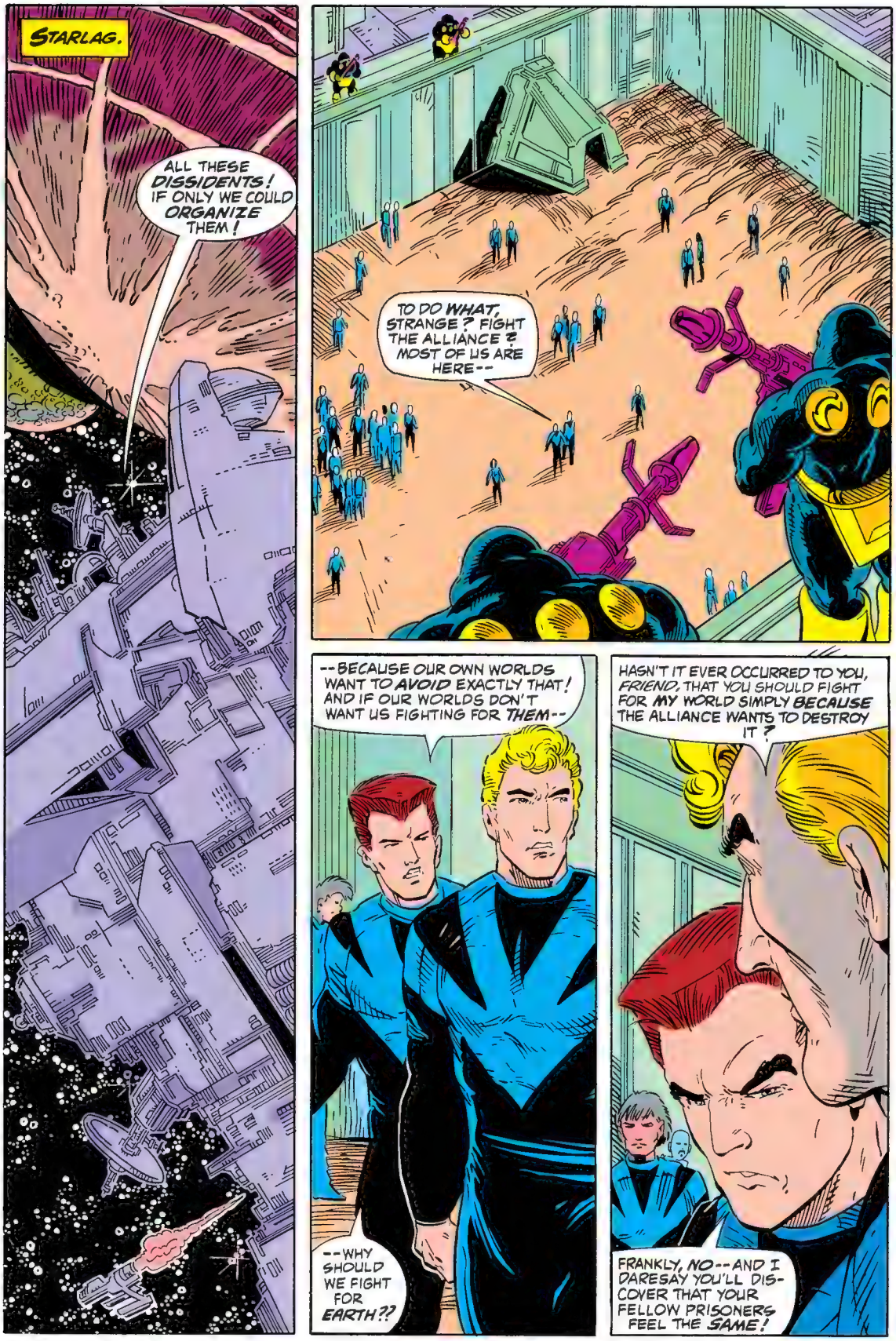

AIIIEEEEEEE
VROOOM
--IF WE HAD A DECK TO STAND ON!!!

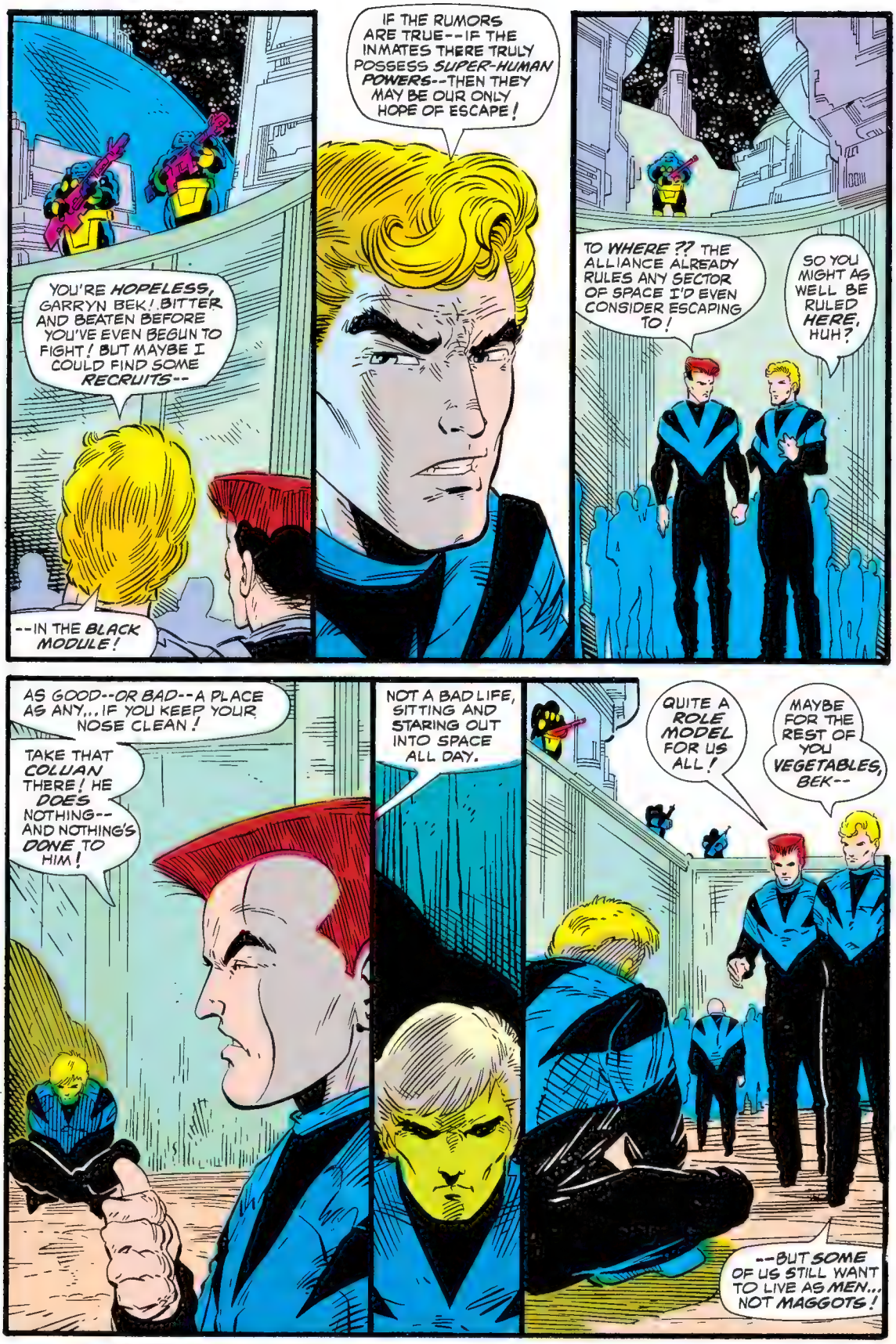
AN INTERESTING SOUND, THE DEATH-SHRIEK OF THE OMEGANS' SENTIENT SHIP!
HOWEVER, IF WE DO NOT WISH HER CREW TO JOIN HER IN THE GREAT HEREAFTER...
BRETHREN! ENVELOP THE OMEGA MEN IN YOUR OWN SUBSTANCE--
"--THAT BY SHARING YOUR LIFE WITH THEM--"
--WE MAY FERRY OUR CAPTIVES TO OUR COMRADES-IN-ARMS.

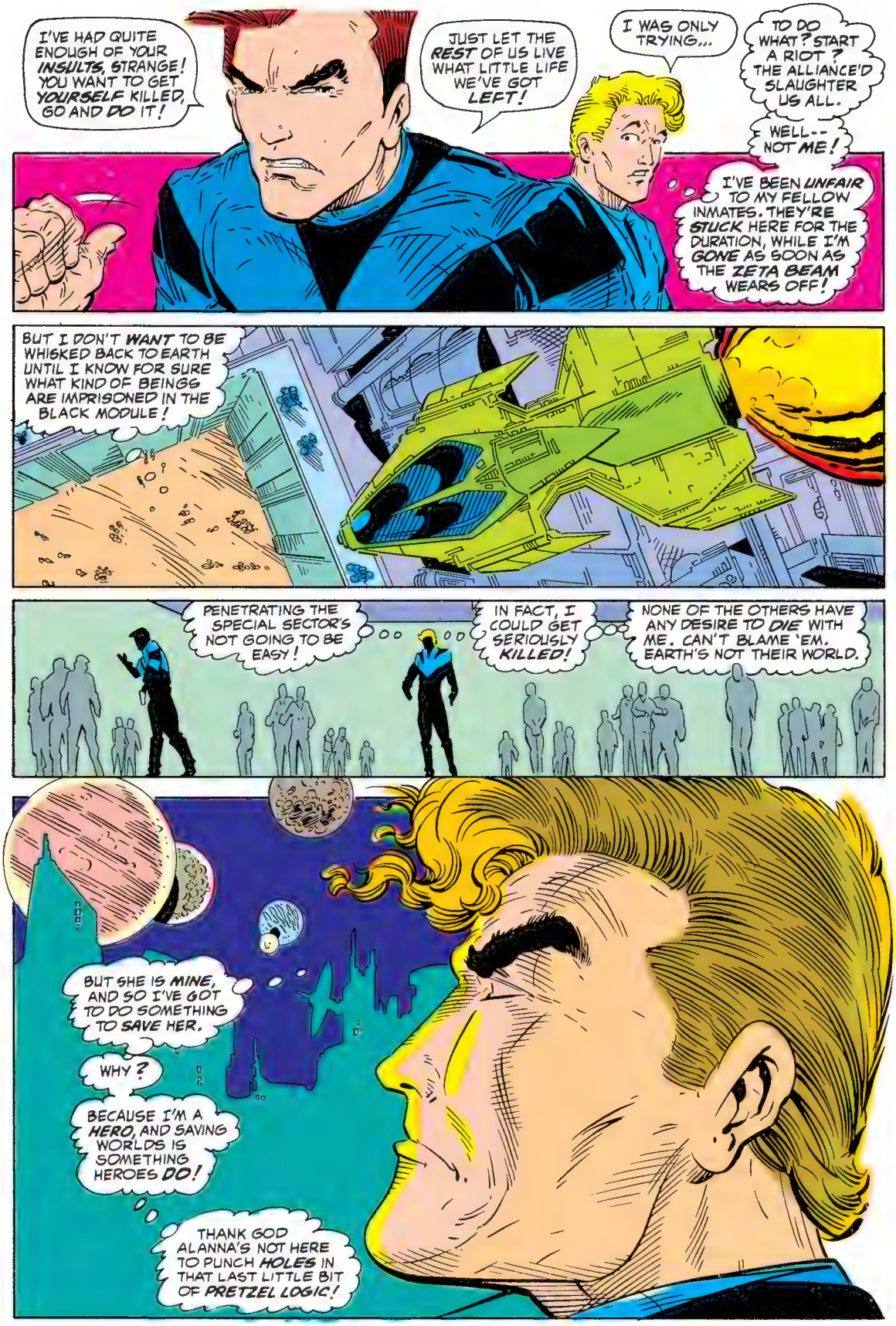

YOUR METHODS ARE BOTH UNTIDY AND INEFFICIENT, DURLAN. WE KHUND COULD HAVE DE-STROYED THE OMEGA MEN IN HALF THE TIME!
AND HOW WOULD YOU THEN EXPLAIN TO THE PSIONS WHY YOU FAILED TO BRING BACK THEIR SPECI-MENS--ALIVE?
CURSE THE PSIONS!
YES... BUT NOT TOO LOUDLY, LEST THEY HEAR.
IN ANY EVENT, YOU MAY TAKE THE CREDIT FOR THIS CAPTURE IF YOU DESIRE.
I'LL ACCEPT NO CHARITY FROM SHAPE-SHIFTING SLIME!
NO? THEN PERHAPS YOU'LL ACCEPT DEATH, YOU KHUNDIAN CLOD, ON THE DAY WHEN OUR ALLIANCE... DISSOLVES!

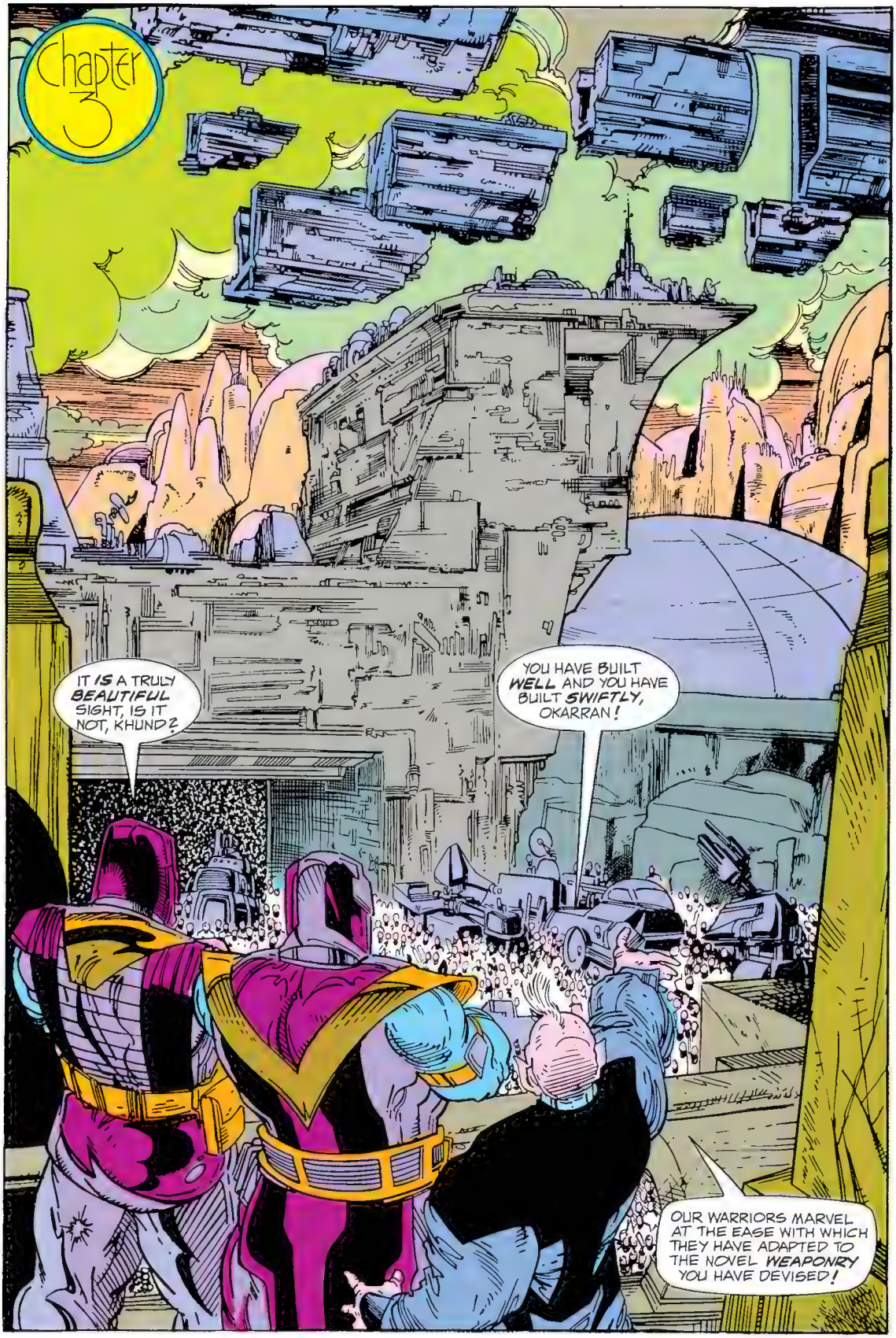

BUT IF SOME MEMBERS OF THE ALLIANCE CHAFE AT BEING UNITED, THERE ARE STILL OTHERS EAGER TO OFFER THEIR SERVICES...
YOU WANT US TO PAY YOU FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF JOINING THE ALLIANCE?!
BUT OF COURSE!
THE POWER OF GARGUAX IS NOT WITHOUT ITS PRICE!
POWER?!? WHY, YOU POMPOUS SLIME! THE ONLY WAY THE ALLIANCE WOULD EVEN CONSIDER EMPLOYING YOU WOULD BE AS COMIC RELIEF!
YOU COULD ENTERTAIN US WITH TALES OF HOW YOU ACCIDENTALLY OBLITERATED YOUR OWN PLANET!
I...I WAS SOMEWHAT OVER-ZEALOUS--
--BUT YOU HAVE TO ADMIT THAT I NOW OCCUPY A POSITION OF STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE HERE ON THE DARK SIDE OF EARTH'S MOON!
INDEED YOU DO--AND YOU HAVE FIVE ETARS TO QUIT IT...
QUIT IT???
...OR PERISH!
ONE.
TWO.
I'VE AN ARMY--
THREE.
FOUR.
YOU...YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I AM GARGUAX. ARCH-FOE OF THE DOOM PATROL...!
—OF PLASTIC MEN READY TO OBEY MY EVERY ORDER! I...
...I'LL BE GOING! J-JUST GIVE ME TIME TO PACK??

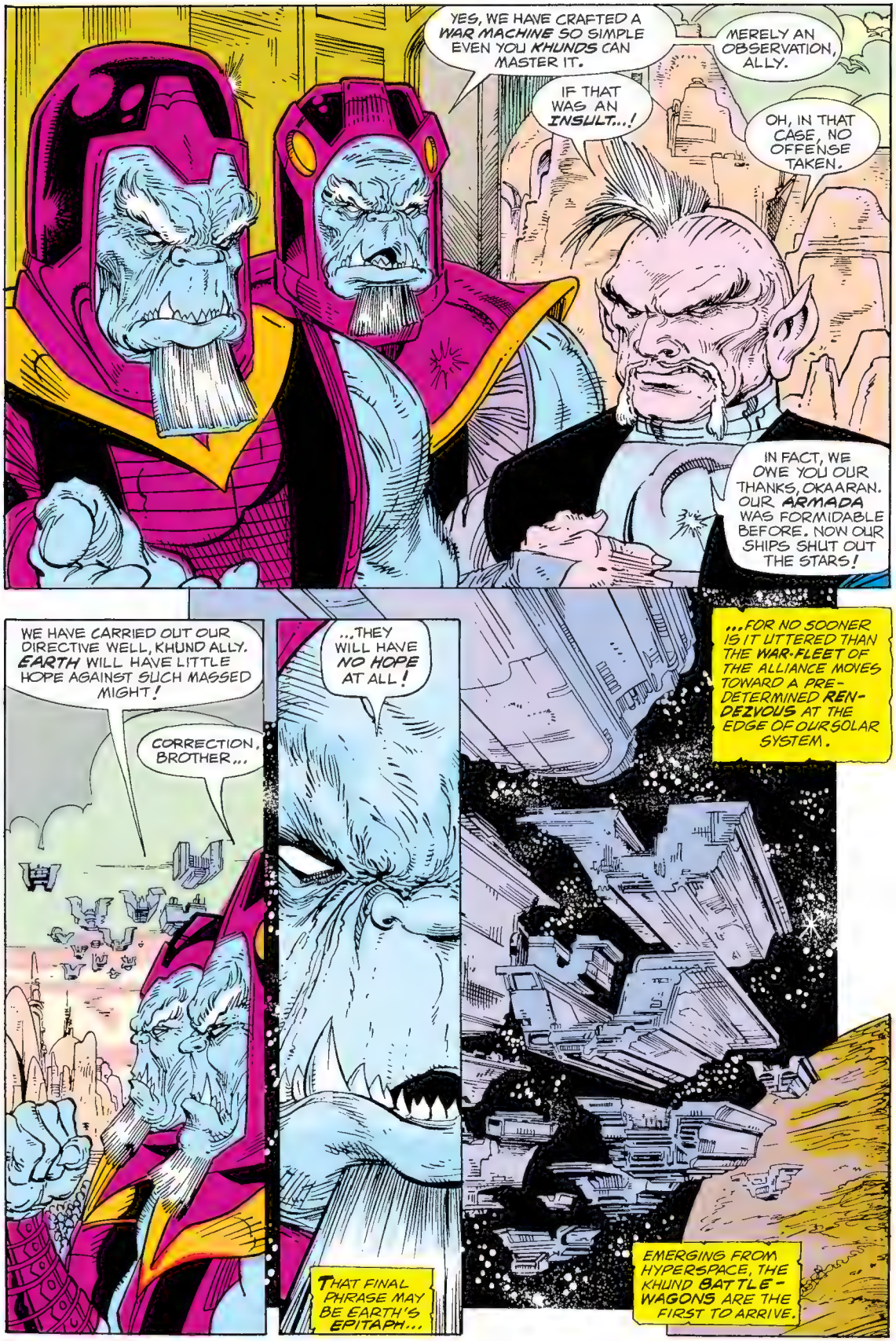

YES, IT'S DOMINION WORLD AGAIN...
...AND IT'S STILL RAINING...
...AND WITH THE FAT FOOL PRIED LOOSE FROM THE MOON, OUR WAY IS NOW CLEAR!
EXCELLENT!
CONVEY OUR CONGRATULATIONS TO OUR ALLIES.
HOW IT MUST GALL THE LOT OF THEM TO COLLABORATE!
OURS IS INDEED A TENUOUS FEDERATION.
WE MUST BE VIGILANT, LEST INTERNAL RIVALRIES DISSOLVE IT--
--BEFORE WE HAVE INITIATED PHASE TWO!
YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT STARLAG IS NEARLY FULL.
NO MATTER.
SOON ALL EARTH WILL BE ONE HUGE CONTAINMENT CAMP!
THEN THE PSIONS MAY SEARCH FOR THE GENETIC VARIANT AT THEIR LEISURE!
AND ONCE THEY HAVE PONDERED ITS SECRETS, MANKIND MAY BE ANNIHILATED!
AREN'T YOU FORGETTING DARKSEID?
OF COURSE NOT.
WE WILL TENDER OUR APOLOGIES--WHEN WE HAVE WON!

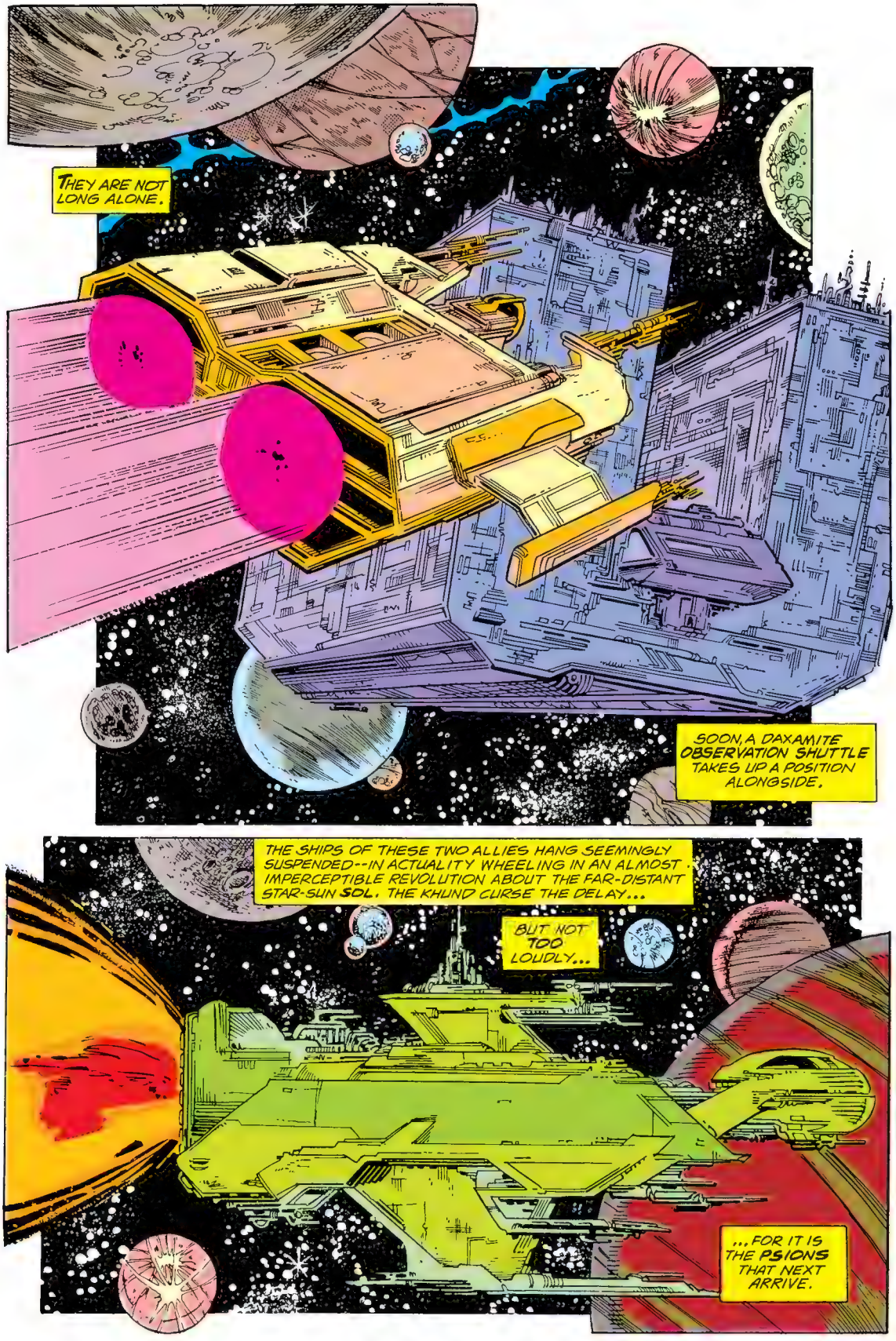

STARLAG.
ALL THESE DISSIDENTS! IF ONLY WE COULD ORGANIZE THEM!
TO DO WHAT, STRANGE? FIGHT THE ALLIANCE? MOST OF US ARE HERE--
--BECAUSE OUR OWN WORLDS WANT TO AVOID EXACTLY THAT! AND IF OUR WORLDS DON'T WANT US FIGHTING FOR THEM--
--WHY SHOULD WE FIGHT FOR EARTH??
HASN'T IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU, FRIEND, THAT YOU SHOULD FIGHT FOR MY WORLD SIMPLY BECAUSE THE ALLIANCE WANTS TO DESTROY IT?
FRANKLY, NO--AND I DARESAY YOU'LL DISCOVER THAT YOUR FELLOW PRISONERS FEEL THE SAME!

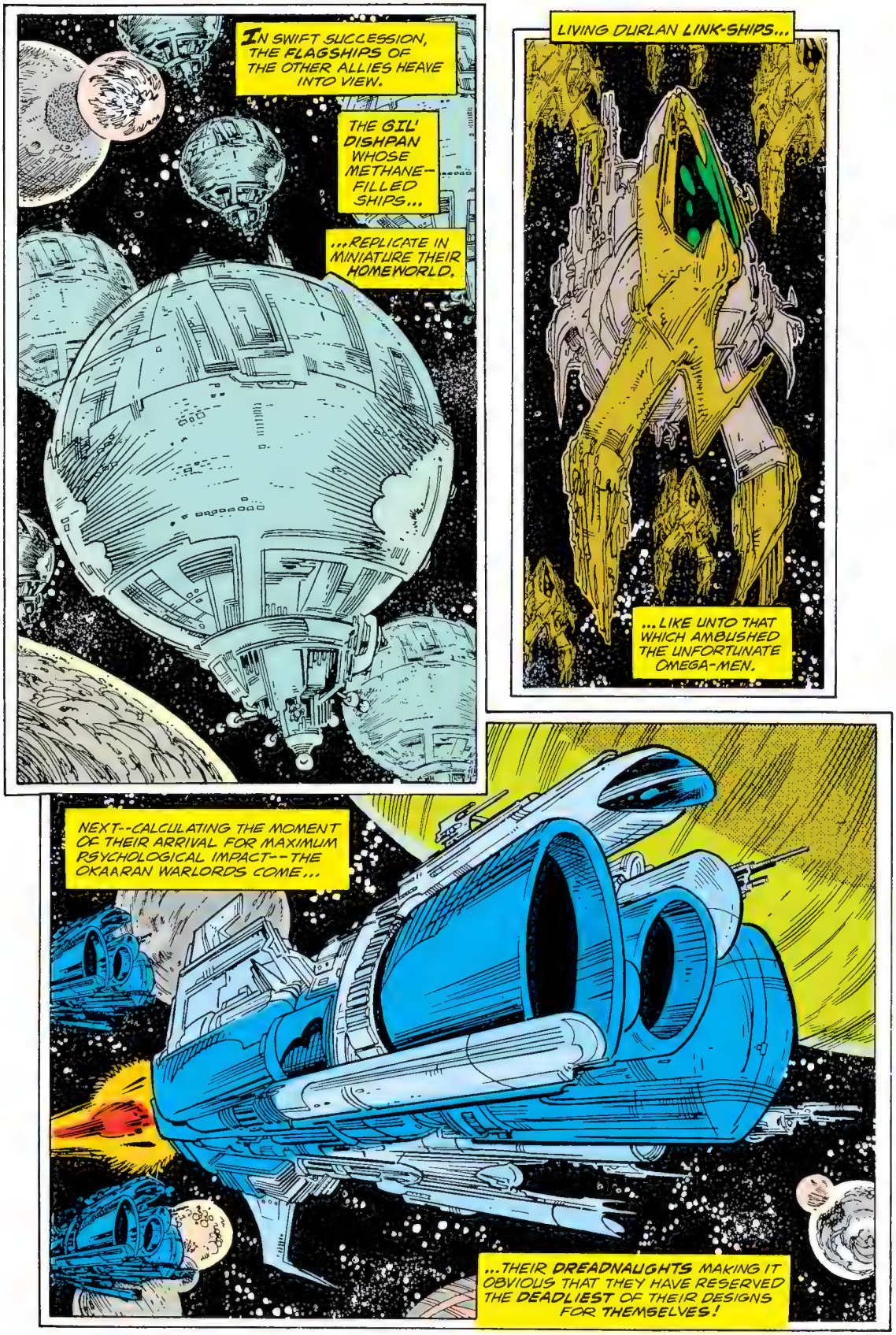

YOU'RE HOPELESS, GARRYN BEK!. BITTER AND BEATEN BEFORE YOU'VE EVEN BEGUN TO FIGHT! BUT MAYBE I COULD FIND SOME RECRUITS--
--IN THE BLACK MODULE!
IF THE RUMORS ARE TRUE--IF THE INMATES THERE TRULY POSSESS SUPER-HUMAN POWERS--THEN THEY MAY BE OUR ONLY HOPE OF ESCAPE!
TO WHERE ?? THE ALLIANCE ALREADY RULES ANY SECTOR OF SPACE I'D EVEN CONSIDER ESCAPING TO!
SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE RULED HERE, HUH?
AS GOOD--OR BAD--A PLACE AS ANY,.. IF YOU KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN!
TAKE THAT COLUAN THERE! HE DOES NOTHING-- AND NOTHING'S DONE TO HIM!
NOT A BAD LIFE, SITTING AND STARING OUT INTO SPACE ALL DAY.
QUITE A ROLE MODEL FOR US ALL!
MAYBE FOR THE REST OF YOU VEGETABLES, BEK--
--BUT SOME OF US STILL WANT TO LIVE AS MEN... NOT MAGGOTS!

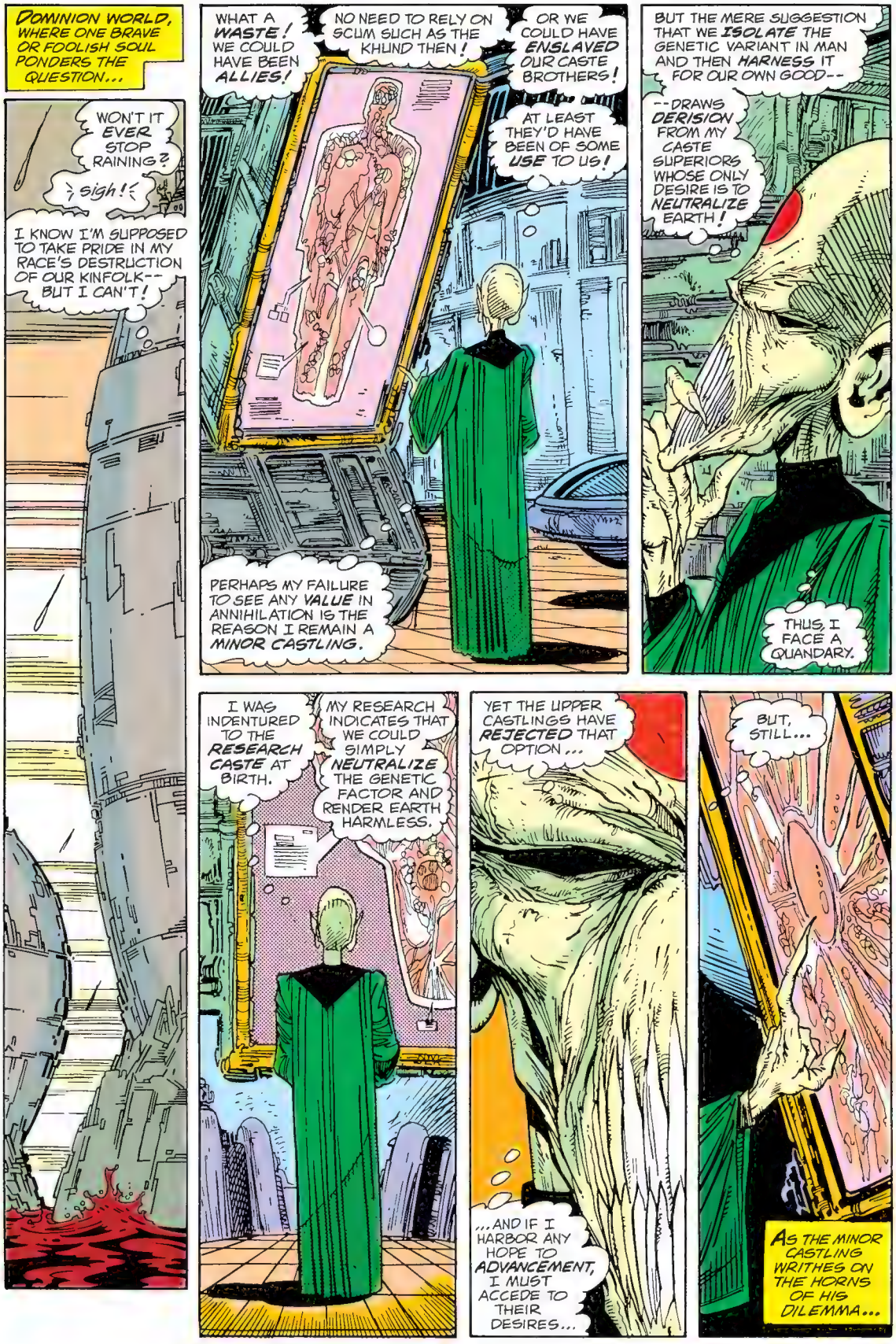

I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF YOUR INSULTS, STRANGE! YOU WANT TO GET YOURSELF KILLED, GO AND DO IT!
JUST LET THE REST OF US LIVE WHAT LITTLE LIFE WE'VE GOT LEFT!
I WAS ONLY TRYING...
TO DO WHAT? START A RIOT? THE ALLIANCE'D SLAUGHTER US ALL.
WELL-- NOT ME!
I'VE BEEN UNFAIR TO MY FELLOW INMATES. THEY'RE STUCK HERE FOR THE DURATION, WHILE I'M GONE AS SOON AS THE ZETA BEAM WEARS OFF!
BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE WHISKED BACK TO EARTH UNTIL I KNOW FOR SURE WHAT KIND OF BEINGS ARE IMPRISONED IN THE BLACK MODULE!
PENETRATING THE SPECIAL SECTOR'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY!
IN FACT, I COULD GET SERIOUSLY KILLED!
NONE OF THE OTHERS HAVE ANY DESIRE TO DIE WITH ME. CAN'T BLAME 'EM. EARTH'S NOT THEIR WORLD.
BUT SHE IS MINE, AND SO I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO SAVE HER.
WHY?
BECAUSE I'M A HERO, AND SAVING WORLDS IS SOMETHING HEROES DO!
THANK GOD ALANNA'S NOT HERE TO PUNCH HOLES IN THAT LAST LITTLE BIT OF PRETZEL LOGIC!


Chapter 3
IT IS A TRULY BEAUTIFUL SIGHT, IS IT NOT, KHUND?
YOU HAVE BUILT WELL AND YOU HAVE BUILT SWIFTLY, OKARRAN!
OUR WARRIORS MARVEL AT THE EASE WITH WHICH THEY HAVE ADAPTED TO THE NOVEL WEAPONRY YOU HAVE DEVISED!

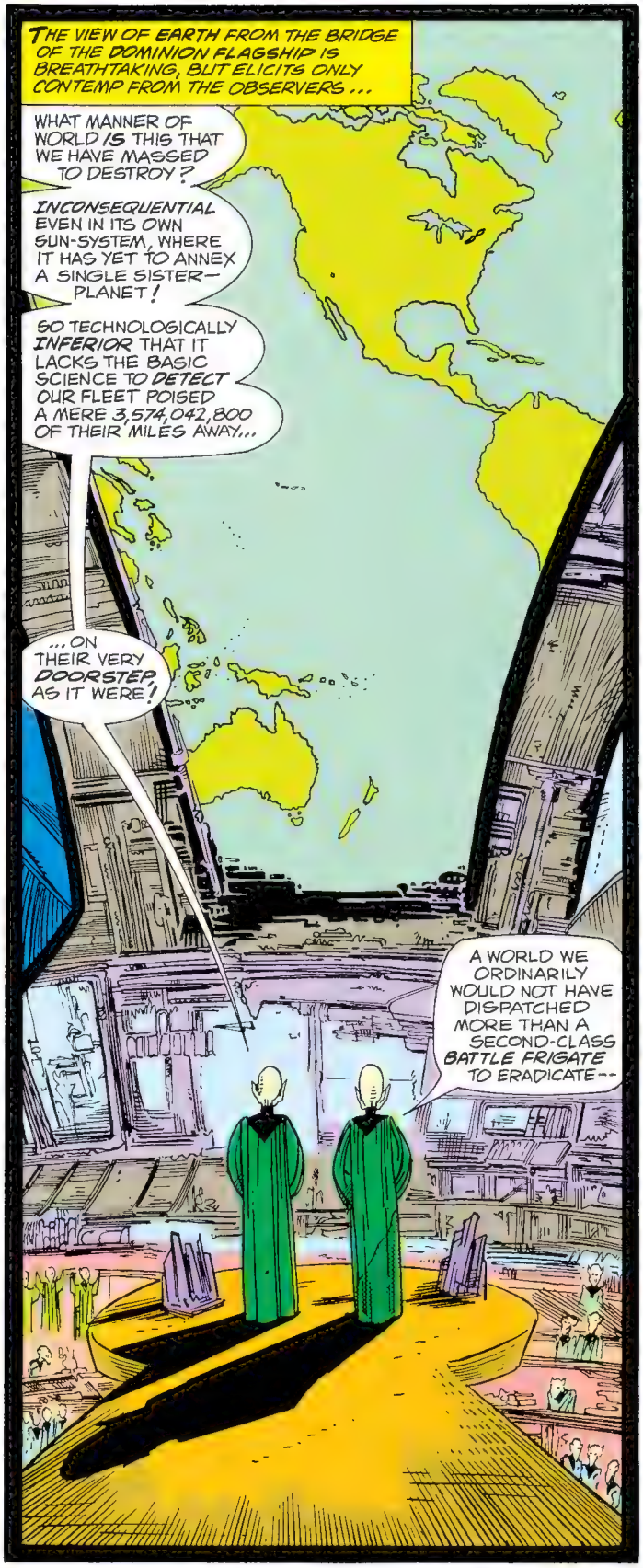

YES, WE HAVE CRAFTED A WAR MACHINE SO SIMPLE EVEN YOU KHUNDS CAN MASTER IT.
IF THAT WAS AN INSULT...!
MERELY AN OBSERVATION, ALLY.
OH, IN THAT CASE, NO OFFENSE TAKEN.
IN FACT, WE OWE YOU OUR THANKS, OKAARAN. OUR ARMADA WAS FORMIDABLE BEFORE. NOW OUR SHIPS SHUT OUT THE STARS!
...FOR NO SOONER IS IT UTTERED THAN THE WAR-FLEET OF THE ALLIANCE MOVES TOWARD A PRE-DETERMINED RENDEZVOUS AT THE EDGE OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.
WE HAVE CARRIED OUT OUR DIRECTIVE WELL, KHUND ALLY. EARTH WILL HAVE LITTLE HOPE AGAINST SUCH MASSED MIGHT!
CORRECTION, BROTHER...
...THEY WILL HAVE NO HOPE AT ALL!
THAT FINAL PHRASE MAY BE EARTH'S EPITAPH...
EMERGING FROM HYPERSPACE, THE KHUND BATTLE-WAGONS ARE THE FIRST TO ARRIVE.

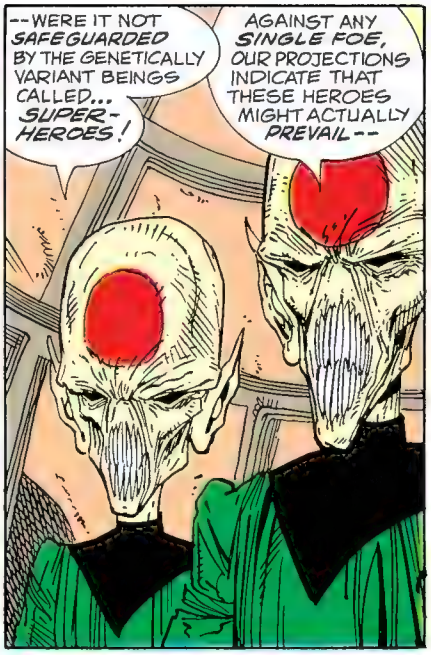

THEY ARE NOT LONG ALONE.
SOON, A DAXAMITE OBSERVATION SHUTTLE TAKES UP A POSITION ALONGSIDE.
THE SHIPS OF THESE TWO ALLIES HANG SEEMINGLY SUSPENDED--IN ACTUALITY WHEELING IN AN ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE REVOLUTION ABOUT THE FAR-DISTANT STAR-SUN SOL. THE KHUND CURSE THE DELAY...
BUT NOT TOO LOUDLY...
...FOR IT IS THE PSIONS THAT NEXT ARRIVE.

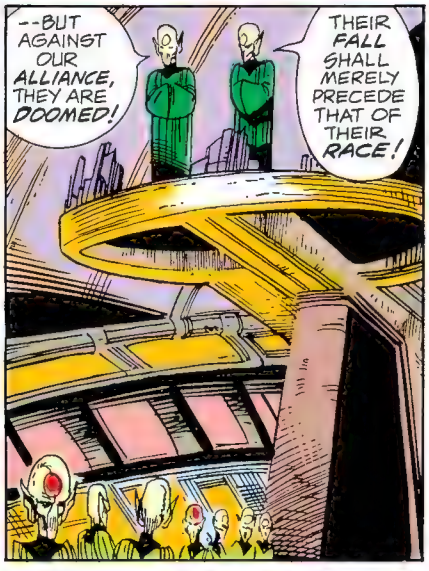

IN SWIFT SUCCESSION, THE FLAGSHIPS OF THE OTHER ALLIES HEAVE INTO VIEW.
THE GIL' DISHPAN WHOSE METHANE-FILLED SHIPS...
...REPLICATE IN MINIATURE THEIR HOMEWORLD.
LIVING DURLAN LINK-SHIPS...
...LIKE UNTO THAT WHICH AMBUSHED THE UNFORTUNATE OMEGA-MEN.
NEXT--CALCULATING THE MOMENT OF THEIR ARRIVAL FOR MAXIMUM PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPACT--THE OKAARAN WARLORDS COME...
...THEIR DREADNAUGHTS MAKING IT OBVIOUS THAT THEY HAVE RESERVED THE DEADLIEST OF THEIR DESIGNS FOR THEMSELVES!

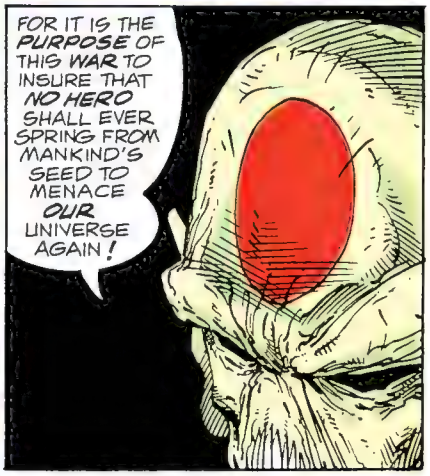

DOMINION WORLD, WHERE ONE BRAVE OR FOOLISH SOUL PONDERS THE QUESTION...
WON'T IT EVER STOP RAINING?
sigh!
I KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE PRIDE IN MY RACE'S DESTRUCTION OF OUR KINFOLK-- BUT I CAN'T!
WHAT A WASTE! WE COULD HAVE BEEN ALLIES!
NO NEED TO RELY ON SCUM SUCH AS THE KHUND THEN!
OR WE COULD HAVE ENSLAVED OUR CASTE BROTHERS!
AT LEAST THEY'D HAVE BEEN OF SOME USE TO US!
PERHAPS MY FAILURE TO SEE ANY VALUE IN ANNIHILATION IS THE REASON I REMAIN A MINOR CASTLING.
BUT THE MERE SUGGESTION THAT WE ISOLATE THE GENETIC VARIANT IN MAN AND THEN HARNESS IT FOR OUR OWN GOOD--
--DRAWS DERISION FROM MY CASTE SUPERIORS WHOSE ONLY DESIRE IS TO NEUTRALIZE EARTH!
THUS, I FACE A QUANDARY.
I WAS INDENTURED TO THE RESEARCH CASTE AT BIRTH.
MY RESEARCH INDICATES THAT WE COULD SIMPLY NEUTRALIZE THE GENETIC FACTOR AND RENDER EARTH HARMLESS.
YET THE UPPER CASTLINGS HAVE REJECTED THAT OPTION...
...AND IF I HARBOR ANY HOPE TO ADVANCEMENT, I MUST ACCEDE TO THEIR DESIRES...
BUT, STILL...
AS THE MINOR CASTLING WRITHES ON THE HORNS OF HIS DILEMMA...

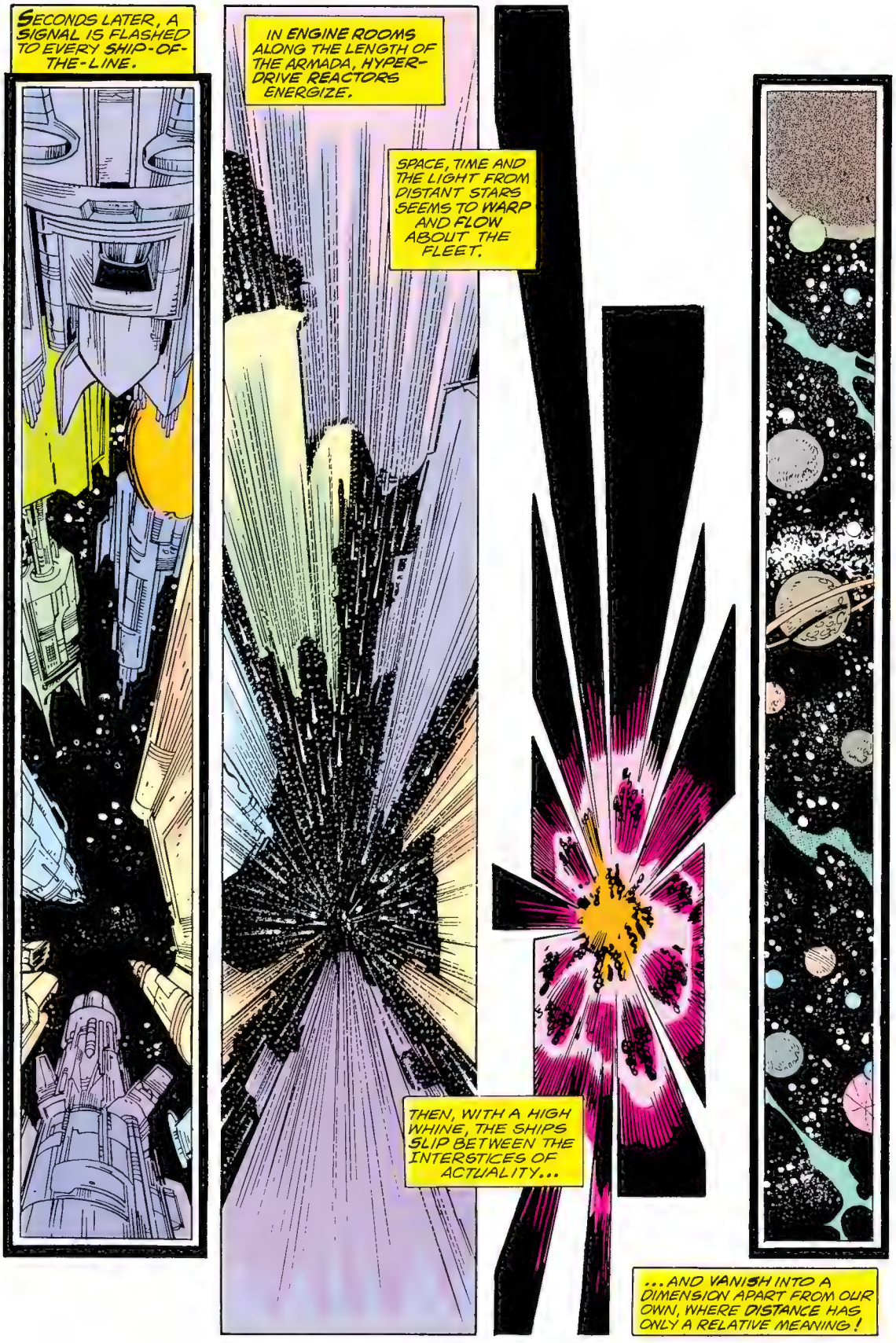
...THE ALLIANCE ARMADA BEGINS TO PRESS FORWARD...

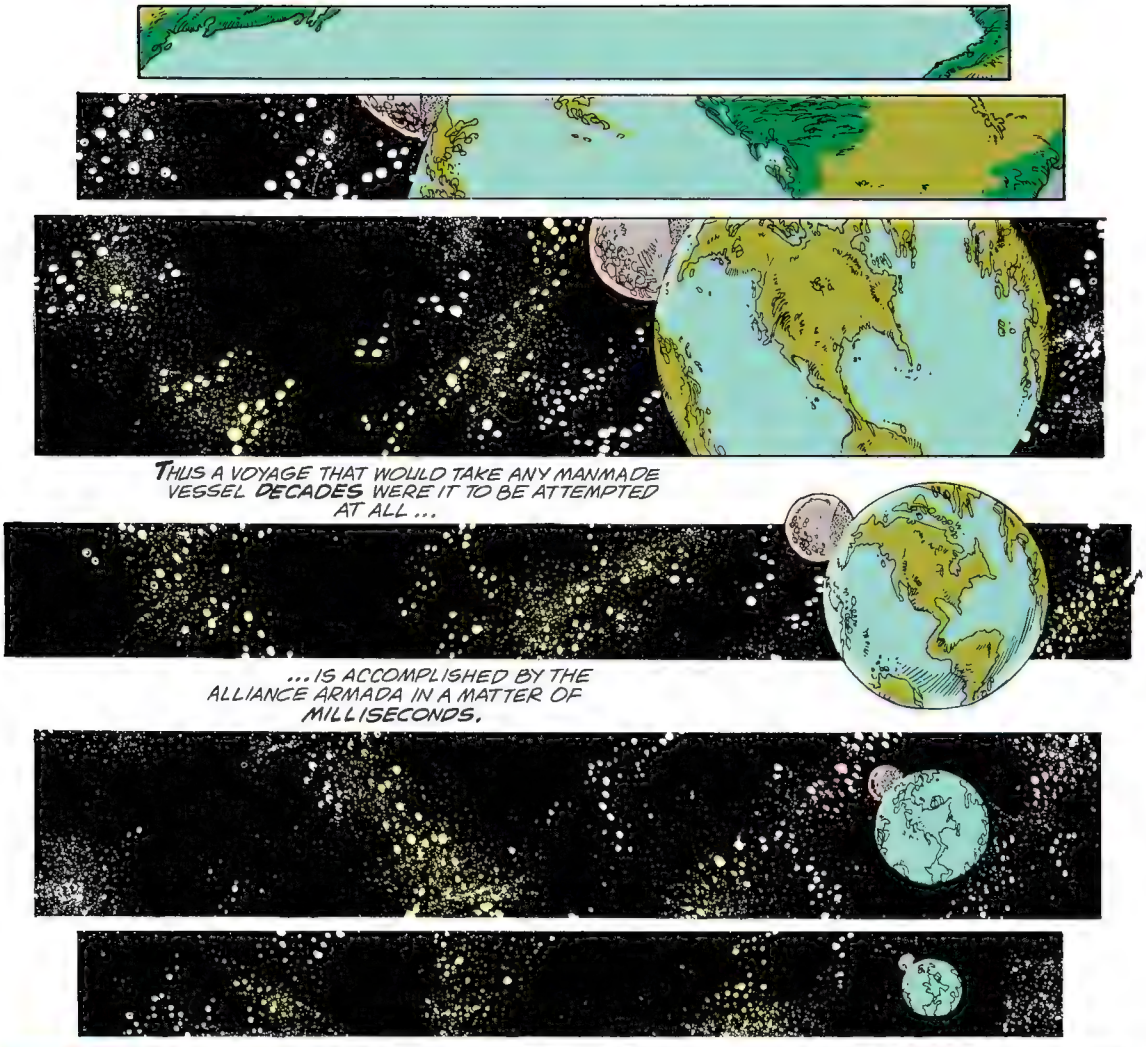

THE VIEW OF EARTH FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE DOMINION FLAGSHIP IS BREATHTAKING, BUT ELICITS ONLY CONTEMP FROM THE OBSERVERS...
WHAT MANNER OF WORLD IS THIS THAT WE HAVE MASSED TO DESTROY?
INCONSEQUENTIAL EVEN IN ITS OWN SUN-SYSTEM, WHERE IT HAS YET TO ANNEX A SINGLE SISTER-PLANET!
SO TECHNOLOGICALLY INFERIOR THAT IT LACKS THE BASIC SCIENCE TO DETECT OUR FLEET POISED A MERE 3,574,042,800 OF THEIR MILES AWAY...
...ON THEIR VERY DOORSTEP, AS IT WERE!
A WORLD WE ORDINARILY WOULD NOT HAVE DISPATCHED MORE THAN A SECOND-CLASS BATTLE FRIGATE TO ERADICATE--

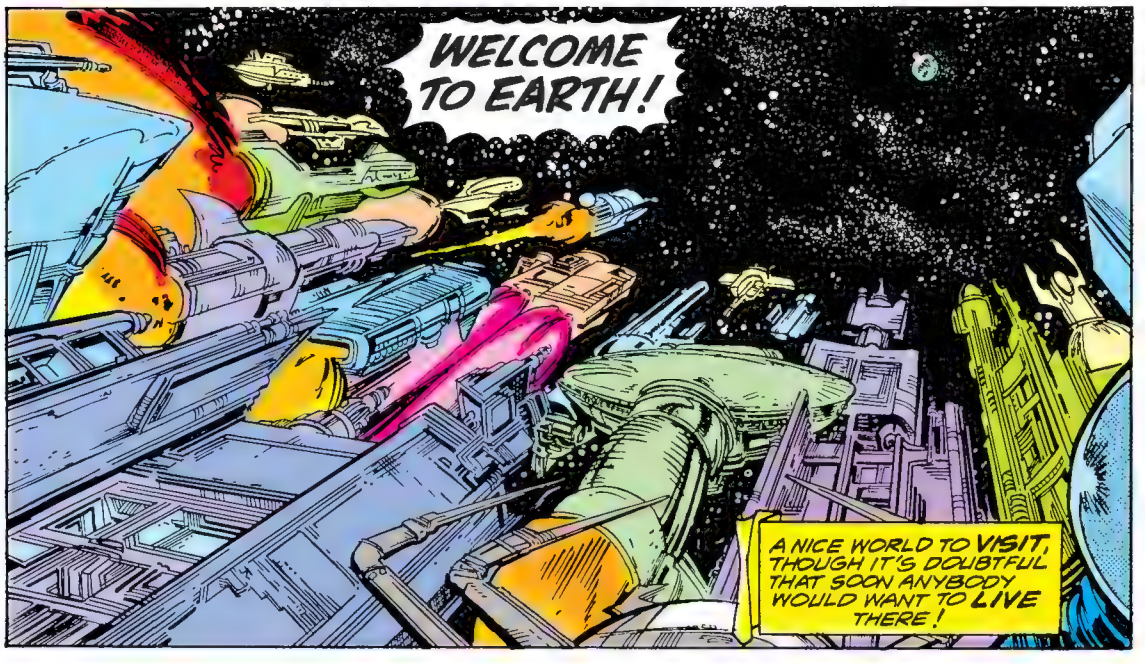

--WERE IT NOT SAFEGUARDED BY THE GENETICALLY VARIANT BEINGS CALLED... SUPER-HEROES!
AGAINST ANY SINGLE FOE, OUR PROJECTIONS INDICATE THAT THESE HEROES MIGHT ACTUALLY PREVAIL--

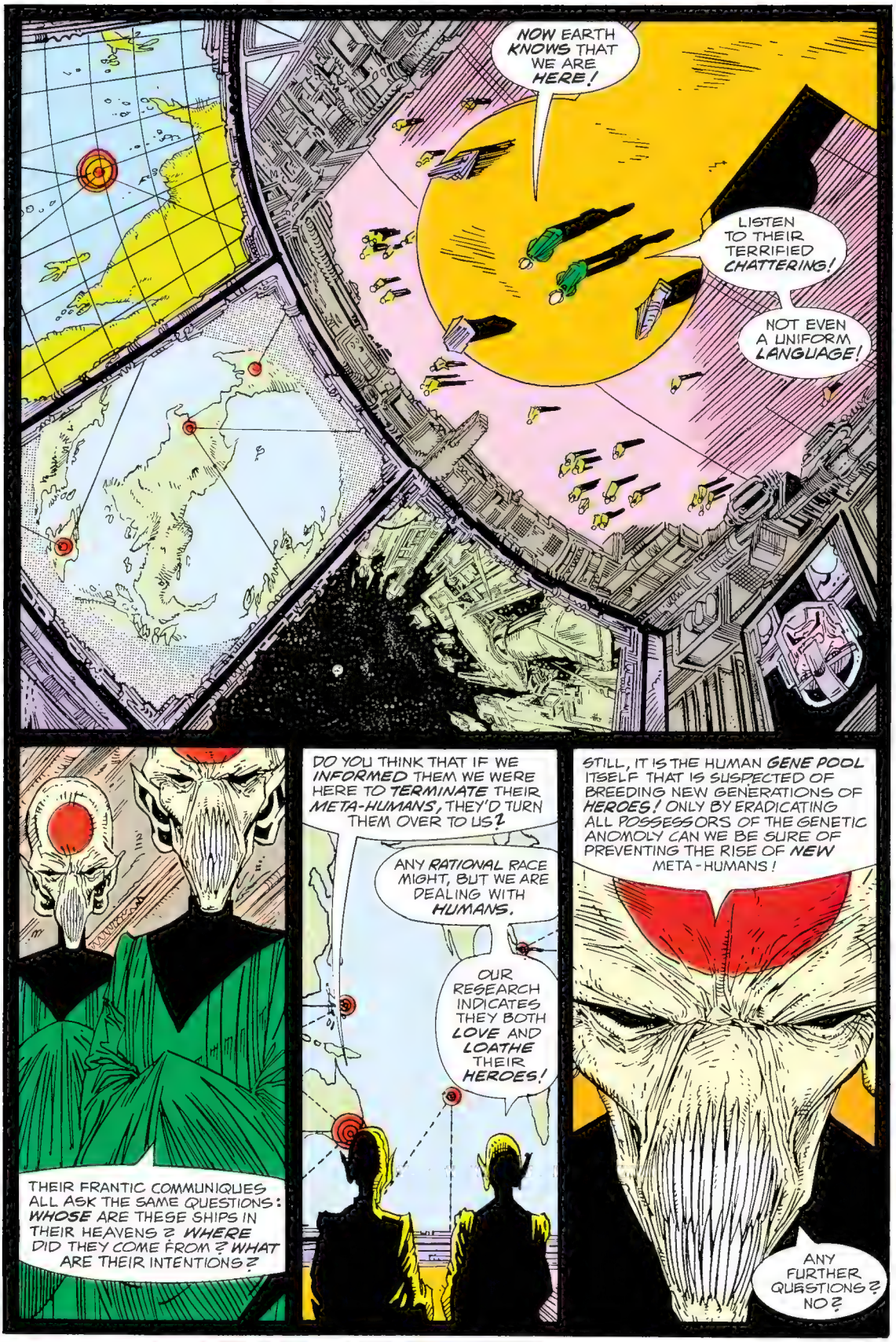

--BUT AGAINST OUR ALLIANCE, THEY ARE DOOMED!
THEIR FALL SHALL MERELY PRECEDE THAT OF THEIR RACE!

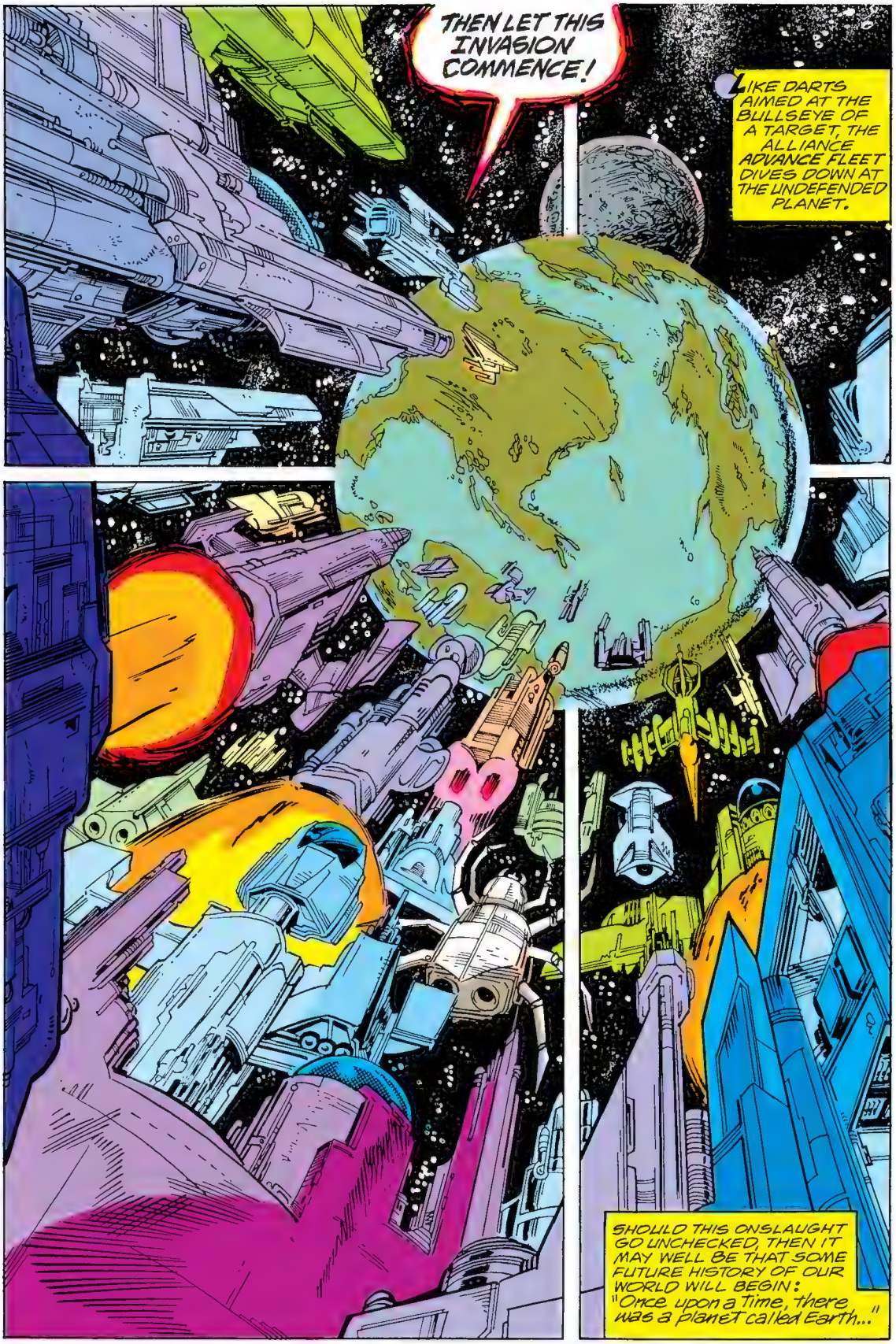

FOR IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THIS WAR TO INSURE THAT NO HERO SHALL EVER SPRING FROM MANKIND'S SEED TO MENACE OUR UNIVERSE AGAIN!

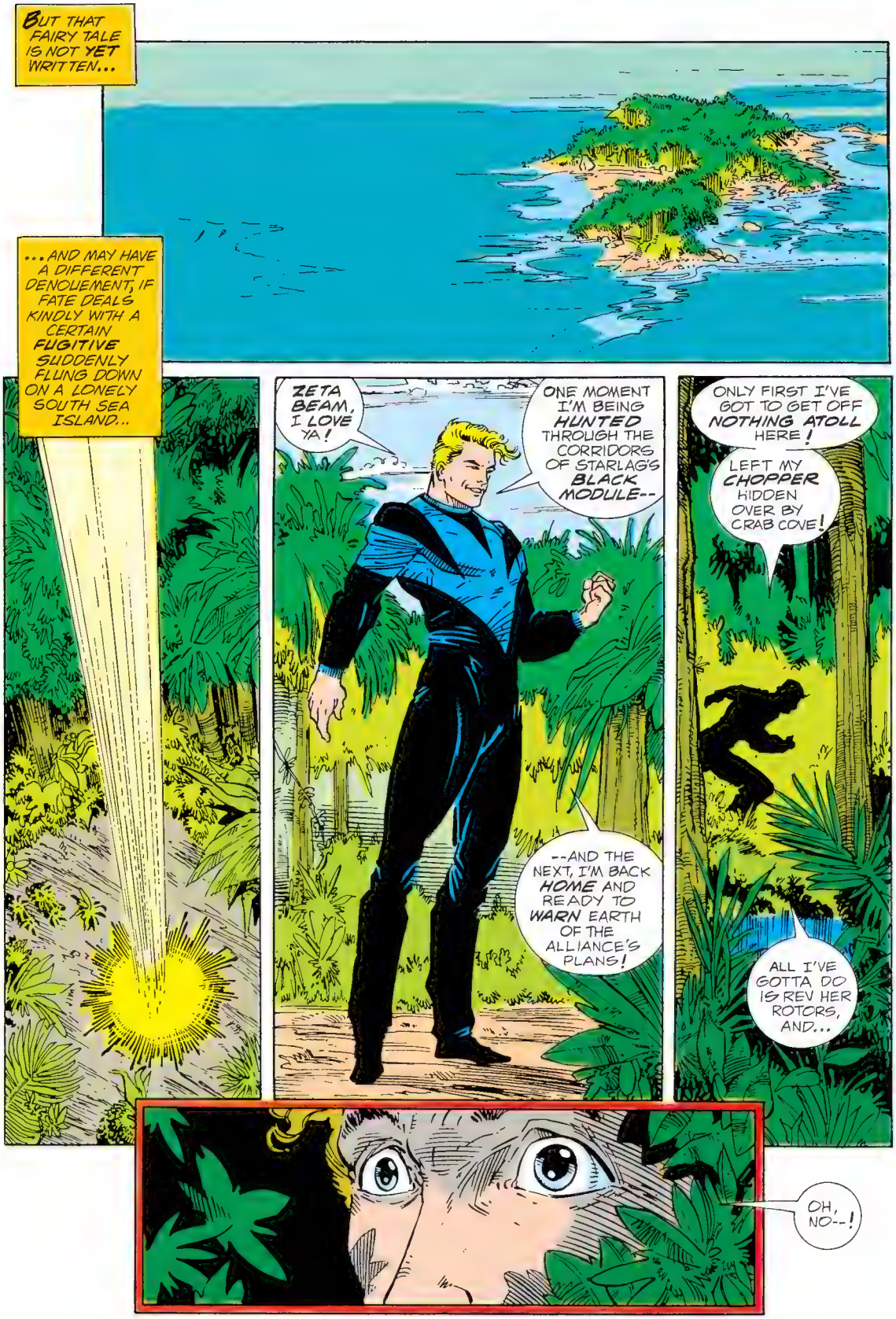

SECONDS LATER, A SIGNAL IS FLASHED TO EVERY SHIP-OF-THE-LINE.
IN ENGINE ROOMS ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE ARMADA, HYPER-DRIVE REACTORS ENERGIZE.
SPACE, TIME AND THE LIGHT FROM DISTANT STARS SEEMS TO WARP AND FLOW ABOUT THE FLEET.
THEN, WITH A HIGH WHINE, THE SHIPS SLIP BETWEEN THE INTERSTICES OF ACTUALITY...
...AND VANISH INTO A DIMENSION APART FROM OUR OWN, WHERE DISTANCE HAS ONLY A RELATIVE MEANING!

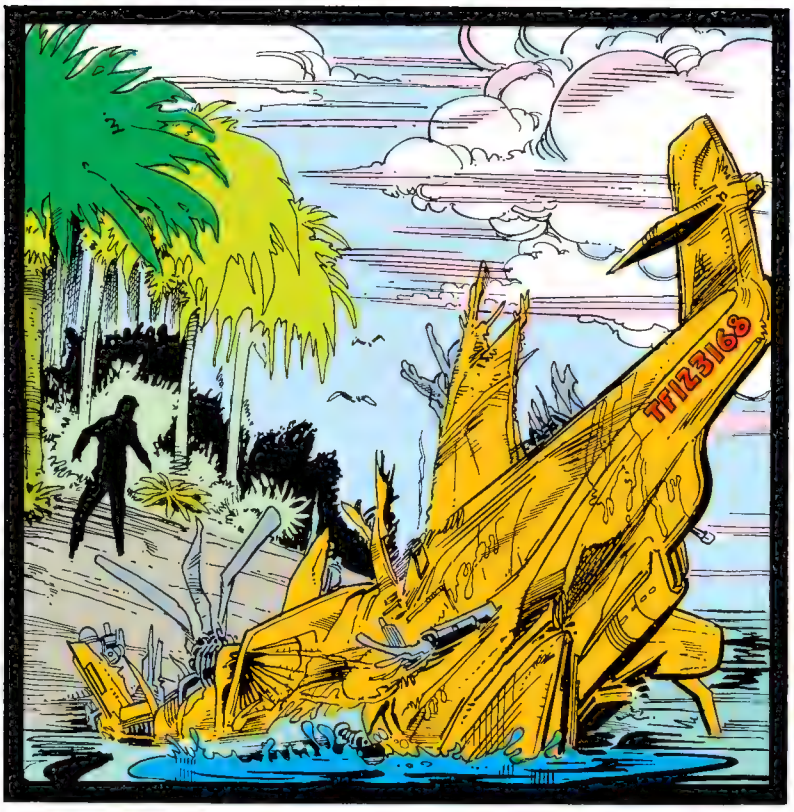

THUS A VOYAGE THAT WOULD TAKE ANY MANMADE VESSEL DECADES WERE IT TO BE ATTEMPTED AT ALL ...
...IS ACCOMPLISHED BY THE ALLIANCE ARMADA IN A MATTER OF MILLISECONDS.


WELCOME TO EARTH!
A NICE WORLD TO VISIT, THOUGH IT'S DOUBTFUL THAT SOON ANYBODY WOULD WANT TO LIVE THERE!


NOW EARTH KNOWS THAT WE ARE HERE!
LISTEN TO THEIR TERRIFIED CHATTERING!
NOT EVEN A UNIFORM LANGUAGE!
THEIR FRANTIC COMMUNIQUES ALL ASK THE SAME QUESTIONS: WHOSE ARE THESE SHIPS IN THEIR HEAVENS? WHERE DID THEY COME FROM? WHAT ARE THEIR INTENTIONS?
DO YOU THINK THAT IF WE INFORMED THEM WE WERE HERE TO TERMINATE THEIR META-HUMANS, THEY'D TURN THEM OVER TO US?
ANY RATIONAL RACE MIGHT, BUT WE ARE DEALING WITH HUMANS.
OUR RESEARCH INDICATES THEY BOTH LOVE AND LOATHE THEIR HEROES!
STILL, IT IS THE HUMAN GENE POOL ITSELF THAT IS SUSPECTED OF BREEDING NEW GENERATIONS OF HEROES! ONLY BY ERADICATING ALL POSSESSORS OF THE GENETIC ANOMOLY CAN WE BE SURE OF PREVENTING THE RISE OF NEW META-HUMANS!
ANY FURTHER QUESTIONS? NO?


THEN LET THIS INVASION COMMENCE!
LIKE DARTS AIMED AT THE BULLSEYE OF A TARGET, THE ALLIANCE ADVANCE FLEET DIVES DOWN AT THE UNDEFENDED PLANET.
SHOULD THIS ONSLAUGHT GO UNCHECKED, THEN IT MAY WELL BE THAT SOME FUTURE HISTORY OF OUR WORLD WILL BEGIN: "Once upon a Time, there was a planet called Earth..."


BUT THAT FAIRY TALE IS NOT YET WRITTEN...
...AND MAY HAVE A DIFFERENT DENOUEMENT, IF FATE DEALS KINDLY WITH A CERTAIN FUGITIVE SUDDENLY FLUNG DOWN ON A LONELY SOUTH SEA ISLAND...
ZETA BEAM, I LOVE YA!
ONE MOMENT I'M BEING HUNTED THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF STARLAG'S BLACK MODULE--
--AND THE NEXT, I'M BACK HOME AND READY TO WARN EARTH OF THE ALLIANCE'S PLANS!
ONLY FIRST I'VE GOT TO GET OFF NOTHING ATOLL HERE!
LEFT MY CHOPPER HIDDEN OVER BY CRAB COVE!
ALL I'VE GOTTA DO IS REV HER ROTORS, AND...
OH, NO--!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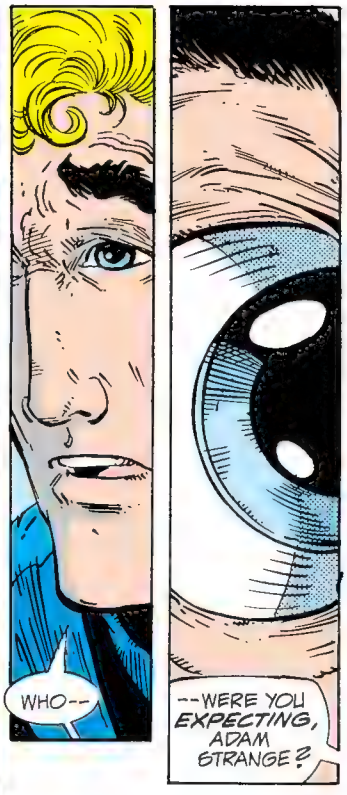
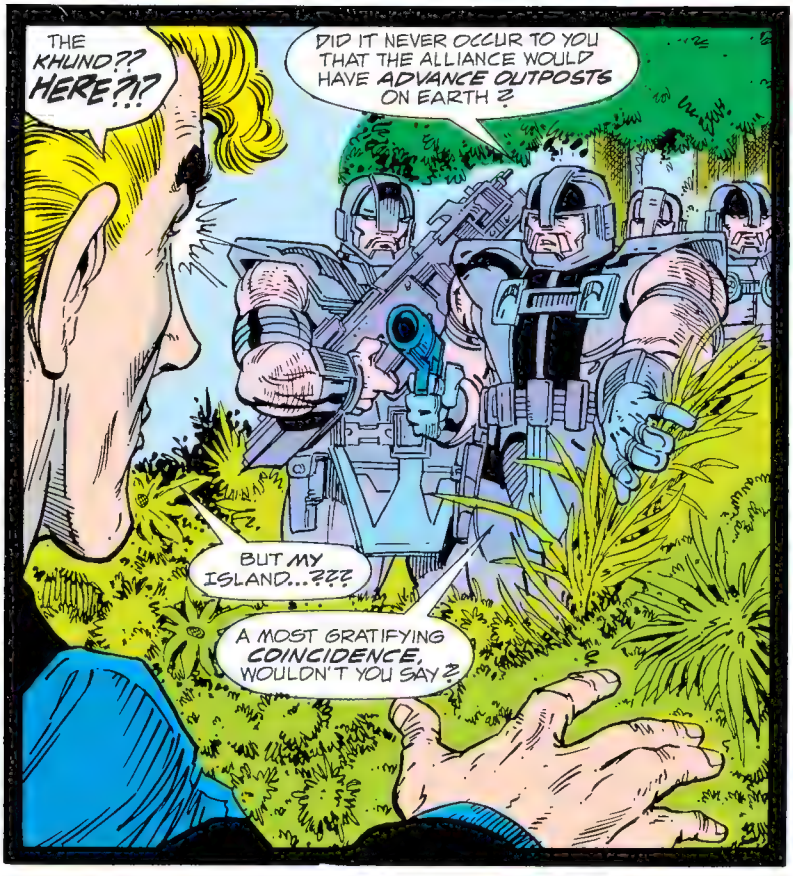
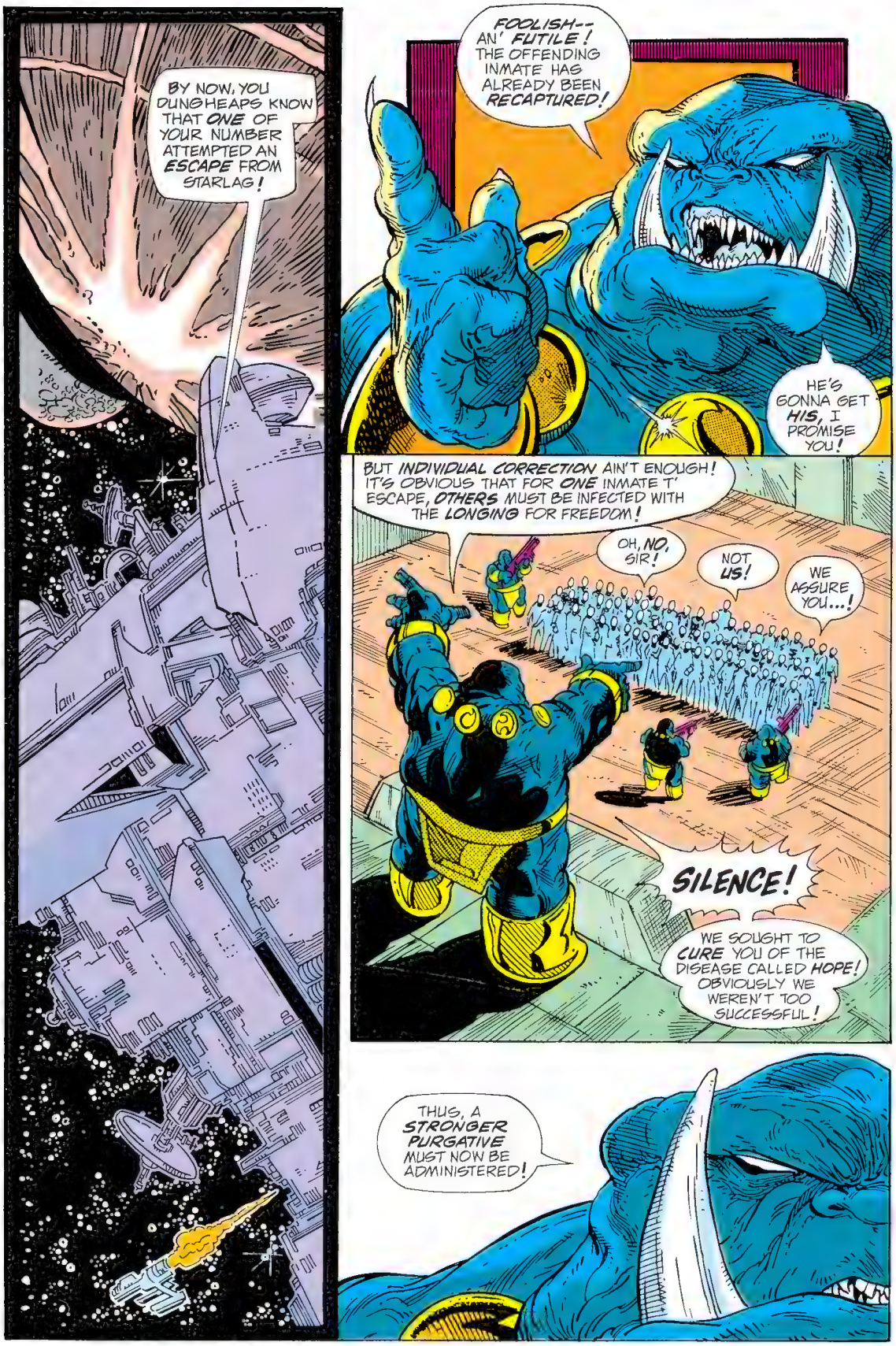
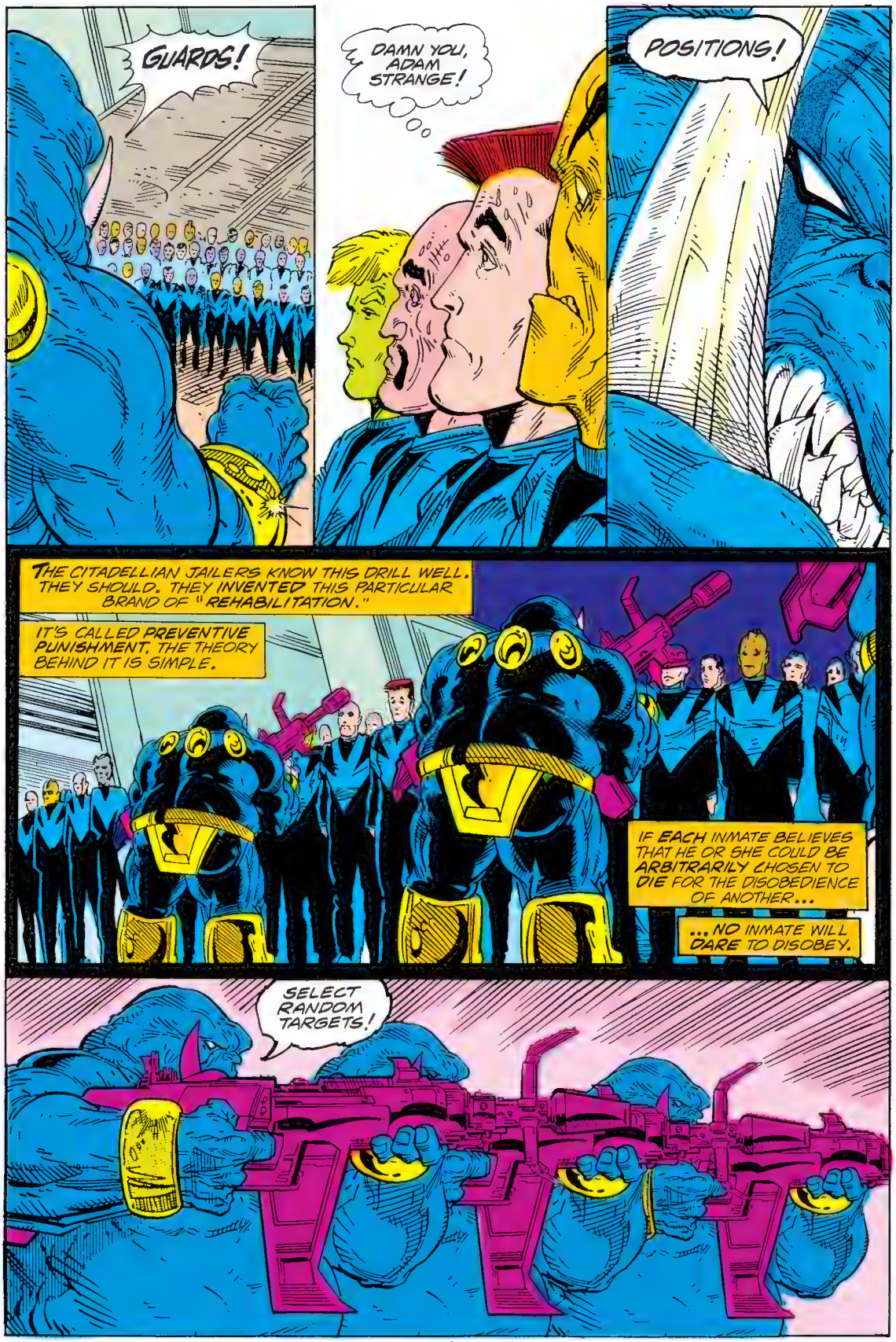

WHO--
--WERE YOU EXPECTING, ADAM STRANGE?


THE KHUND?? HERE?!?
DID IT NEVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT THE ALLIANCE WOULD HAVE ADVANCE OUTPOSTS ON EARTH?
BUT MY ISLAND...???
A MOST GRATIFYING COINCIDENCE, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

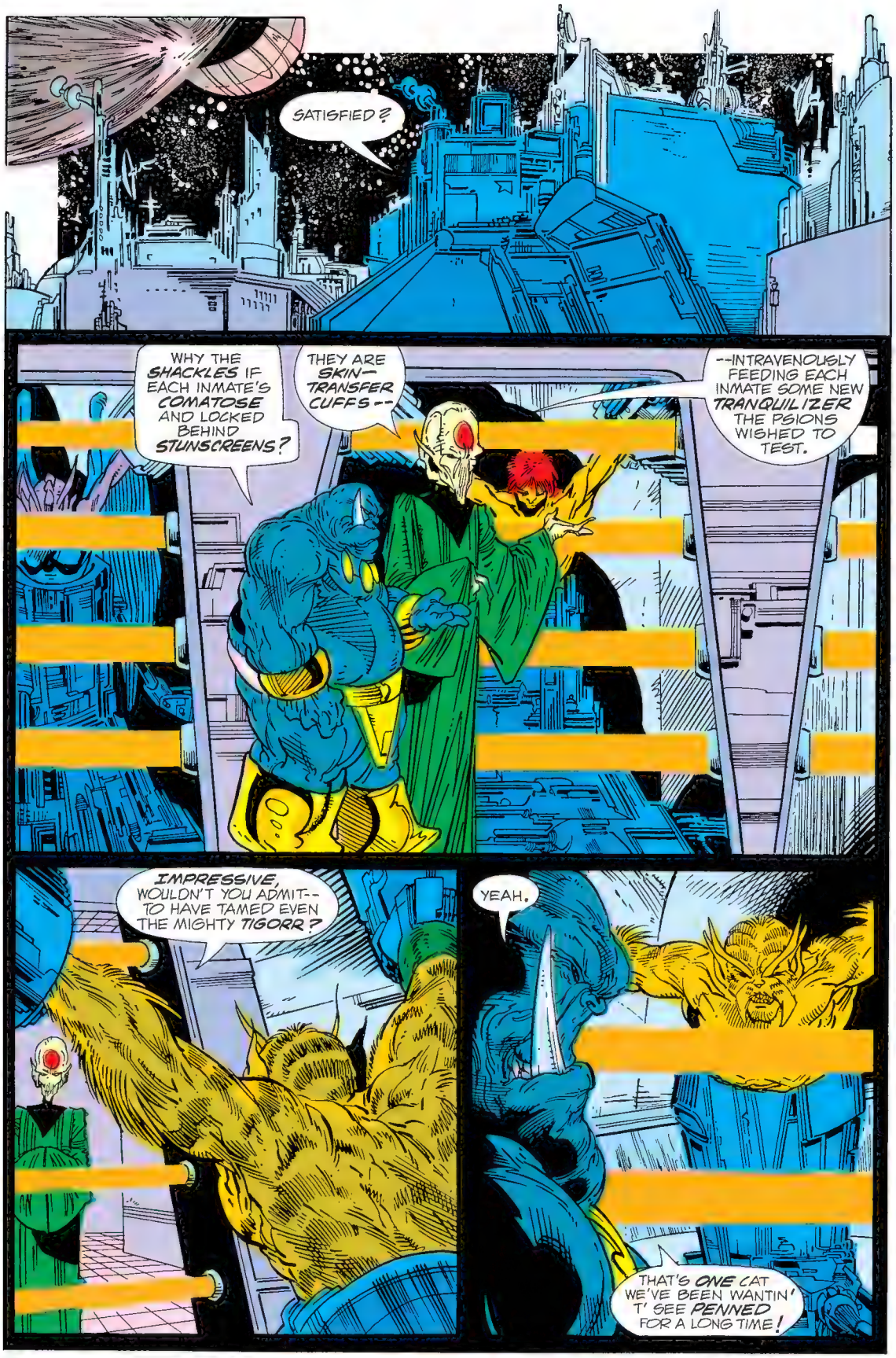
MOST GRATIFYING, KHUND...
MOST GRATIFYING...
AS A SOON-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN EARTH PROVERB HAS IT: OUT OF THE FRYING PAN, INTO THE FIRE!

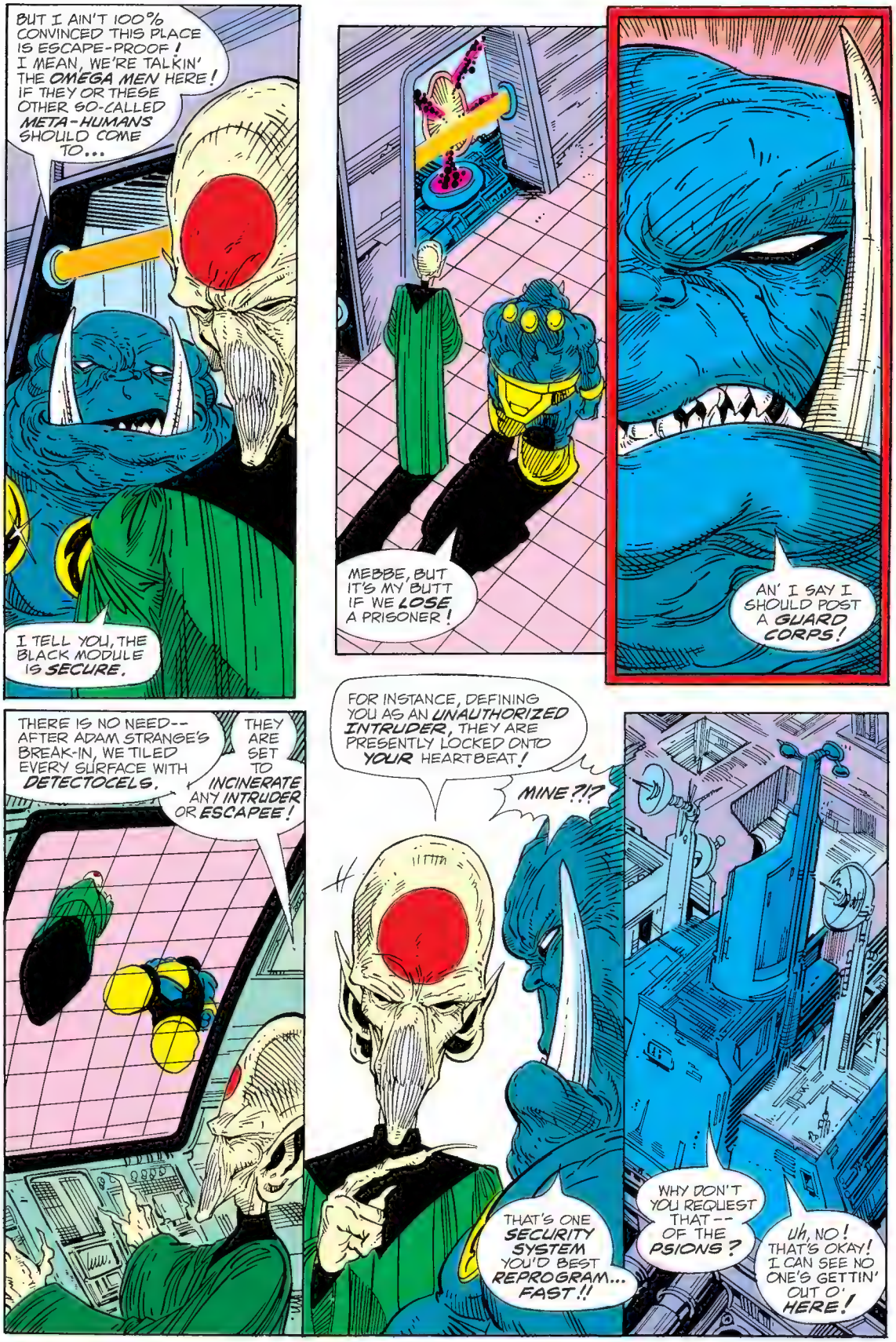

BY NOW, YOU DUNGHEAPS KNOW THAT ONE OF YOUR NUMBER ATTEMPTED AN ESCAPE FROM STARLAG!
FOOLISH-- AN' FUTILE! THE OFFENDING INMATE HAS ALREADY BEEN RECAPTURED!
HE'S GONNA GET HIS, I PROMISE YOU!
BUT INDIVIDUAL CORRECTION AIN'T ENOUGH! IT'S OBVIOUS THAT FOR ONE INMATE T' ESCAPE, OTHERS MUST BE INFECTED WITH THE LONGING FOR FREEDOM!
OH, NO, SIR!
NOT US!
WE ASSURE YOU...!
SILENCE!
WE SOUGHT TO CURE YOU OF THE DISEASE CALLED HOPE! OBVIOUSLY WE WEREN'T TOO SUCCESSFUL!
THUS, A STRONGER PURGATIVE MUST NOW BE ADMINISTERED!


GUARDS!
DAMN YOU, ADAM STRANGE!
POSITIONS!
THE CITADELLIAN JAILERS KNOW THIS DRILL WELL. THEY SHOULD. THEY INVENTED THIS PARTICULAR BRAND OF "REHABILITATION."
IT'S CALLED PREVENTIVE PUNISHMENT. THE THEORY BEHIND IT IS SIMPLE.
IF EACH INMATE BELIEVES THAT HE OR SHE COULD BE ARBITRARILY CHOSEN TO DIE FOR THE DISOBEDIENCE OF ANOTHER...
...NO INMATE WILL DARE TO DISOBEY.
SELECT RANDOM TARGETS!

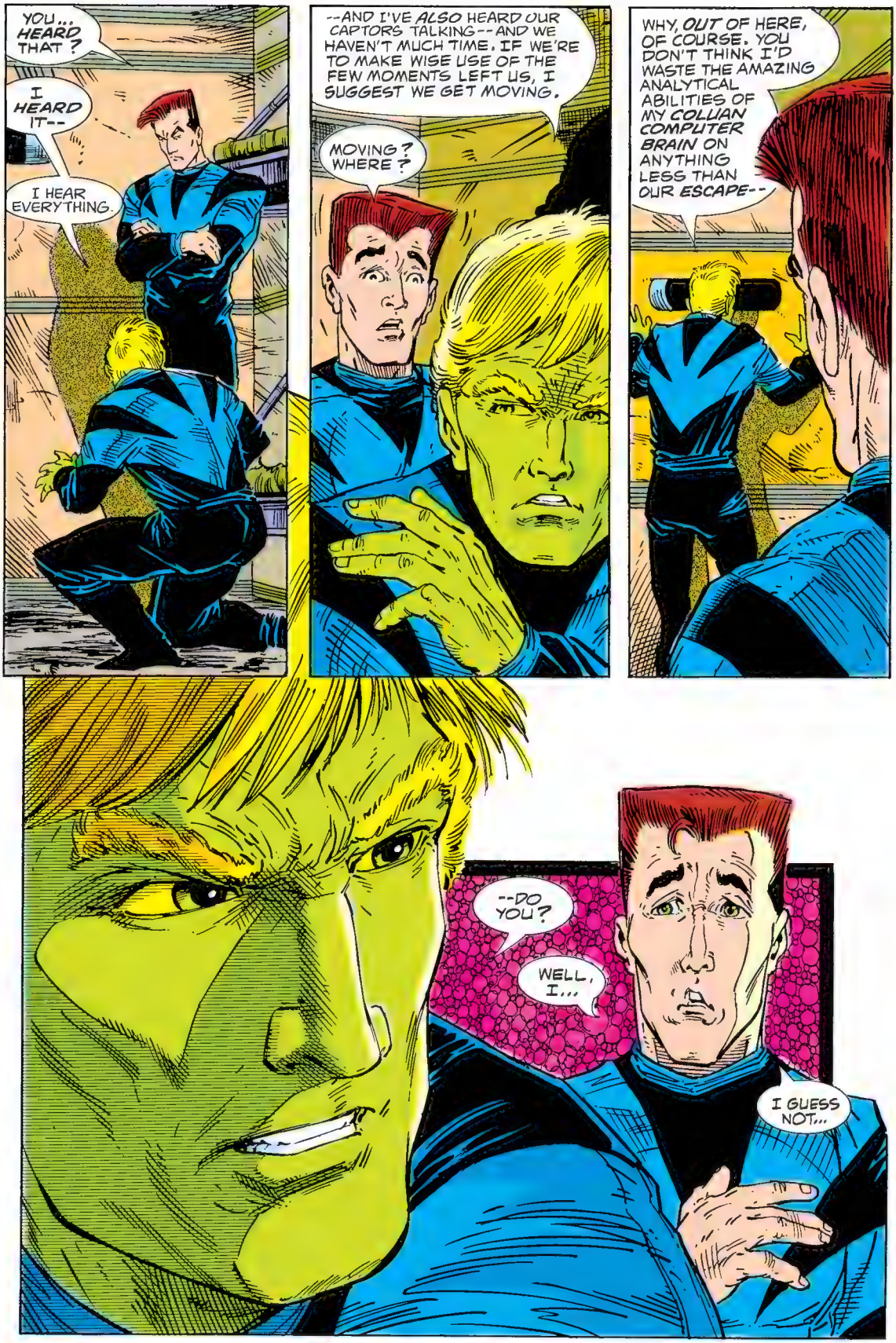
--AND FIRE!!
VREEET!
VREEET!
THAT COLUAN IS A COLD ONE! THOSE BLASTS COULD HAVE HAD EITHER OF OUR NAMES ON THEM--
--AND HE DIDN'T EVEN BLINK AN EYE!
DWELL ON THIS LESSON, MULCHPILES!
THEY'LL HAVE LONG T' CONSIDER IT--
--AS THEY ROT IN THEIR CELLS!
ON MY COMMAND, DUNG-DOGS: MARCH!

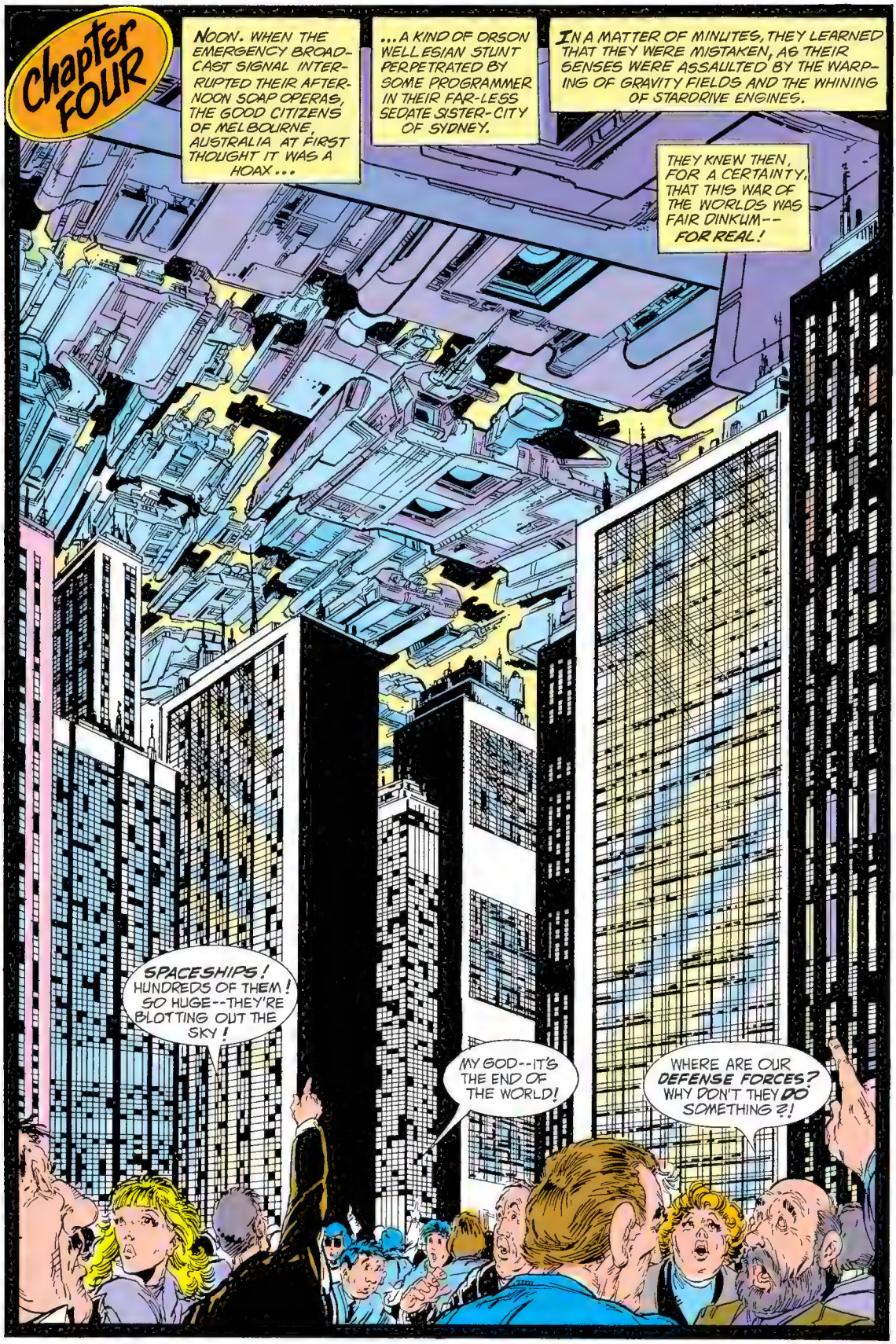
VERY DRAMATIC, CITADELLIAN. HAVING MADE YOU THE WARDERS OF STARLAG NOW SEEMS A WISE CHOICE.
YER FORGETTIN' THAT WE VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT, DOMINATOR!
WE LIKE WHAT WE DO--AN' WE DO IT GOOD!
UNGRAMMATICAL-- BUT INCONTESTABLE!
CAN THE SMART TALK! NOW THAT WE'VE AGREED WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE, I WANNA INSPECT THE SPECIAL SECTION!
ACCESS TO THE BLACK MODULE HAS BEEN RESTRICTED BY THE PSIONS!
ARE WE ALL EQUALS IN THIS ALLIANCE, OR WHAT?
SOME ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS!
LISSEN, UNLESS THEY WANNA DIRTY THEIR HANDS GUARDIN' THE NONSPECIALS, WE CITADELLIANS ARE RUNNIN' STARLAG!
ALL OF IT!
SO DO I GET T' DO A SECURITY INSPECTION OF THE SPECIAL SECTION-- OR DO WE PULL OUT?
FOLLOW ME.

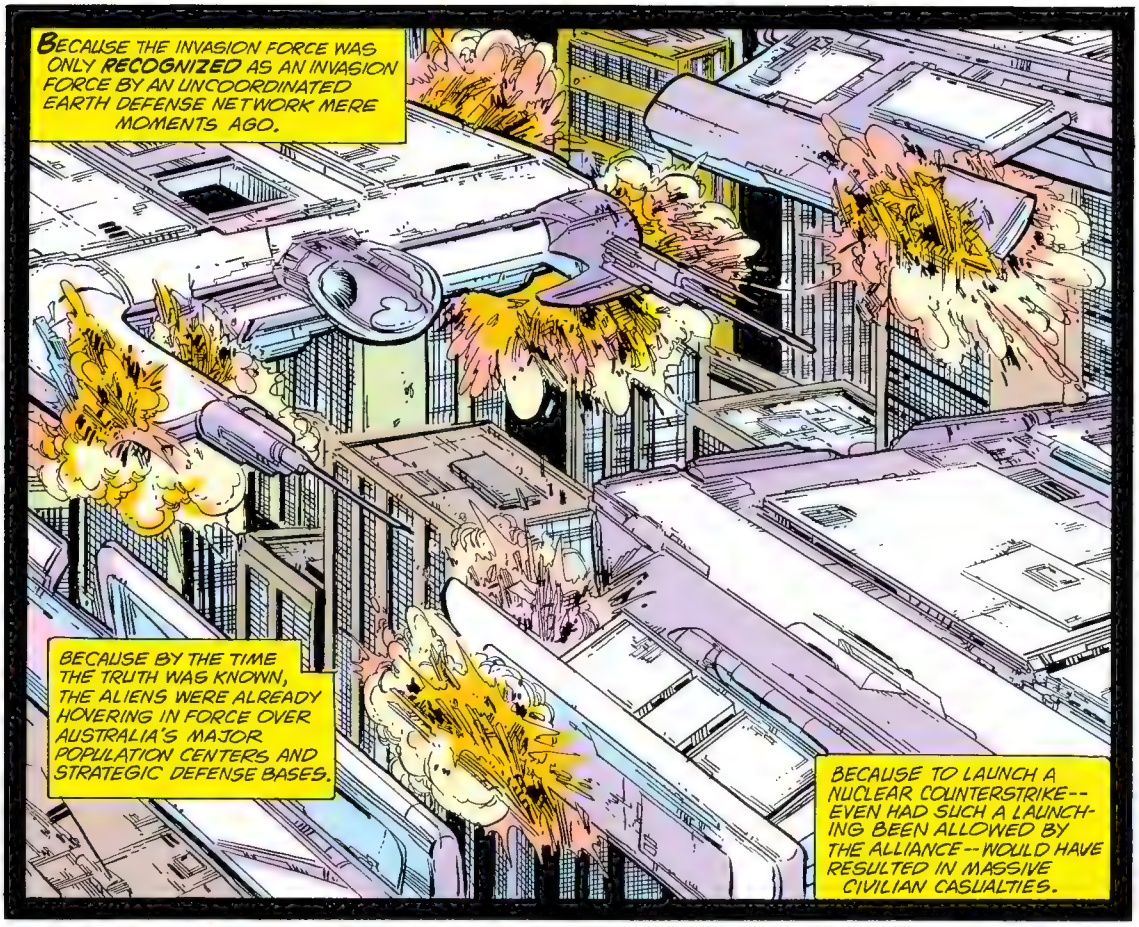

SATISFIED?
WHY THE SHACKLES IF EACH INMATE'S COMATOSE AND LOCKED BEHIND STUNSCREENS?
THEY ARE SKIN-TRANSFER CUFFS--
--INTRAVENOUSLY FEEDING EACH INMATE SOME NEW TRANQUILIZER THE PSIONS WISHED TO TEST.
IMPRESSIVE, WOULDN'T YOU ADMIT-- TO HAVE TAMED EVEN THE MIGHTY TIGORR?
YEAH.
THAT'S ONE CAT WE'VE BEEN WANTIN' T' SEE PENNED FOR A LONG TIME!

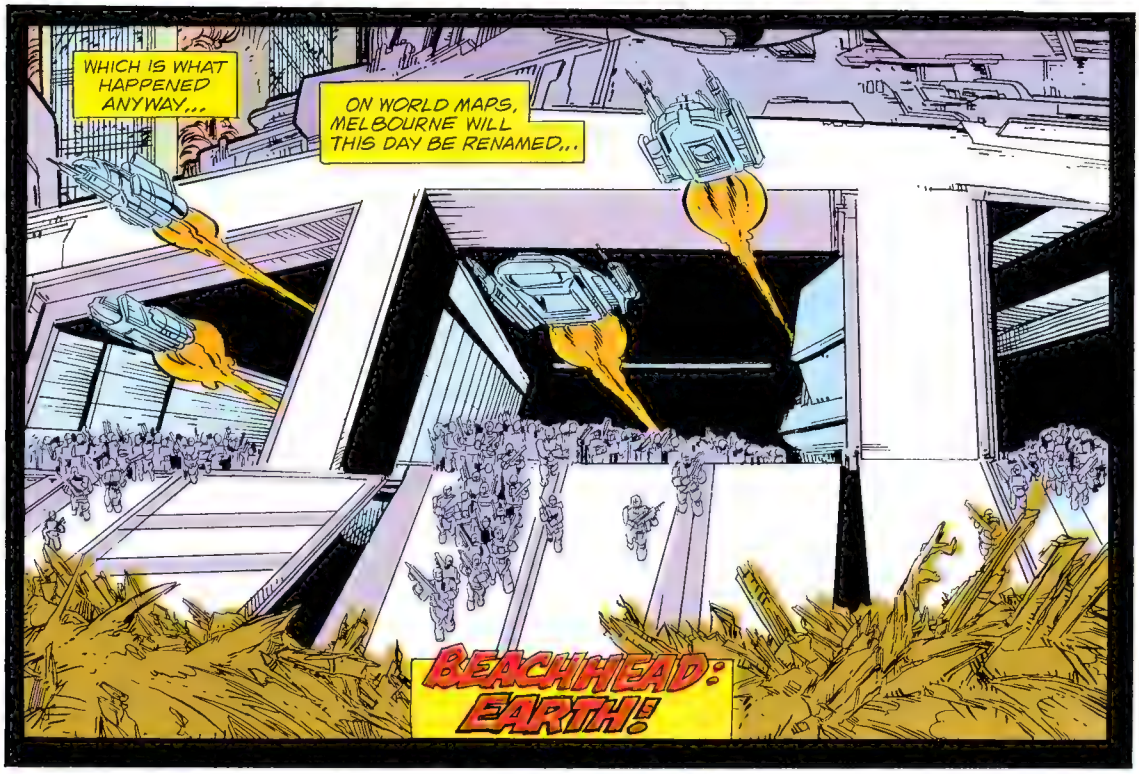

BUT I AIN'T 100% CONVINCED THIS PLACE IS ESCAPE-PROOF! I MEAN, WE'RE TALKIN' THE OMEGA MEN HERE! IF THEY OR THESE OTHER SO-CALLED META-HUMANS SHOULD COME TO...
I TELL YOU, THE BLACK MODULE IS SECURE.
MEBBE, BUT IT'S MY BUTT IF WE LOSE A PRISONER!
AN' I SAY I SHOULD POST A GUARD CORPS!
THERE IS NO NEED-- AFTER ADAM STRANGE'S BREAK-IN, WE TILED EVERY SURFACE WITH DETECTOCELS.
THEY ARE SET TO INCINERATE ANY INTRUDER OR ESCAPEE!
FOR INSTANCE, DEFINING YOU AS AN UNAUTHORIZED INTRUDER, THEY ARE PRESENTLY LOCKED ONTO YOUR HEARTBEAT!
MINE?!?
THAT'S ONE SECURITY SYSTEM YOU'D BEST REPROGRAM... FAST!!
WHY DON'T YOU REQUEST THAT -- OF THE PSIONS?
UH, NO! THAT'S OKAY! I CAN SEE NO ONE'S GETTIN' OUT O' HERE!

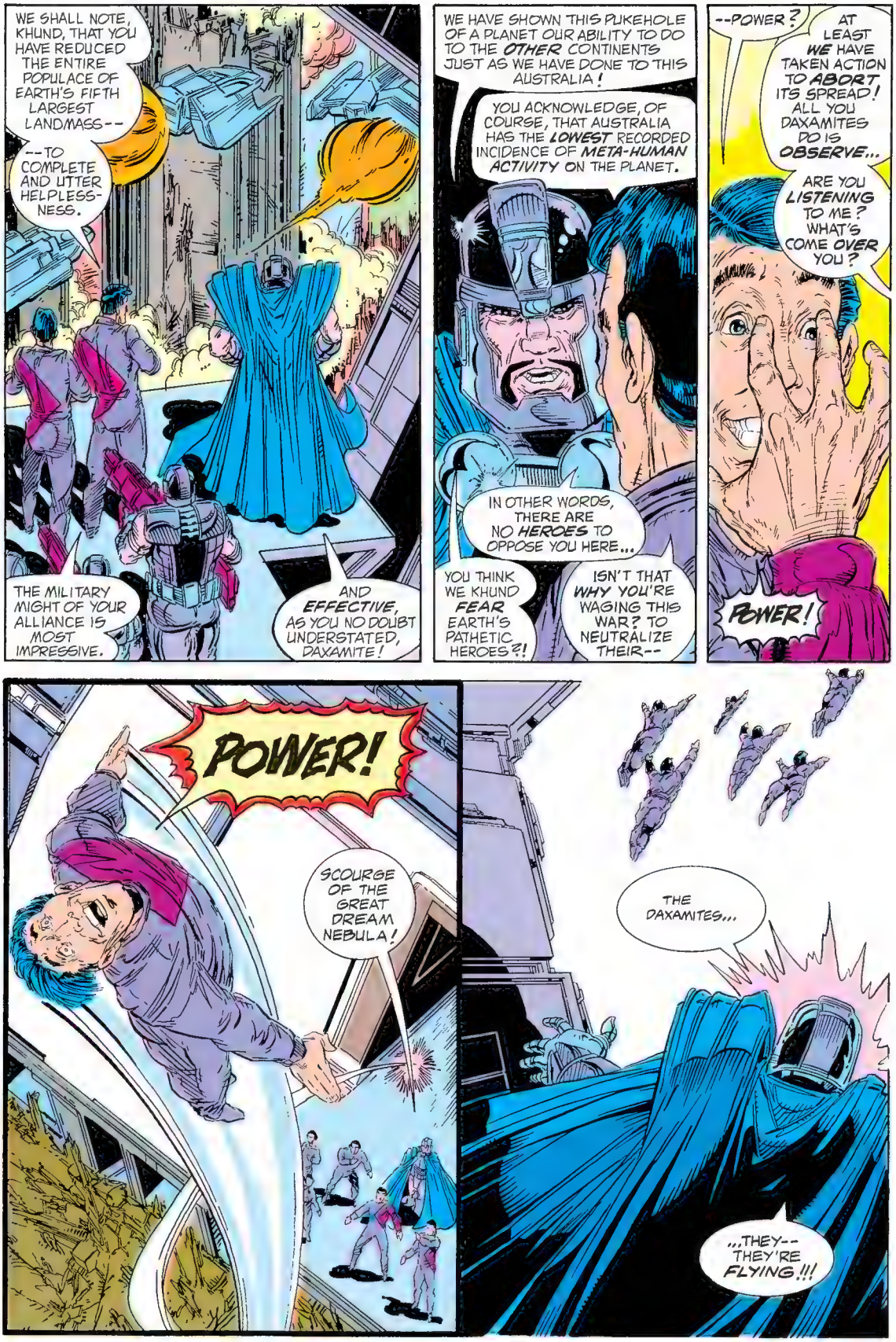
BUT SOMEONE DID ESCAPE STARLAG...
ADAM!
YOU WERE RIGHT. WE'RE NOT SAFE HERE.
BUT I DIDN'T EVEN DARE TO DREAM THAT ESCAPE WAS EVEN POSSIBLE--
--AND THEN YOU JUST DISAPPEARED!
NO! IT MUST ALL BE SOME ELABORATE ALLIANCE DECEPTION TO DETER THE REST OF US!
ADAM DIDN'T ESCAPE! HE'S BEEN TAKEN OUT AND KILLED, PAYING THE PRICE FOR BEING A BIG MOUTH! THE REST WAS ALL A LIE, GIVING THE ALLIANCE AN EXCUSE TO DISCIPLINE THE REST OF US!
BUT WHY WOULD THEY NEED AN EXCUSE-- UNLESS ADAM REALLY DID GET FREE?
AND EVEN IF HE DID, THEY SAID HE'D BEEN RECAPTURED!
UNLESS THAT, TOO, IS A LIE!
I'M GETTING DIZZY TRYING TO...
SKREEE
COMPANY, EARTH-LOVER!
YOUR NEW CELLMATE!
I THOUGHT YOU PRAISED MY LACK OF CONCERN TO THE EARTHMAN?
THE COLUAN? OH, PLEASE! I'D PREFER SOLITARY CONFINEMENT TO SHARING A CELL WITH THIS UNFEELING...

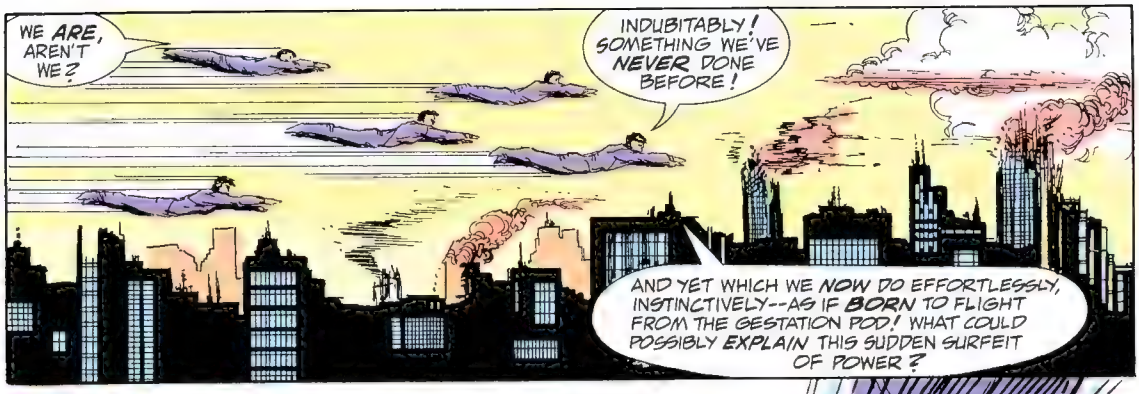

YOU... HEARD THAT?
I HEARD IT--
I HEAR EVERYTHING.
--AND I'VE ALSO HEARD OUR CAPTORS TALKING--AND WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME. IF WE'RE TO MAKE WISE USE OF THE FEW MOMENTS LEFT US, I SUGGEST WE GET MOVING.
MOVING? WHERE?
WHY, OUT OF HERE, OF COURSE. YOU DON'T THINK I'D WASTE THE AMAZING ANALYTICAL ABILITIES OF MY COLUAN COMPUTER BRAIN ON ANYTHING LESS THAN OUR ESCAPE--
--DO YOU?
WELL, I...
I GUESS NOT...

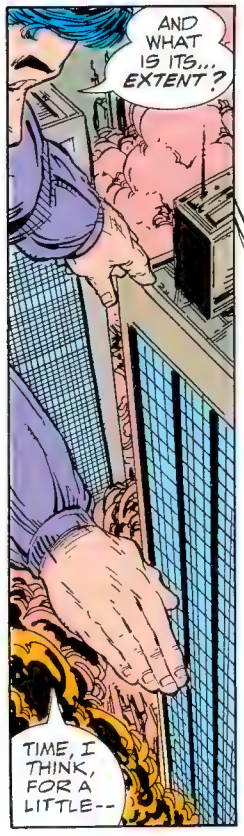

Chapter FOUR
NOON. WHEN THE EMERGENCY BROADCAST SIGNAL INTERRUPTED THEIR AFTERNOON SOAP OPERAS, THE GOOD CITIZENS OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA AT FIRST THOUGHT IT WAS A HOAX...
...A KIND OF ORSON WELLESIAN STUNT PERPETRATED BY SOME PROGRAMMER IN THEIR FAR-LESS SEDATE SISTER-CITY OF SYDNEY.
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THEY LEARNED THAT THEY WERE MISTAKEN, AS THEIR SENSES WERE ASSAULTED BY THE WARPING OF GRAVITY FIELDS AND THE WHINING OF STARDRIVE ENGINES.
THEY KNEW THEN, FOR A CERTAINTY, THAT THIS WAR OF THE WORLDS WAS FAIR DINKUM-- FOR REAL!
SPACESHIPS! HUNDREDS OF THEM! SO HUGE--THEY'RE BLOTTING OUT THE SKY!
MY GOD--IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!
WHERE ARE OUR DEFENSE FORCES? WHY DON'T THEY DO SOMETHING?!


BECAUSE THE INVASION FORCE WAS ONLY RECOGNIZED AS AN INVASION FORCE BY AN UNCOORDINATED EARTH DEFENSE NETWORK MERE MOMENTS AGO.
BECAUSE BY THE TIME THE TRUTH WAS KNOWN, THE ALIENS WERE ALREADY HOVERING IN FORCE OVER AUSTRALIA'S MAJOR POPULATION CENTERS AND STRATEGIC DEFENSE BASES.
BECAUSE TO LAUNCH A NUCLEAR COUNTERSTRIKE--EVEN HAD SUCH A LAUNCHING BEEN ALLOWED BY THE ALLIANCE--WOULD HAVE RESULTED IN MASSIVE CIVILIAN CASUALTIES.

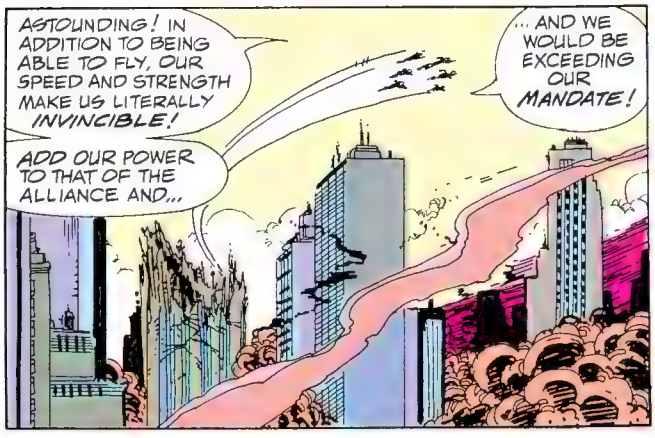

WHICH IS WHAT HAPPENED ANYWAY...
ON WORLD MAPS, MELBOURNE WILL THIS DAY BE RENAMED...
BEACHHEAD: EARTH!

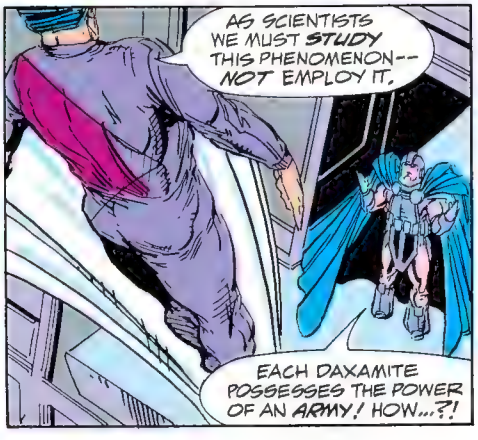

WE SHALL NOTE, KHUND, THAT YOU HAVE REDUCED THE ENTIRE POPULACE OF EARTH'S FIFTH LARGEST LANDMASS--
--TO COMPLETE AND UTTER HELPLESS-NESS.
THE MILITARY MIGHT OF YOUR ALLIANCE IS MOST IMPRESSIVE.
AND EFFECTIVE, AS YOU NO DOUBT UNDERSTATED, DAXAMITE!
WE HAVE SHOWN THIS PUKEHOLE OF A PLANET OUR ABILITY TO DO TO THE OTHER CONTINENTS JUST AS WE HAVE DONE TO THIS AUSTRALIA!
YOU ACKNOWLEDGE, OF COURSE, THAT AUSTRALIA HAS THE LOWEST RECORDED INCIDENCE OF META-HUMAN ACTIVITY ON THE PLANET.
IN OTHER WORDS, THERE ARE NO HEROES TO OPPOSE YOU HERE...
YOU THINK WE KHUND FEAR EARTH'S PATHETIC HEROES?!
ISN'T THAT WHY YOU'RE WAGING THIS WAR? TO NEUTRALIZE THEIR--
--POWER?
AT LEAST WE HAVE TAKEN ACTION TO ABORT ITS SPREAD! ALL YOU DAXAMITES DO IS OBSERVE...
ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?
POWER!
POWER!
SCOURGE OF THE GREAT DREAM NEBULA!
THE DAXAMITES...
...THEY-- THEY'RE FLYING!!!

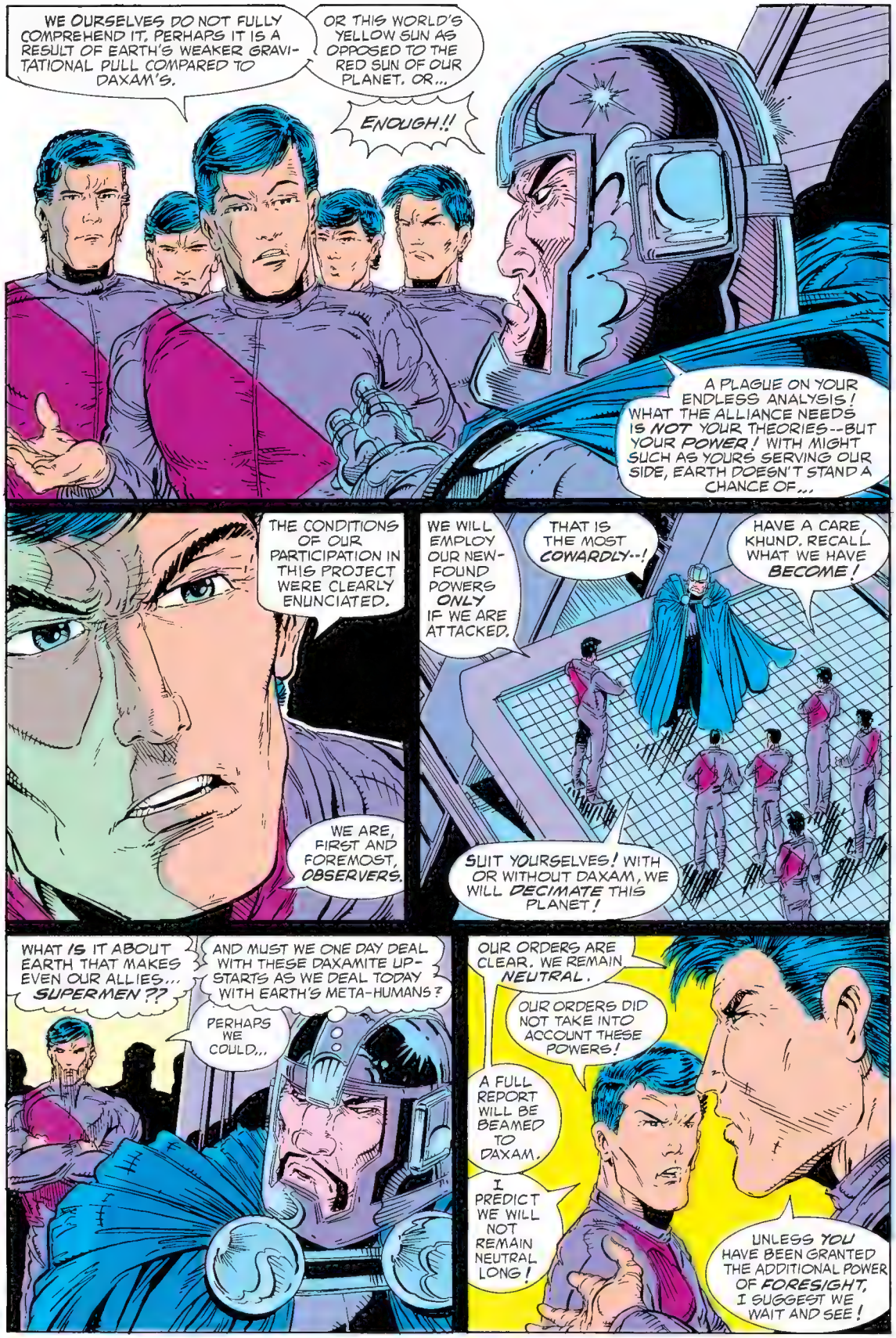

WE ARE, AREN'T WE?
INDUBITABLY! SOMETHING WE'VE NEVER DONE BEFORE!
AND YET WHICH WE NOW DO EFFORTLESSLY, INSTINCTIVELY--AS IF BORN TO FLIGHT FROM THE GESTATION POD! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY EXPLAIN THIS SUDDEN SURFEIT OF POWER?

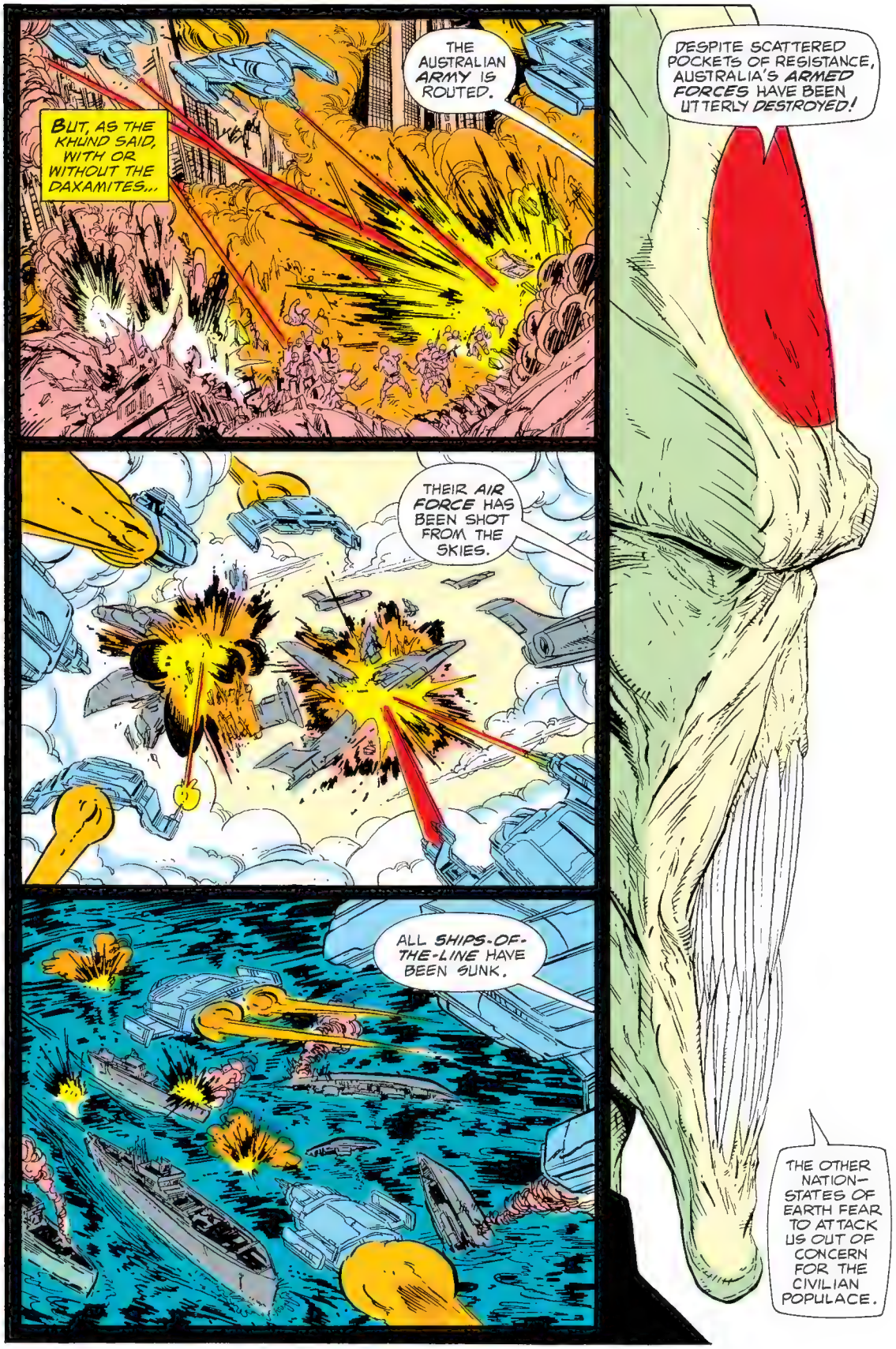

AND WHAT IS ITS... EXTENT?
TIME, I THINK, FOR A LITTLE--

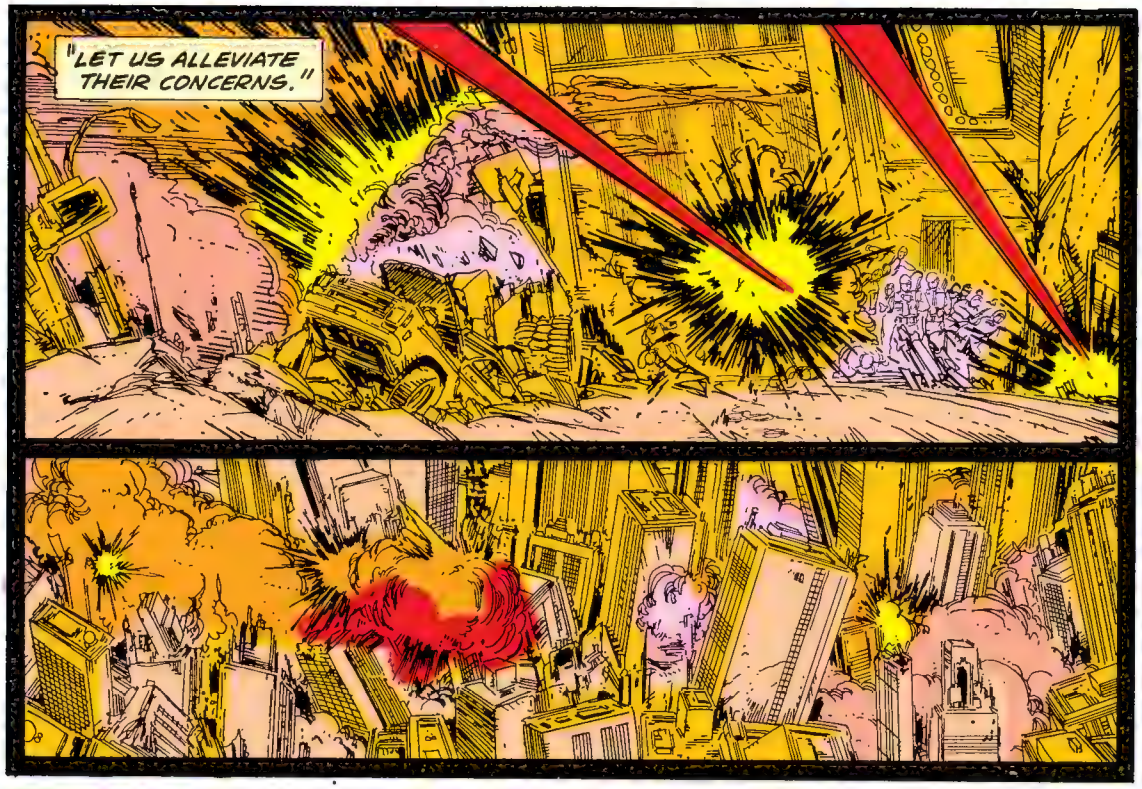
--TEST!
SHAKROOM

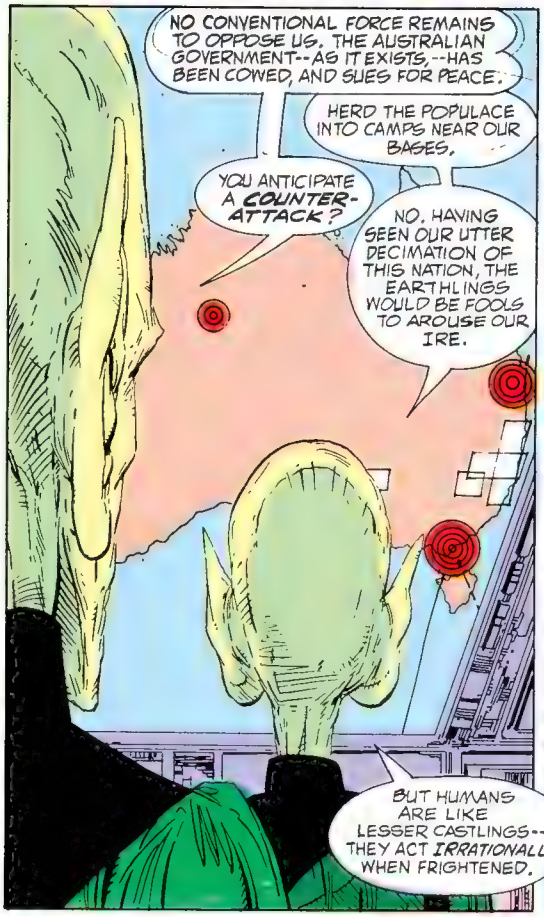

ASTOUNDING! IN ADDITION TO BEING ABLE TO FLY, OUR SPEED AND STRENGTH MAKE US LITERALLY INVINCIBLE!
... AND WE WOULD BE EXCEEDING OUR MANDATE!
ADD OUR POWER TO THAT OF THE ALLIANCE AND...

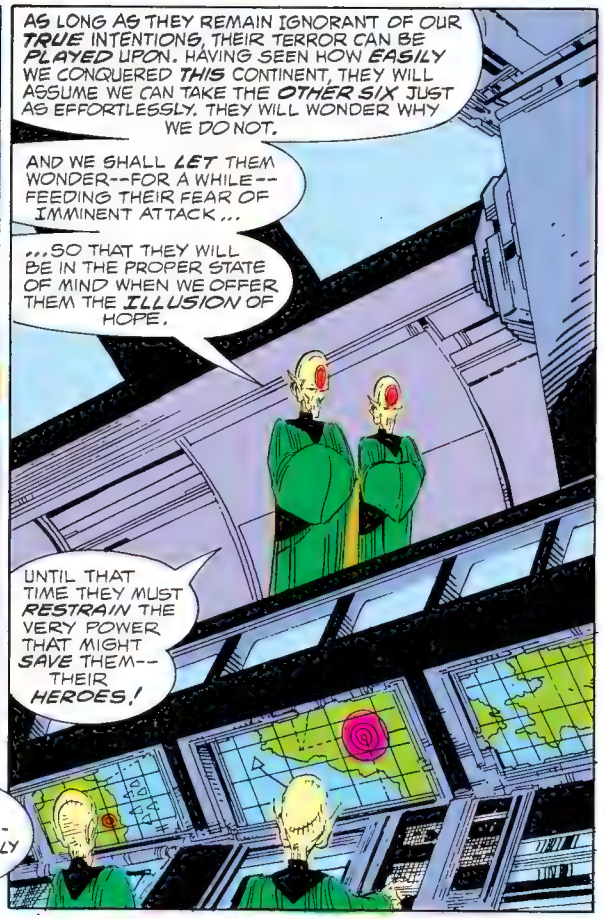

AS SCIENTISTS WE MUST STUDY THIS PHENOMENON-- NOT EMPLOY IT.
EACH DAXAMITE POSSESSES THE POWER OF AN ARMY! HOW...?!

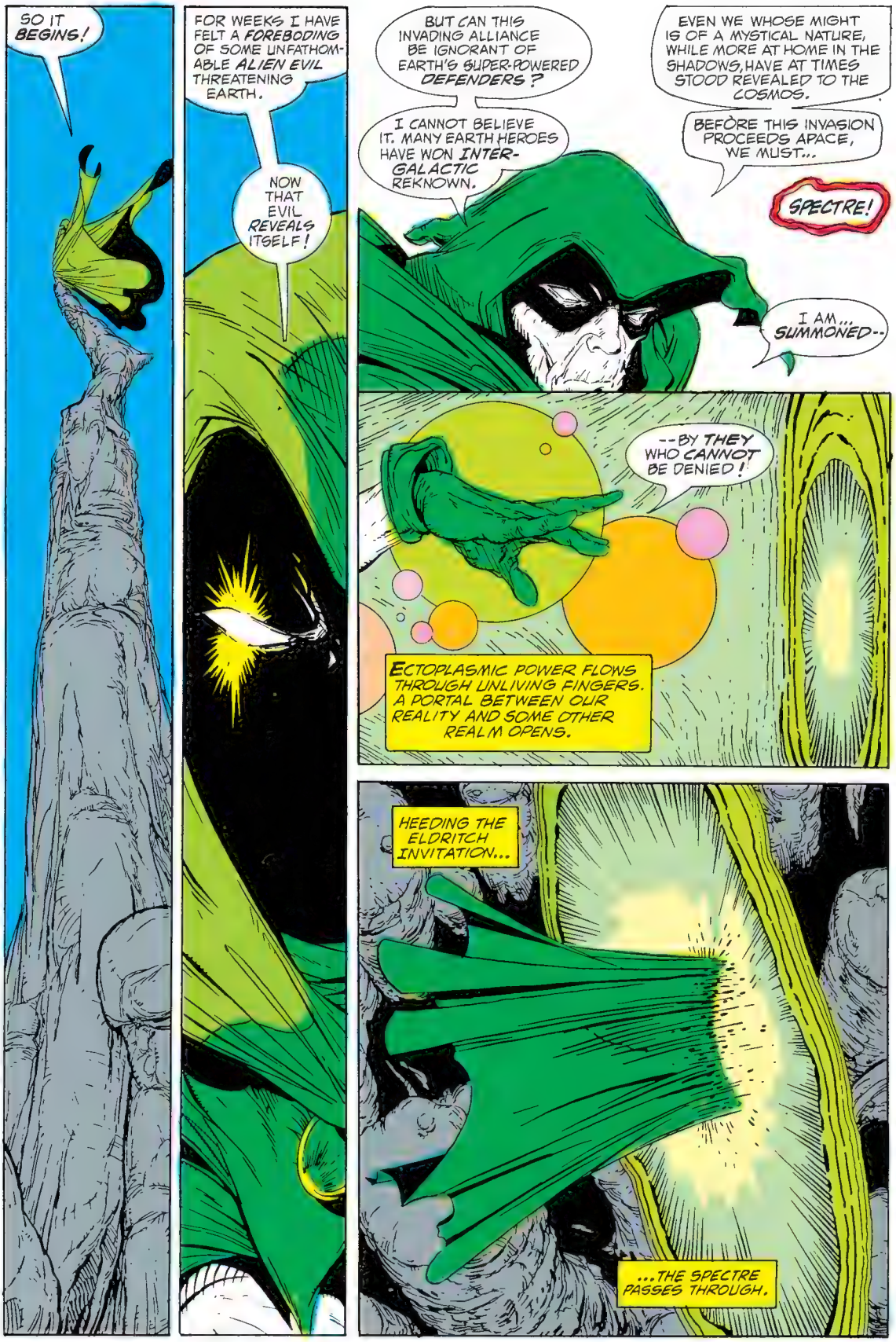

WE OURSELVES DO NOT FULLY COMPREHEND IT. PERHAPS IT IS A RESULT OF EARTH'S WEAKER GRAVITATIONAL PULL COMPARED TO DAXAM'S.
OR THIS WORLD'S YELLOW SUN AS OPPOSED TO THE RED SUN OF OUR PLANET. OR...
ENOUGH!!
A PLAGUE ON YOUR ENDLESS ANALYSIS! WHAT THE ALLIANCE NEEDS IS NOT YOUR THEORIES--BUT YOUR POWER! WITH MIGHT SUCH AS YOURS SERVING OUR SIDE, EARTH DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE OF...
THE CONDITIONS OF OUR PARTICIPATION IN THIS PROJECT WERE CLEARLY ENUNCIATED.
WE ARE, FIRST AND FOREMOST, OBSERVERS.
WE WILL EMPLOY OUR NEW-FOUND POWERS ONLY IF WE ARE ATTACKED.
THAT IS THE MOST COWARDLY--!
HAVE A CARE, KHUND. RECALL WHAT WE HAVE BECOME!
SUIT YOURSELVES! WITH OR WITHOUT DAXAM, WE WILL DECIMATE THIS PLANET!
WHAT IS IT ABOUT EARTH THAT MAKES EVEN OUR ALLIES... SUPERMEN??
AND MUST WE ONE DAY DEAL WITH THESE DAXAMITE UPSTARTS AS WE DEAL TODAY WITH EARTH'S META-HUMANS?
PERHAPS WE COULD...
OUR ORDERS ARE CLEAR. WE REMAIN NEUTRAL.
OUR ORDERS DID NOT TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THESE POWERS!
A FULL REPORT WILL BE BEAMED TO DAXAM.
I PREDICT WE WILL NOT REMAIN NEUTRAL LONG!
UNLESS YOU HAVE BEEN GRANTED THE ADDITIONAL POWER OF FORESIGHT, I SUGGEST WE WAIT AND SEE!

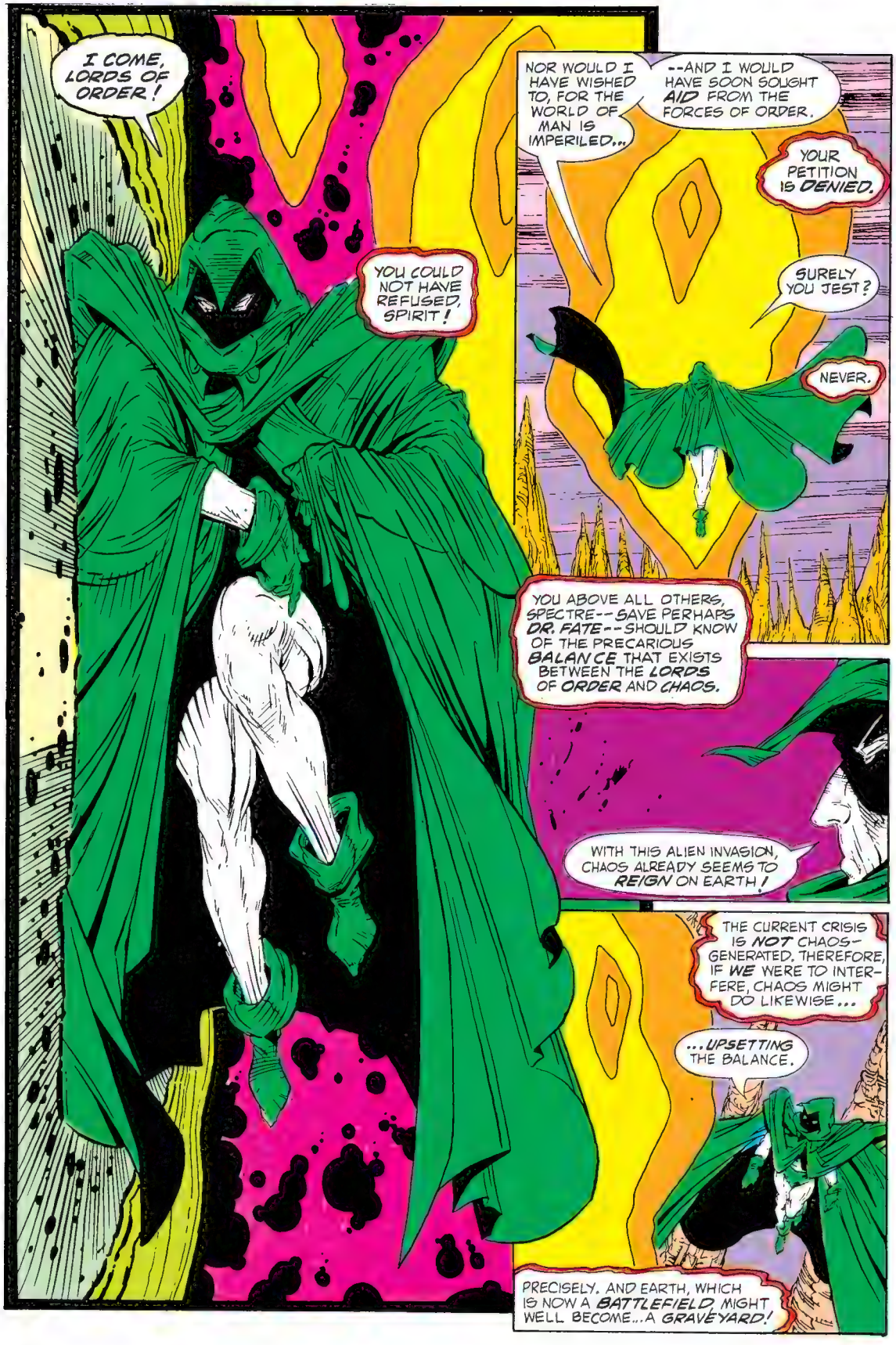

BUT, AS THE KHUND SAID, WITH OR WITHOUT THE DAXAMITES...
THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY IS ROUTED.
DESPITE SCATTERED POCKETS OF RESISTANCE, AUSTRALIA'S ARMED FORCES HAVE BEEN UTTERLY DESTROYED!
THEIR AIR FORCE HAS BEEN SHOT FROM THE SKIES.
ALL SHIPS-OF-THE-LINE HAVE BEEN SUNK.
THE OTHER NATION-STATES OF EARTH FEAR TO ATTACK US OUT OF CONCERN FOR THE CIVILIAN POPULACE.

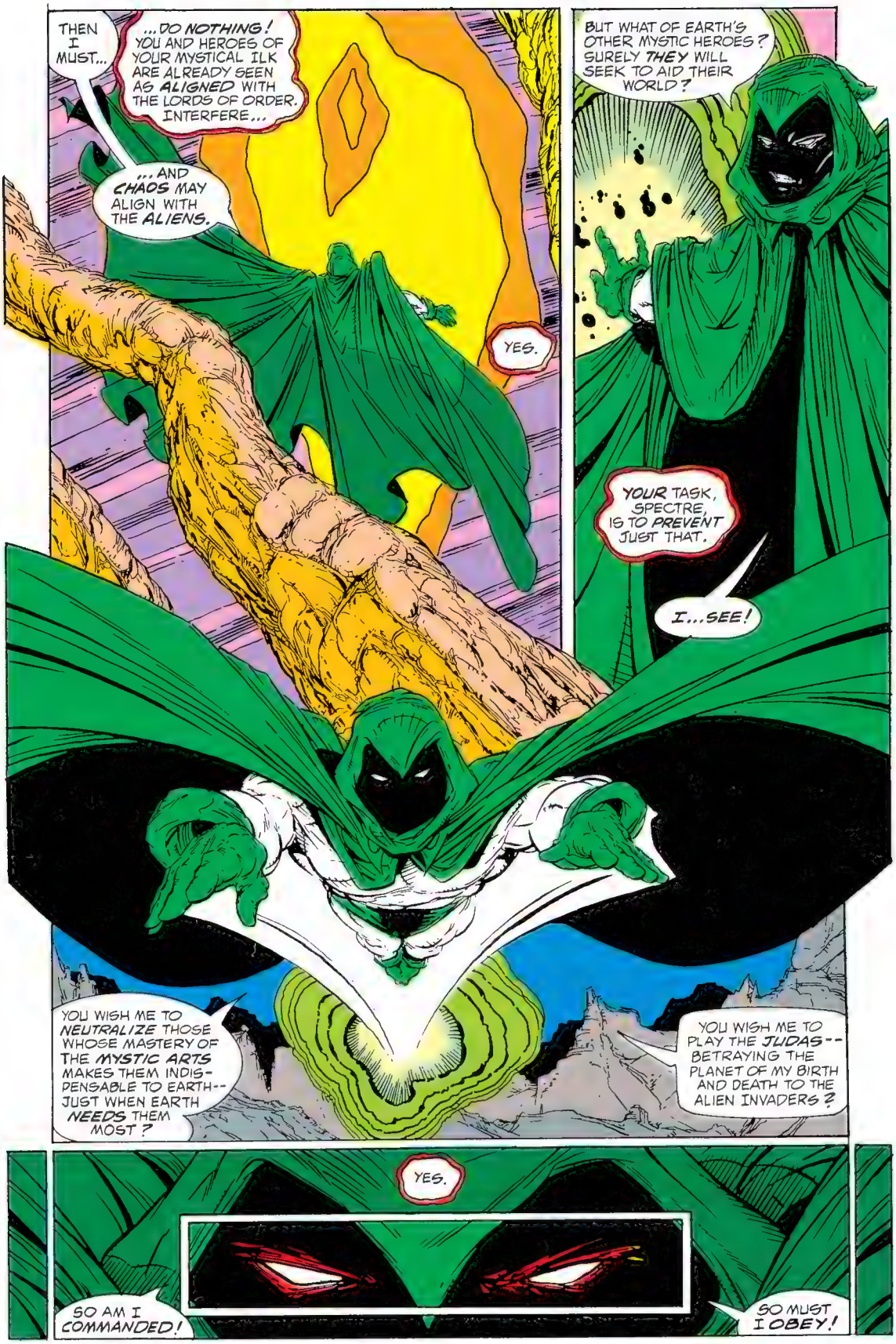

"LET US ALLEVIATE THEIR CONCERNS."

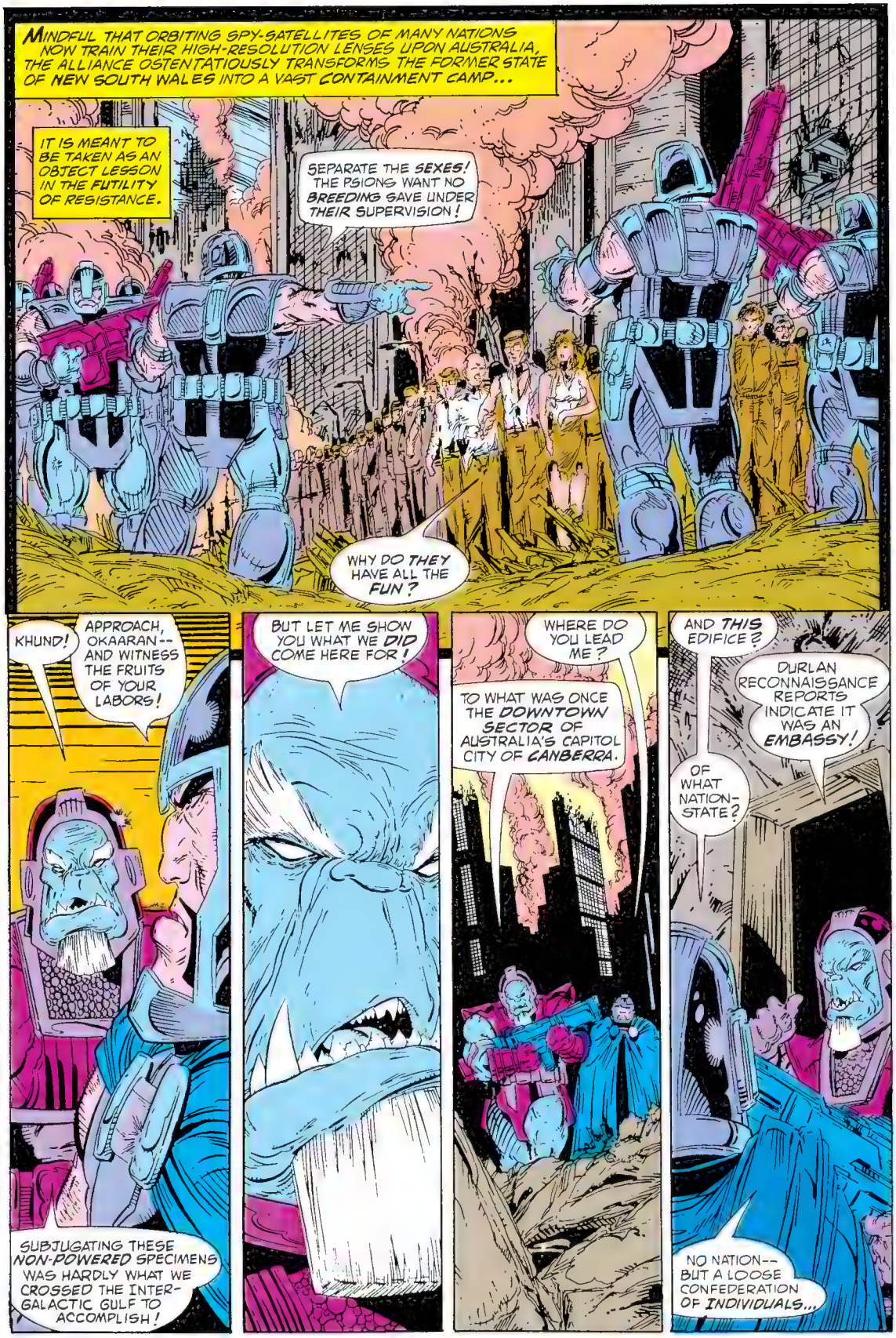

NO CONVENTIONAL FORCE REMAINS TO OPPOSE US. THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT--AS IT EXISTS,--HAS BEEN COWED, AND SUES FOR PEACE.
HERD THE POPULACE INTO CAMPS NEAR OUR BASES.
YOU ANTICIPATE A COUNTER-ATTACK?
NO. HAVING SEEN OUR UTTER DECIMATION OF THIS NATION, THE EARTHLINGS WOULD BE FOOLS TO AROUSE OUR IRE.
BUT HUMANS ARE LIKE LESSER CASTLINGS--THEY ACT IRRATIONALLY WHEN FRIGHTENED.


AS LONG AS THEY REMAIN IGNORANT OF OUR TRUE INTENTIONS, THEIR TERROR CAN BE PLAYED UPON. HAVING SEEN HOW EASILY WE CONQUERED THIS CONTINENT, THEY WILL ASSUME WE CAN TAKE THE OTHER SIX JUST AS EFFORTLESSLY. THEY WILL WONDER WHY WE DO NOT.
AND WE SHALL LET THEM WONDER--FOR A WHILE--FEEDING THEIR FEAR OF IMMINENT ATTACK...
...SO THAT THEY WILL BE IN THE PROPER STATE OF MIND WHEN WE OFFER THEM THE ILLUSION OF HOPE.
UNTIL THAT TIME THEY MUST RESTRAIN THE VERY POWER THAT MIGHT SAVE THEM--THEIR HEROES!


SO IT BEGINS!
FOR WEEKS I HAVE FELT A FOREBODING OF SOME UNFATHOMABLE ALIEN EVIL THREATENING EARTH.
NOW THAT EVIL REVEALS ITSELF!
BUT CAN THIS INVADING ALLIANCE BE IGNORANT OF EARTH'S SUPER-POWERED DEFENDERS?
I CANNOT BELIEVE IT. MANY EARTH HEROES HAVE WON INTER-GALACTIC REKNOWN.
EVEN WE WHOSE MIGHT IS OF A MYSTICAL NATURE, WHILE MORE AT HOME IN THE SHADOWS, HAVE AT TIMES STOOD REVEALED TO THE COSMOS.
BEFORE THIS INVASION PROCEEDS APACE, WE MUST...
SPECTRE!
I AM... SUMMONED--
--BY THEY WHO CANNOT BE DENIED!
ECTOPLASMIC POWER FLOWS THROUGH UNLIVING FINGERS. A PORTAL BETWEEN OUR REALITY AND SOME OTHER REALM OPENS.
HEEDING THE ELDRITCH INVITATION...
...THE SPECTRE PASSES THROUGH.

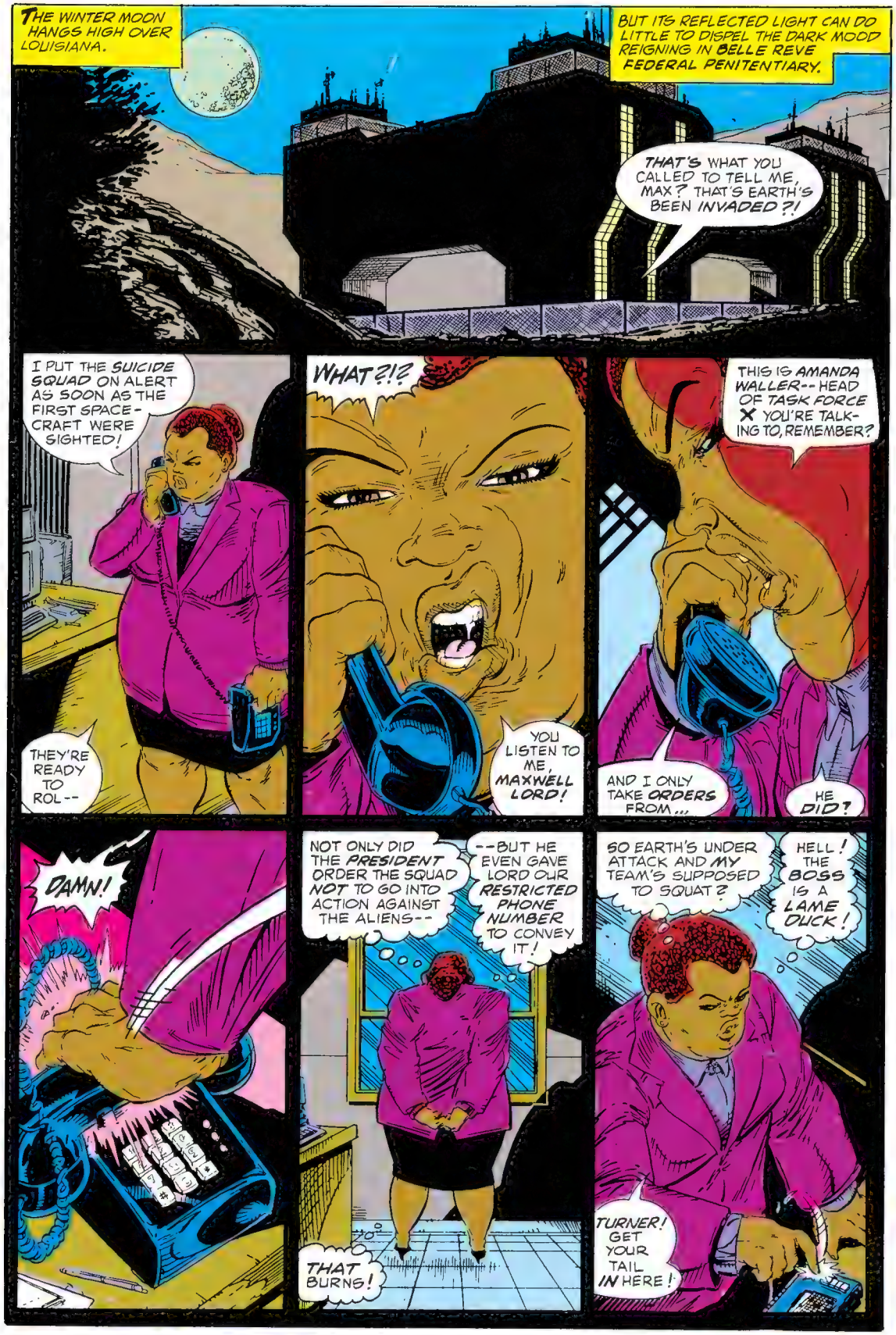

I COME, LORDS OF ORDER!
YOU COULD NOT HAVE REFUSED, SPIRIT!
NOR WOULD I HAVE WISHED TO, FOR THE WORLD OF MAN IS IMPERILED...
--AND I WOULD HAVE SOON SOUGHT AID FROM THE FORCES OF ORDER.
YOUR PETITION IS DENIED.
SURELY YOU JEST?
NEVER.
YOU ABOVE ALL OTHERS, SPECTRE--SAVE PERHAPS DR. FATE--SHOULD KNOW OF THE PRECARIOUS BALANCE THAT EXISTS BETWEEN THE LORDS OF ORDER AND CHAOS.
WITH THIS ALIEN INVASION, CHAOS ALREADY SEEMS TO REIGN ON EARTH!
THE CURRENT CRISIS IS NOT CHAOS-GENERATED. THEREFORE, IF WE WERE TO INTERFERE, CHAOS MIGHT DO LIKEWISE...
...UPSETTING THE BALANCE.
PRECISELY. AND EARTH, WHICH IS NOW A BATTLEFIELD, MIGHT WELL BECOME...A GRAVEYARD!


THEN I MUST...
...DO NOTHING! YOU AND HEROES OF YOUR MYSTICAL ILK ARE ALREADY SEEN AS ALIGNED WITH THE LORDS OF ORDER. INTERFERE...
...AND CHAOS MAY ALIGN WITH THE ALIENS.
YES.
BUT WHAT OF EARTH'S OTHER MYSTIC HEROES? SURELY THEY WILL SEEK TO AID THEIR WORLD?
YOUR TASK, SPECTRE, IS TO PREVENT JUST THAT.
I...SEE!
YOU WISH ME TO NEUTRALIZE THOSE WHOSE MASTERY OF THE MYSTIC ARTS MAKES THEM INDISPENSABLE TO EARTH--JUST WHEN EARTH NEEDS THEM MOST?
YOU WISH ME TO PLAY THE JUDAS--BETRAYING THE PLANET OF MY BIRTH AND DEATH TO THE ALIEN INVADERS?
YES.
SO AM I COMMANDED!
SO MUST I OBEY!

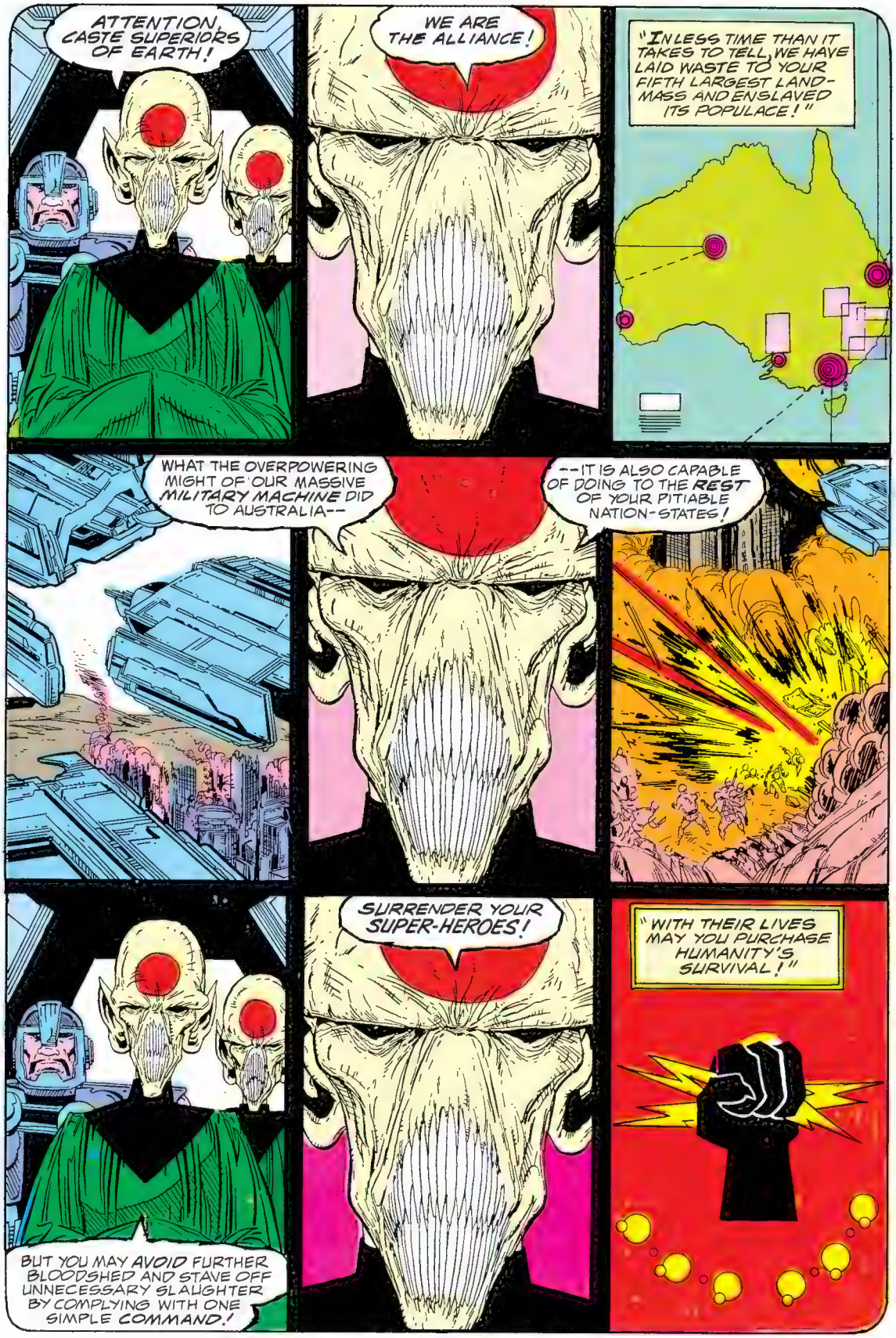

MINDFUL THAT ORBITING SPY-SATELLITES OF MANY NATIONS NOW TRAIN THEIR HIGH-RESOLUTION LENSES UPON AUSTRALIA, THE ALLIANCE OSTENTATIOUSLY TRANSFORMS THE FORMER STATE OF NEW SOUTH WALES INTO A VAST CONTAINMENT CAMP...
IT IS MEANT TO BE TAKEN AS AN OBJECT LESSON IN THE FUTILITY OF RESISTANCE.
SEPARATE THE SEXES! THE PSIONS WANT NO BREEDING SAVE UNDER THEIR SUPERVISION!
WHY DO THEY HAVE ALL THE FUN?
KHUND!
APPROACH, OKAARAN-- AND WITNESS THE FRUITS OF YOUR LABORS!
SUBJUGATING THESE NON-POWERED SPECIMENS WAS HARDLY WHAT WE CROSSED THE INTER-GALACTIC GULF TO ACCOMPLISH!
BUT LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT WE DID COME HERE FOR!
WHERE DO YOU LEAD ME?
TO WHAT WAS ONCE THE DOWNTOWN SECTOR OF AUSTRALIA'S CAPITOL CITY OF CANBERRA.
AND THIS EDIFICE?
DURLAN RECONNAISSANCE REPORTS INDICATE IT WAS AN EMBASSY!
OF WHAT NATION-STATE?
NO NATION-- BUT A LOOSE CONFEDERATION OF INDIVIDUALS...

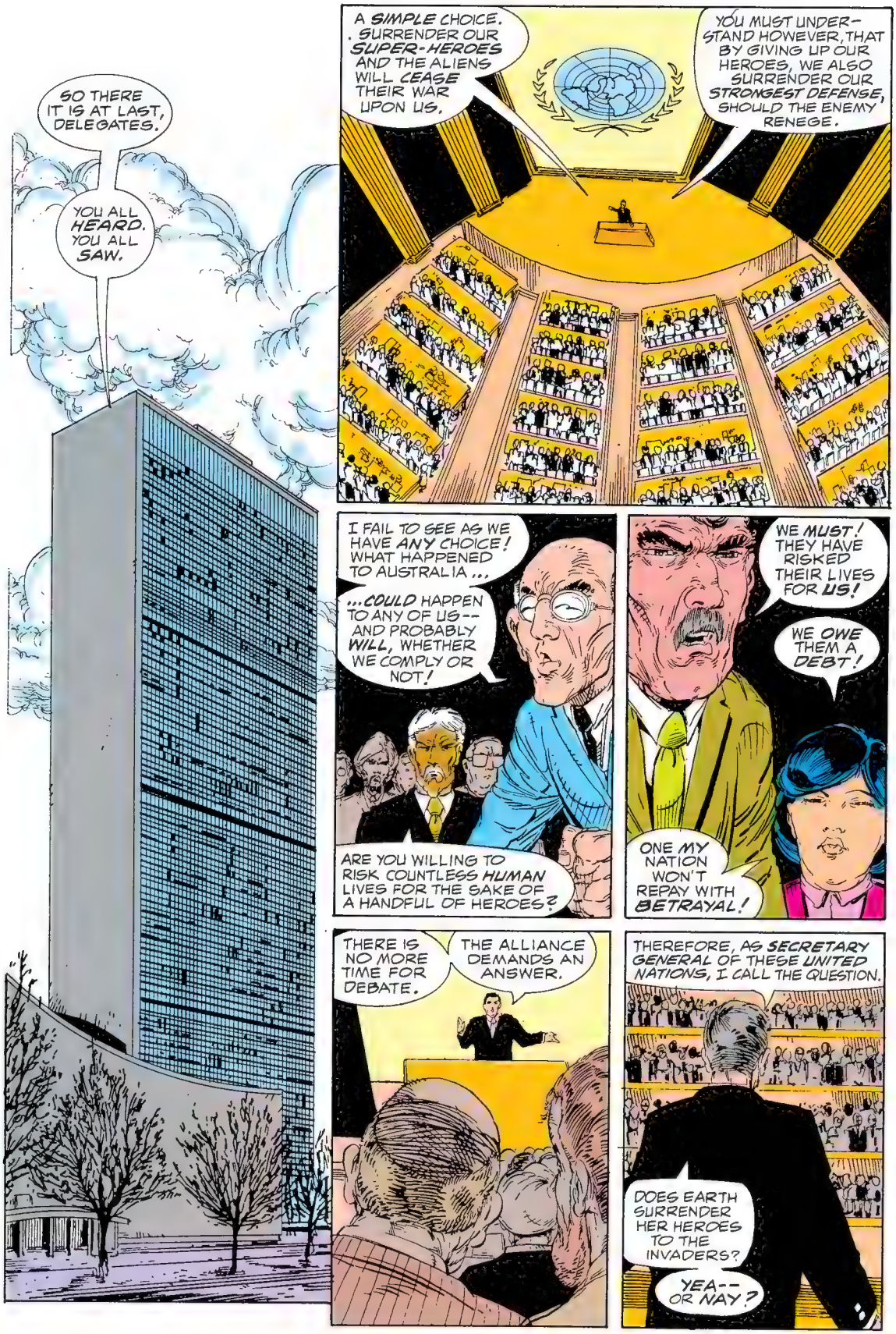
"...BETTER KNOWN AS THE JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL!"
SO! AT LAST WE ENCOUNTER ONE OF EARTH'S SO-CALLED SUPER-HEROES!
NOT A VERY IMPRESSIVE SPECIMEN, THIS.
WE'VE MIND-PROBED HIM. HE CALLS HIMSELF THE TASMANIAN DEVIL. HIS POWER-INDICATORS ARE...
...INCONSEQUENTIAL, APPARENTLY, FOR WE TOOK HIM WITH EASE.
AND BY SURPRISE, YOU CRATER-FACED...
STUN HIM INTO SILENCE AND SHIP HIM TO THE PSIONS!
PERHAPS THE DOMINION OVERRATED THE THREAT POSED BY THESE TERRESTRIAL META-HUMANS?
HE IS BUT THE FIRST. WHEN CAUGHT--
--HE SEEMED TO BE IN THE ACT OF SUMMONING OTHERS.
HOW?
WITH THESE!
COMMUNICATORS?
NO, SERGEANT--TELEPORTERS!

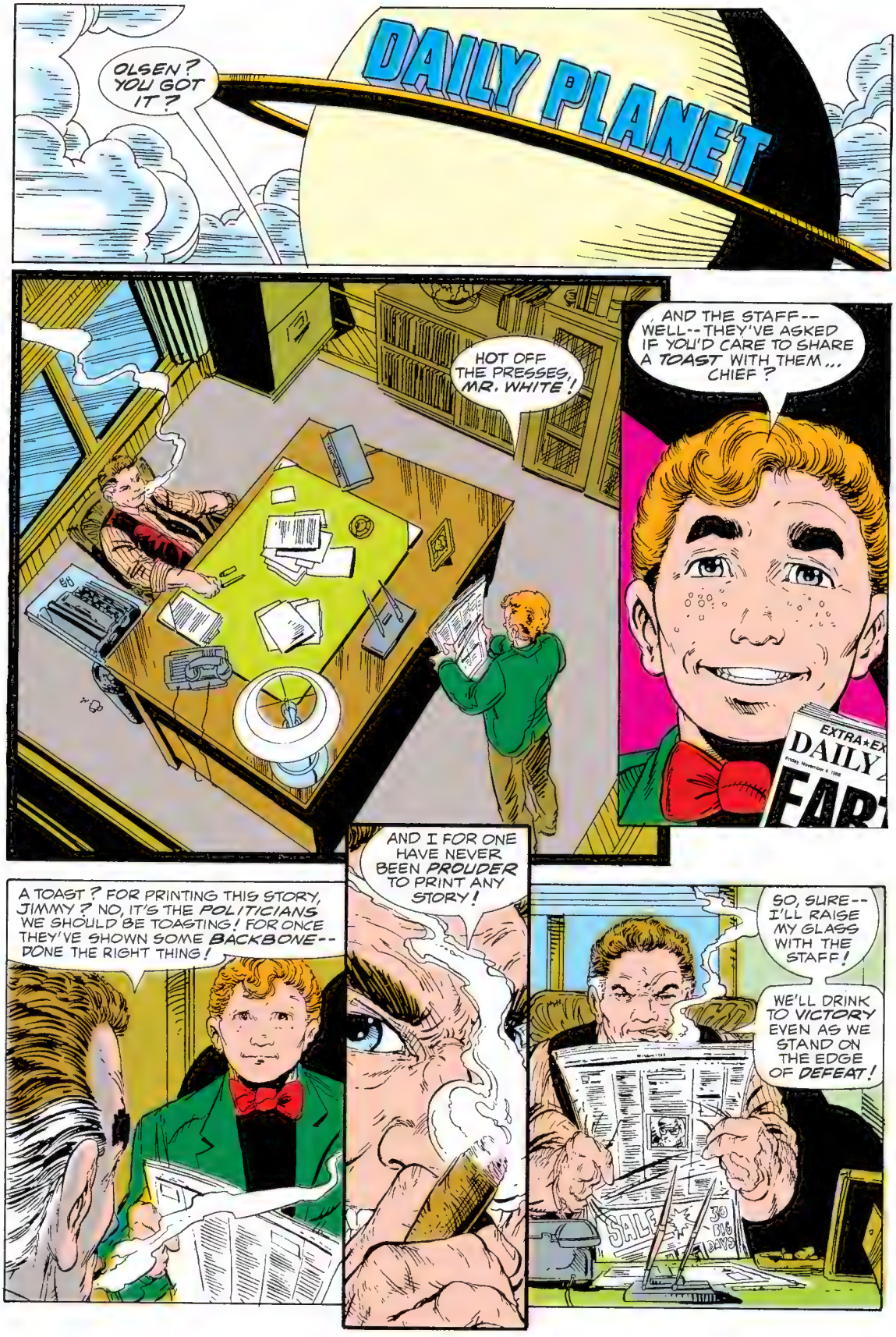
TELE-PORTERS? OH-er- OF COURSE!
TELEPORTERS! THE EARTHLINGS HAVE DEVELOPED THIS-ahem- PRIMITIVE TECHNOLOGY
ONE OF THEIR FEW SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS!
PATHETIC!
YOU OKAARANS CAN DUPLICATE THESE LUDICROUS DEVICES?
WITH EASE!
WE THINK!
KEEP US ABREAST OF YOUR PROGRESS!
TELEPORTERS?
TELEPORTERS!
IF THE EARTHLINGS' SCIENCE IS NOT AS ARCHAIC AS WE THOUGHT, THEN PERHAPS THIS META-HUMAN'S APPARENT POWER-LESSNESS IS ALSO DECEPTIVE!
IF SO...
ALERT THE PSIONS THAT A CAPTIVE IS ON THE WAY!
AND THE SOONER HE'S DUMPED ON THEM, THE BETTER!
MOVE, MASKED MAN!
GO TO HELL!
TELEPORT-TUBES WERE SHUT DOWN BEFORE HELP COULD BEAM IN!
IF THERE'S ANY HELP LEFT OUT THERE!


THE WINTER MOON HANGS HIGH OVER LOUISIANA.
BUT ITS REFLECTED LIGHT CAN DO LITTLE TO DISPEL THE DARK MOOD REIGNING IN BELLE REVE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY.
THAT'S WHAT YOU CALLED TO TELL ME, MAX? THAT'S EARTH'S BEEN INVADED?!
I PUT THE SUICIDE SQUAD ON ALERT AS SOON AS THE FIRST SPACE-CRAFT WERE SIGHTED!
THEY'RE READY TO ROL--
WHAT?!?
YOU LISTEN TO ME, MAXWELL LORD!
THIS IS AMANDA WALLER--HEAD OF TASK FORCE X YOU'RE TALKING TO, REMEMBER?
AND I ONLY TAKE ORDERS FROM...
HE DID?
DAMN!
NOT ONLY DID THE PRESIDENT ORDER THE SQUAD NOT TO GO INTO ACTION AGAINST THE ALIENS--
--BUT HE EVEN GAVE LORD OUR RESTRICTED PHONE NUMBER TO CONVEY IT!
THAT BURNS!
SO EARTH'S UNDER ATTACK AND MY TEAM'S SUPPOSED TO SQUAT?
HELL! THE BOSS IS A LAME DUCK!
TURNER! GET YOUR TAIL IN HERE!

THE NEW YORK EMBASSY OF JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL...
THERE'S NO WAY AMANDA'LL SIT STILL FOR THIS, J'ONN--EVEN IF IT MEANS GOING AGAINST AN EXECUTIVE ORDER!
WHY DID THE PRESIDENT ASK YOU TO BREAK IT TO HER, MAX?
BECAUSE HE'S GOT HIS HANDS FULL WITH THE LITTLE MATTER OF AN INTERGALACTIC INVASION, AND HE'D HOPED THAT I--uh--WE--COULD HELP REIN IN EARTH'S HEROES BEFORE THEY DO SOMETHING FOOLISH!
LIKE STRIKE BACK?
J'ONN, I KNOW YOU WANT TO GO IN THERE SWINGING, BUT THE ALIENS HOLD AUSTRALIA FOR CHRISSAKES!
UNTIL WE KNOW WHAT IT IS THEY WANT...
... WE WAIT?
WELL... I'M...
I'M WAITING, MAX--YOUR ANSWER PLEASE...
YES, J'ONN... WE WAIT.
PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE, RIGHT?
I THINK THAT YOUR FELLOW HUMANS "DOWN UNDER" MIGHT DISAGREE.
LISTEN, J'ONN--THIS ISN'T MY IDEA. JUST WAIT FOR THEIR COMMUNICATION TO COME THROUGH--THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT HAS TO BE DONE. IT SHOULD BE TRANSMITTED ANY MINUTE.


ATTENTION, CASTE SUPERIORS OF EARTH!
WE ARE THE ALLIANCE!
"IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL, WE HAVE LAID WASTE TO YOUR FIFTH LARGEST LAND-MASS AND ENSLAVED ITS POPULACE!"
WHAT THE OVERPOWERING MIGHT OF OUR MASSIVE MILITARY MACHINE DID TO AUSTRALIA--
--IT IS ALSO CAPABLE OF DOING TO THE REST OF YOUR PITIABLE NATION-STATES!
BUT YOU MAY AVOID FURTHER BLOODSHED AND STAVE OFF UNNECESSARY SLAUGHTER BY COMPLYING WITH ONE SIMPLE COMMAND!
SURRENDER YOUR SUPER-HEROES!
"WITH THEIR LIVES MAY YOU PURCHASE HUMANITY'S SURVIVAL!"


SO THERE IT IS AT LAST, DELEGATES.
YOU ALL HEARD. YOU ALL SAW.
A SIMPLE CHOICE. . SURRENDER OUR SUPER-HEROES AND THE ALIENS WILL CEASE THEIR WAR UPON US.
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND HOWEVER, THAT BY GIVING UP OUR HEROES, WE ALSO SURRENDER OUR STRONGEST DEFENSE, SHOULD THE ENEMY RENEGE.
I FAIL TO SEE AS WE HAVE ANY CHOICE! WHAT HAPPENED TO AUSTRALIA...
...COULD HAPPEN TO ANY OF US-- AND PROBABLY WILL, WHETHER WE COMPLY OR NOT!
ARE YOU WILLING TO RISK COUNTLESS HUMAN LIVES FOR THE SAKE OF A HANDFUL OF HEROES?
WE MUST! THEY HAVE RISKED THEIR LIVES FOR US!
WE OWE THEM A DEBT!
ONE MY NATION WON'T REPAY WITH BETRAYAL!
THERE IS NO MORE TIME FOR DEBATE.
THE ALLIANCE DEMANDS AN ANSWER.
THEREFORE, AS SECRETARY GENERAL OF THESE UNITED NATIONS, I CALL THE QUESTION.
DOES EARTH SURRENDER HER HEROES TO THE INVADERS?
YEA-- OR NAY?


OLSEN? YOU GOT IT?
DAILY PLANET
HOT OFF THE PRESSES, MR. WHITE!
AND THE STAFF-- WELL--THEY'VE ASKED IF YOU'D CARE TO SHARE A TOAST WITH THEM... CHIEF?
EXTRA★EX
DAILY
FAR
A TOAST? FOR PRINTING THIS STORY, JIMMY? NO, IT'S THE POLITICIANS WE SHOULD BE TOASTING! FOR ONCE THEY'VE SHOWN SOME BACKBONE-- DONE THE RIGHT THING!
AND I FOR ONE HAVE NEVER BEEN PROUDER TO PRINT ANY STORY!
SO, SURE-- I'LL RAISE MY GLASS WITH THE STAFF!
WE'LL DRINK TO VICTORY EVEN AS WE STAND ON THE EDGE OF DEFEAT!
SALE
30 DAYS

EXTRA★EXTRA★EXTRA★EXTRA

DAILY PLANET

Friday, November 4, 1988 — A Great Metropolitan Newspaper — 25 Cents

EARTH TO INVADERS: DROP DEAD!

WORLD GEARS UP FOR WAR!

(STORIES BEGIN ON PAGE TWO)

SPECIAL INVASION EDITION

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Magic Fingers: G-4188
Big Lex: 39587

TODAY'S LAFFS

First Thanagarian: Boy, I had the most terrible nightmare last night!
Second Thanagarian: Oh, really?
First Thanagarian: Yeah—I dreamed that I was eating a giant frimbat. I woke up this morning . . . and my hydrocranialsack was gone!

First Durlan: Say, how many Khunds does it take to screw in a lightbulb?
Second Durlan: I don't know. How many?
First Durlan: Two—one to screw it in and one to slay a dozen Earthlings!

TODAY'S WEATHER

Tonight, showers and thunderstorms ending, mid 40s. Tomorrow, sun and clouds, chance of a shower, low 50s.
Extended forecast: Rain mixed with intermittent sun through the weekend; temperatures in the mid 40s to low 50s.

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ALIEN ARMADA INVADES EARTH

By R.E. Greenberger

Washington, D.C.—Nine separate alien races, calling themselves The Alliance, have apparently banded together in an effort to overrun the Earth for reasons not yet known. According to Pentagon spokesman Rolland Fitzhugh, the nine races have been identified by Earth's heroes as hailing from planets known as Daxam, Dominion, Durla, Thanagar, Khundia, Okaara, the Citadel Homeworld, the Psion Homeworld, and Gil'dishpan. Previously, none of these races is known to have visited Earth, with the exception of the Thanagarians, race members of whom include the super-heroes called Hawkman and Hawkwoman.

The invading alien craft swarmed into Earth's orbit, at which point the aliens used their technology and great numbers to overrun Australia, where they have established their base *[Melbourne Destroyed by Khunds, Page 5].*

"The alien threat is a very serious one," said Mr. Fitzhugh when refuting rumors that nuclear weapons were to be deployed by American forces, "but we are not about to wipe out mankind to win the war."

Echoing the official Pentagon stance, President Reagan, on the eve of Election Day, said, "Nuclear weapons are not being considered. We have far more powerful weapons in terms of America's super-heroes. They have come out in unprecedented numbers to aid our effort. With them on our side, we are assured of victory." However, the President would not speculate on how long the conflict might last and, since those comments were made, his precise whereabouts have become unknown to the general public, sparking further tension.

World leaders have been outspoken in their abhorrence of a nuclear alternative, with many agreeing with President Reagan's support of the "super-hero agenda." Presidential candidates Michael Dukakis and George Bush have also agreed with the assessment. As expected, the United Nations has issued a unanimous condemnation of the alien invaders.

Earth's conventional forces are poorly outgunned and outmanned in the face of this type of warfare, as demonstrated by the near-annihilation of multinational forces in the South Pacific. Pentagon sources agree that Earth's super-heroes are the one thing standing between the aliens and victory.

Super-heroes from around the world have mobilized in a loosely coordinated effort to deal with the alien threat on six fronts, including an outer space conflict in Earth orbit. The key areas of combat have been identified from world news agencies as the Arctic Circle, the South Pacific, the Sino-Soviet border, Cuba, Australia, and Earth orbit. The battles are apparently being run by a select group of officers and civilians working out of a highly-guarded war room deep within the Pentagon. It has been confirmed that Air Force General Wade Eiling is one of those coordinating the super-heroes. Working closely with the Pentagon is the world's only officially recognized super-hero organization, Justice League International. Captain Atom is rumored by government agencies as being the most likely candidate to take command of the super-heroic forces.

JLI spokesperson Maxwell Lord said at a news conference, "We have coordinated our efforts with those of

Continued on page 3

WHITE HOUSE CONFIDENT: LOOKS TO "SUPER-HEROES"

By Alfonso McGeuhyua with Dan Raspler

Special to The Daily Planet

Washington, D.C.—During a brief press conference held at the White House late last night, President Ronald Reagan left the issue of the upcoming election behind in order to urge the American people to remain calm and clear-headed in the face of "terrifying, unknown, powerful forces from outer space." Reagan stated that in no way would an alien military or political presence be allowed to remain anywhere on the face of planet Earth. "There is no doubt in my mind that American military forces, coupled with the might of the super-heroes, will be able to repulse the invaders," the President said.

Dispelling a rumor that the Pentagon was considering a nuclear response to the aliens' attack, the President stated matter-of-factly, "We are not at this time considering a nuclear option. We've been in close contact with the Joint Chiefs [of Staff], and we've also been conferring quite closely with the Soviets, who are currently under attack. This is our world. I'll be damned if some aliens are going to force us to permanently scar our planet."

Looking exhausted but robust on the eve of Election Day, Mr. Reagan encouraged the American people to give their full support to his successor, be it George Bush or Michael Dukakis. "For the next president, indeed for all of us, this is a true baptism of fire," the President said. Mr. Reagan was also later overheard to say, "Why couldn't those bug-eyed freaks wait until January to obliterate Melbourne [Australia]? I'd be back in Santa Barbara by then."

MORE POWERFUL WEAPONS

In a marked change in official policy from last year, President Reagan praised America's meta-human freelance operatives, the super-heroes. Suggesting that the heroes would compensate for the ruled-out nuclear arms, Mr. Reagan dubbed them "more powerful weapons" in that the heroes are occasionally more selective in their destructive tendencies. "Evidently, they only rarely leave radioactive waste behind them when they explode," the President said. Explaining that an extraordinary number of super-heroes have extensive experience in dealing with extraterrestrials, White House spokesperson Xavier Xalle encouraged Americans to expect fast results. "They're experts," he expressed. "We're ecstatic that the Justice League and their compatriots are being so cooperative." When asked to respond to allegations that many of the heroes themselves are aliens, Mr. Xalle had no comment.

MOTIVATIONS UNCERTAIN

Other inside sources of the White House have also denied knowledge of the aliens' goals or reasons for invading. This confusion seems to be prevalent in the capital this week, for understandable reasons. As to how long a war with the aliens might last or whether Earth might extend retaliatory strikes to the invaders' own planets, White House sources are generally in agreement: "We have no idea. You don't get it, do you? These aren't the Russians we're dealing with. These guys are from outer space! We don't even know if they breath air!"

Questioning whether the day-to-day lives of the American people might change in the face of the death and destruction taking place overseas, White House aide Morris Fivivniak answered, "Absolutely not. These actions will not touch us. We are confident that a combined action initiated by both the U.S. military and our superhumans will prevent an actual invasion on U.S. shores." Mr. Fivivniak claimed additionally that the American public has dealt with similar circumstances before and has come through relatively unscathed. "Honestly," he shrieked with a feral glint in his single glowing eye, "If this alien invasion thing is anything like the last few crises, we'll probably all forget it in the morning."

Photo by Jimmy Olsen

White House aide Morris Fivivniak promises "super-hero superiority."

U.N. REACTS TO INVASION

by Kevin Dooley

NEW YORK—Javier Perez DeCuellar, the General Secretary of the United Nations, answered questions from the press today about the alien invasion, their demands, and the U.N.'s response.

It was seemingly to the United Nations that the message from the coalition of alien races called The Alliance was directed. DeCuellar read the text of the message:

"Attention, caste superiors of Earth! We are The Alliance! In less time than it takes to tell, we laid waste to your fifth-largest landmass and enslaved its populace! What the overpowering might of our massive military machine did to Australia—it is also perfectly capable of doing to the rest of your pitiable nation-states! But you may avoid further bloodshed and stave off unnecessary slaughter by complying with one simple command: Surrender your paranormals! With their lives may you purchase humanity's survival!"

According to DeCuellar, the delegate from Peru, after a short debate a vote was called and, even in light of confirmation of the devastating alien conquest of Australia *(Melbourne Destroyed, Page 5)*, the response was overwhelmingly in support of the world's super-heroes. Each delegate then contacted his respective country. Nation after nation wholeheartedly backed the decision.

And so the reply went up to the aliens, as DeCuellar said in a prepared statement, "we will not willingly give up those champions of justice who have been an essential part of our very hearts and lives for so many years. We rally behind our heroes. For if the heroes fall, Earth falls."

Indeed, that, as some delegates posed, was one of the main arguments for opposing The Alliance: that heroes are "one of our greatest sources of power and strength—both physically and morally," as DeCuellar put it.

The United Nations is already mobilizing troops, DeCuellar announced, to where alien factions are concentrated, specifically in the Arctic Circle, the South Pacific, Cuba, and in Southeast Asia and along the Sino-Soviet border, where war-mad aliens called the Okaarans are sweeping through country after country, heading for Moscow. There, says the U.N., a powerful regiment of armed forces and heroes are gathered to defeat them.

The General Secretary asserted the feeling of camaraderie, of "joining together to battle this vicious threat from the stars." All armies of the world have almost unanimously vocalized their readiness to go where they are needed. "All ongoing aggressions have ceased," he said, "in light of this greater, worldwide threat."

This cooperation of troops and subsequent mobilization is possible in part because, it seems, The Alliance has allowed worldwide communications to remain open. Major General Marta Yakon, Chief Military Observer of the United Nations anti-invasion forces, said their reason was supposedly "so the world could bear witness to our defeat. Rather, we will use it to see that those monsters are sent back to their ships with their antennae between their legs!"

Ambassador Aleksandr Belonogov, Soviet delegate to the United Nations, originally one of the voices in favor of giving the Earth's paranormals to the aliens, said he was glad he voted to stand behind the super-heroes. Said the Ambassador, "Our heroes are ourselves, are they not? Our own Soyuz and Red Star are Soviet citizens, are they not? The very name of the People's Heroes bespeaks our kinship to them."

When asked to comment on the fighting at the Sino-Soviet border and about the possible evacuation of Moscow *(Moscow, Page 4)*, Belonogov stated, "Never has a foreign army set foot within the streets of Moscow. The same holds true for any alien army."

And what about those heroes whose fate is intertwined with these events? When asked about a rumored meeting of Earth's super-heroes to talk about a course of action, DeCuellar refused to comment. According to informed sources, there will be a mass assemblage of super-beings sometime soon in which the fate of the world may literally hang in the balance. Sources indicate famed hero Captain Atom may be in charge of the "super-army."

DeCuellar was asked whether there was a possibility the heroes would give themselves up to the aliens rather than risk further bloodshed. He paused for quite some time before responding, "I do not know. I hope they do not. I hope they realize our response means we do not want to give in to terrorism. And that's all this alien threat is—base terrorism of the worst kind."

Vernon Walters, the United Nations delegate from the United States, echoed with Secretary General, speaking directly to the heroes, "We're behind you all the way. In the past, it may have seemed that our faith was easily shaken. But considering the number of times you've gone to the wall for us, it's time we took a stand.

"The aliens said," Walter continued, "that even if we give them our superheroes, they intend to rule us. No way! As one of the other delegates said, 'our heroes are our greatest line of defense.' It's Earth for our heroes, and our heroes for Earth."

The inevitable question was posed to Walters, "Where is Superman?" He responded that he did not know. He was also asked if there was any truth to the rumor that Superman at that very moment was negotiating a peace settlement with the aliens. Walters did not deny the statement, but he refused to confirm it. Another member of the press asked if Superman, an alien himself, had sided with The Alliance. An enraged Walters took a swing at the reporter and shouted, "How dare you even think such a thing about my . . . Earth's mightiest hero!"

Secretary General DeCuellar took this opportunity to assure all the nations of the world that "when—not if, but *when*—the aliens are defeated, all countries will retreat to their pre-invasion locations. What's more, it will be up to *all* nations to help the countries who have suffered the greatest during this conflict to regain their pre-invasion status."

In his closing remarks, DeCuellar stated, "It has never been more apparent than during this conflict, the horrors of war. And I pray that when it is over, we will have seen it for the mindless waste that it is. I pray that when this is over, we will have gained a true sense of brotherhood. That we all have a common bond. That we are all *one*."

ARMADA

Continued from page 2

the United Nations, NATO, the Warsaw Pact, and the Pentagon. You haven't seen anything until you've seen Earth's superheroes united behind a common threat." However, clouding Lord's complimentary remarks is the oft-asked question as to the whereabouts of Earth's premier defender, Superman. His whereabouts have been undocumented for some time, and other heroes, such as Green Lantern and the new Starman, have taken a more public stance in combatting the alien threat.

The unexpected and unprovoked attack on Earth has disrupted world economic forces and has many economists concerned about financial collapse or expansion, depending upon the length of the conflict. Usually, wartime economies have played havoc with nations, but this defies all expectations. Food shortages have already been reported in many countries around the world, and the Red Cross reports that their efforts are barely making a dent in the problems in Asia and Africa.

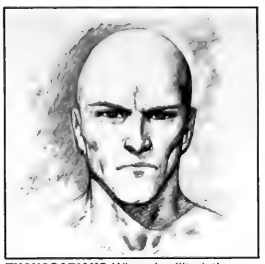
In America, very little human-alien conflict has been reported. Apparently, Animal Man in California and Gangbuster in Metropolis have engaged in direct battle with Alliance forces; further word on these conflicts is forthcoming. In Gotham City, inside police sources indicate that the Batman has travelled to Cuba in pursuit of invaders.

All four networks have been giving the alien invasion unprecedented television coverage, pushing all anchors and correspondents to their physical limits: ABC's Todd Donner has already turned over his anchor desk to Pierre Salinger, citing exhaustion as the reason. Galaxy Broadcasting's Morgan Edge is considering turning his GBS prime-time schedule over to three-hour blocks of alien invasion coverage.

The alien forces have been on Earth for a week now and there is little evidence of a swift end to the conflict. Yet, most everyone has agreed that mankind will not surrender. General Eiling summed up popular sentiment when he said, "We didn't give up when Attila the Hun or Alexander the Great or Napoleon or Hitler tried, so why should we give up now? The aliens may have the better weapons, but we've got the guts. History will bear this out."

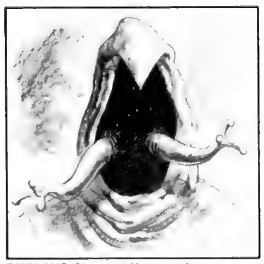
KNOW YOUR ALIENS!

OKAARANS Weapons suppliers; masters of all arts of war



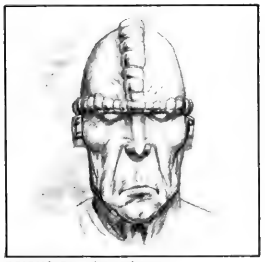
THANAGARIANS Winged militaristic forces

DOMINATORS Devious, manipulative; prime planners of Invasion

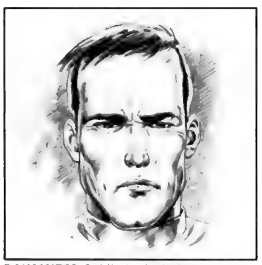


DURLANS Shape-shifters; spies

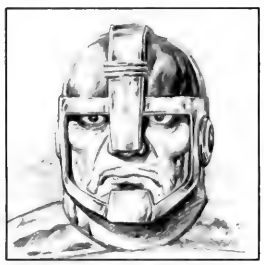
CITADELLIANS Merciless brutes; relish cruelty



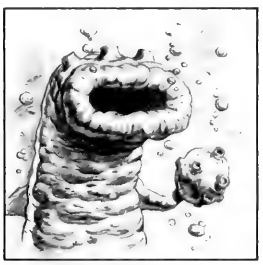
PSIONS Genetic engineers



DAXAMITES Coldly logical observers; powers currently unknown

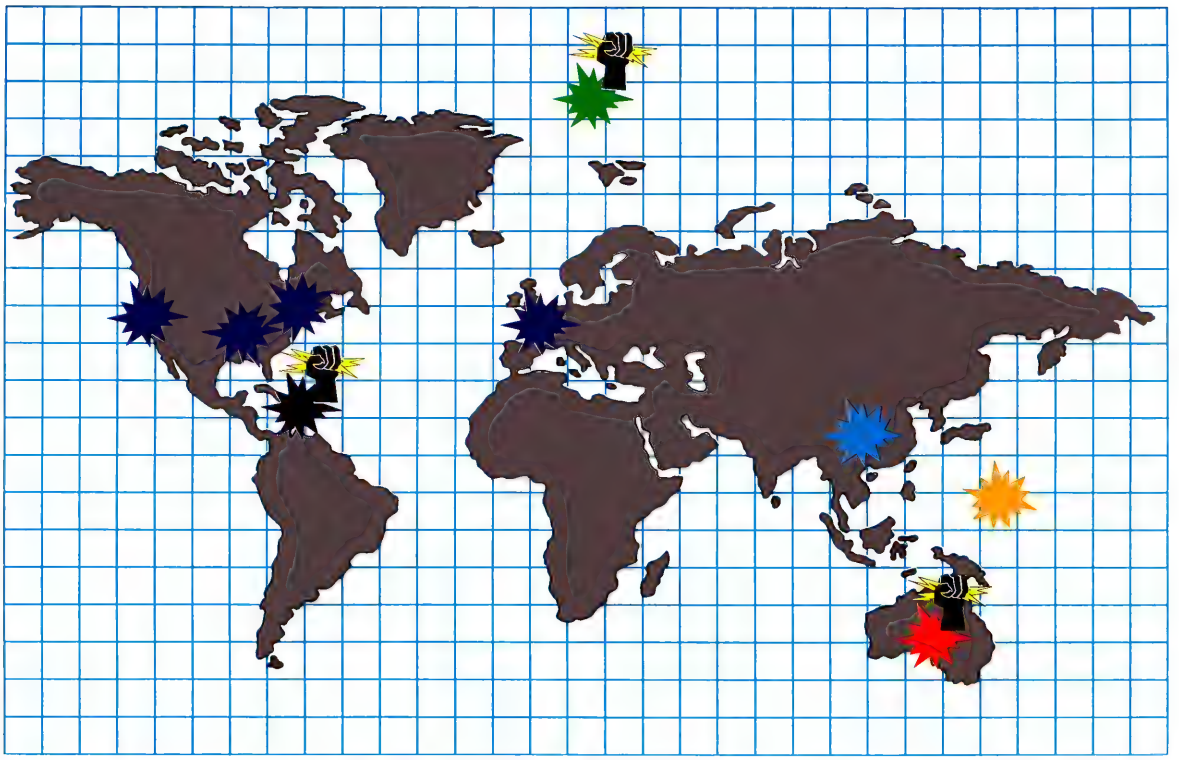


KHUNDS Cruel and brutal; land-based Alliance troops



GIL'DISHPAN Head of Alliance underwater forces

Eric Peterson



AUSTRALIA:

"Beachhead Earth"—where the Invasion began. Massive alien forces defeated the entire continent in mere hours. Casualties are estimated in the thousands. This is the main alien stronghold on Earth. The nation itself has become a prison camp.

ARCTIC CIRCLE:

Alien forces of the Gil'dishpan are trying to establish a reinforcement and supply base here under the ice cap. Hero resistance: Doom Patrol, Aquaman and an army of Atlanteans, the Sea Devils.

CUBA:

Cuban national and guerrilla forces, under Fidel Castro, have seemingly allied themselves with the Durlans. Hero resistance: Batman, Flash, Manhunter.

SOUTHEAST ASIA:

The alien Khunds and Okaarans occupied all of Southeast Asia and Japan in less than half a day. They are presently approaching the Sino-Soviet border. Hero resistance: (China) New Guardians, (U.S.S.R.) Soyuz, The People's Heroes.

SOUTH PACIFIC:

Several islands, including Fiji, Guam, and Wake, have been overtaken by an advance force of Khunds. Hero resistance (on various islands): Wonder Woman, Justice League International, Firestorm, Firehawk, Power Girl, Starman.

SCATTERED ACTIVITY:

Unconfirmed reports of alien sightings and activity in England, where a member of Parliament was assassinated; in Gotham; in the New York Embassy of the J.L.I.; and in Louisiana, accompanied by reports of the creature known as Swamp Thing.

Landing Sites/Outposts

MOSCOW PREPARES FOR EVACUATION

by Robert Loren Fleming and Kevin Dooley

Moscow (UP)—According to inside sources, the Kremlin has initiated evacuation plans for the civilian population of Moscow in light of the alien army, advancing from the south, which is reported to be within 100 miles of the capital city. TASS, the official Soviet news agency, refused to confirm or deny reports that the plans have been put into effect but admitted that evacuation "is an option open to the government should all else fail."

Other sources say the plan has, indeed, been implemented and the Soviets intend to have the populace safely out of the city within ten to twelve hours. Whether it is possible to evacuate a city of that size on such short notice is a matter of considerable debate, but government spokespersons have said that this is for the best so that Moscow can be defended.

Muscovites, as well as countless hundreds who have fled from the alien army to their capital city, may be moved to facilities in Afghanistan, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and other locations in Eastern Europe, where government officials were not sure they would be welcomed. However, in a heartwarming display of humanitarian solidarity, said countries have expressed a sincere desire "to help their Soviet brothers in their hour of need—indeed, in the world's hour of need," said Poland's leader Yarislokov.

THE ENEMY FROM WITHIN

The forces moving on Moscow are composed of aliens called Okaarans, natives of the planet Okaara. The Okaarans are part of the coalition of alien races called The Alliance *(Alien Invasion, Page 2)*.

Sources have stated that, of all the alien races encompassing The Alliance, the Okaarans are the most adept in the art of war. Many races supposedly send their soldiers to Okaara for combat training. Sources say Okaarans do not so much prize what they conquer but, rather, delight in the actual act of war.

There have been rumors the Okaarans are using weapons not at the height of their technology in order to make the battle more challenging; whereas they supposedly have armaments that could easily disintegrate entire battalions, they are, instead, using hand-held weapons as if the combat were mere sport. There is no confirmation of these rumors; in point of fact, they might be another form of demoralization, for the Okaarans have not accomplished their Asian "Sherman's March" without aid. Their advance has been spearheaded by another race, the Thanagarians, who have conducted bombing runs both here and at various strategic location around the world *(Harassment Bombing Runs, Page 6)*

Since the U.N.'s refusal to surrender, the Okaaran's path of destruction has been a devastating one. They swiftly overpowered the armies of Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam. Japan, the formidable island empire, was defeated in less than three hours. Finally, China, backed by Soviet armed forces, served to delay the advancing enemy.

MOSCOW THE IMPENETRABLE

Early yesterday, the outerworldly warriors broke through the primary line of defense and are, reportedly, within 100 miles of Moscow. Whether they will reach the capital still remains to be seen. This, however, is a stunning reversal on the accepted perspective of Russia as a cold and impregnable fortress. This view has been given historical credence by the ill-fated attempts of such military might as the army of Napoleon Bonaparte and the Nazi hordes of Adolf Hitler. The Okaarans, therefore, have made more ground into Russia in three days than any Earth army has in recorded history.

True to their warlike nature, The Okaarans have refused to harm only those civilians who do not stand in their way. There have been stories of individuals who fight aliens armed only with farm implements, like the first settlers in America defending their homeland. Even young children toss stones at the aliens, stones which could not possibly do the well-armed, hard-skinned Okaarans any harm. Yet, each act of defiance is dealt with as mercilessly, as violently, and as surely as if the people of Russia were uniformed militia.

THE NUCLEAR DEFENSE

How does one defend against such an enemy? Nuclear devices have been discussed as a possibility, sources close to the Kremlin disclosed. However, Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev refuses to even consider them, even as a last resort. "For if this world is to survive, the world must be liveable. And the use of nuclear weapons is anathema to life, even in the face of such a threat as this."

Oddly, the Okaarans have gone out of their way to destroy nuclear power and weapons plants. Reports tell of the disgust that they have shown toward such facilities: according to information, their own planet was almost destroyed by something like a nuclear holocaust. They have been heard to mumble how nuclear arms are a "dirty weapon" and how they destroy ultimately, offering no real challenge, leaving nothing to conquer.

WHITE HOUSE SUPPORT

The White House reaffirmed its support for the Soviet effort. President Reagan himself was heard to remark, "I worry about Mikhail and his family. I hope they are all right."

A spokeman said the President was pleased to hear the United Nations, NATO, and the Warsaw Pact have sent both arms and men to meet the alien onslaught, aware that should Moscow fall, the entire Mid-East would be next.

A HOPE IN HEROES

Sources say a meeting of all of the Earth's heroes will soon convene. At this gathering, a course of action for the war will be decided, including which heroes to send to the Sino-Soviet front.

TASS has reported that the entire Rocket Red corps is already involved in the fray. Other heroes on the battlelines include Soyuz, Stalnoivolk, and the People's Heroes. "These heroes are out there fighting for each one of us," Gorbachev said. "Fighting for humanity. Fighting for Earth."

Rumors of reinforcement and peace talks with the aliens come as songs of hope to the tired and badly beaten Soviets. The number of fatalities on either side has not been confirmed. Many have died. Many are dying. No one knows how long it will continue.

No Super-Heroic Defense:

MELBOURNE DESTROYED BY KHUNDS

by Renée Witterstaetter

Sydney, Australia (API)—Satellite pictures, as well as stray military reports, today indicate a death toll for Australia as high as 75 to 80% as a result of invading alien forces. In less than 24 hours, the Khunds and the Okaarans, major parts of the coalition of nine alien races known as The Alliance, destroyed Australian and American armed forces in the area with sophisticated weaponry systems unfamiliar to Earth's military.

The Australian super-hero known as the Tasmanian Devil had been maintaining contact with Earth's allied military forces through a transmitter at the Australian Justice League Embassy. However, as of yesterday afternoon, communications from Australia came to a halt. Equipment in the Justice League Embassy in New York indicates that the Tasmanian Devil attempted to teleport out of Australia but was unable to do so. He is feared to have been captured or silenced by The Alliance.

Since no sources can be contacted in Australia today, further information is sparse. Earlier, the Tasmanian Devil alluded to the possibility of masses of Sydney citizens being allowed to roam free at will, since "the continent of Australia itself is serving as their prison." This has yet to be verified.

In his final transmission, the Tasmanian Devil indicated that the main thrust of the invasion targeted Melbourne, Australia. The opening volley came when a Daxamite, unseen since the first moments of the attack, chopped a skyscraper in half with his superpowers. In a matter of minutes, the Khunds had used their alien weaponry to neutralize all armed forces, thus immobilizing the country's defenses.

"Ships caught in docks were blown to bits," said the Devil. "Airplanes were blown apart on the ground, and those that did make it into the air might as well have been on a kamakazi mission.

"This is not typical warfare. I repeat, this is not typical warfare!"

In this frenzied communiqué, he went on to describe the death and destruction of Melbourne. Khund ships the size of five city blocks set down without regard to human life or property, crushing everything beneath them. Melbourne is totally leveled, by all reports.

"The super-blitzkrieg took a total of what I estimate to be 45 minutes," said the Devil. "It's hard to tell. Everyone was in such a state of shock. You could not walk five steps in any direction without stepping on a dead body."

According to the Tasmanian Devil, "There are reports that some efforts were actually made to bury the dead, but they were ended as all those remaining alive were either killed or rounded up by the Khunds.

"The city of Melbourne is no more. there may not even be enough standing to rebuild . . . assuming that this terrible war ever ends and that there are humans alive!"

When asked what the invasion could mean, the Tasmanian Devil theorized that the Khunds probably consider the Earth a "wild card" in terms of superhero genetics. Dr. Jenet Klyburn, director of S.T.A.R. Labs in the United States, further extrapolated upon that comment based on previous and current conversations with non-native super-heroes. "Earth is the only known planet where a particular race has evidenced more than one type of meta-human power," said Klyburn. "What possible threat this may pose to The Alliance is not something we can determine as yet."

Tasmanian Devil, before his final transmission was interrupted, said that he felt Australia was chosen for the beginning of the alien invasion because of its lack of super-heroes compared to, for example, North America or Asia.

"The Alliance seems to have a fear of super-humans," he said. "In fact, it seems that their main purpose for coming to the Earth is to take out Earth's meta-humans in short order. Australia was a safe bet because they knew the score here. They knew they wouldn't have to risk everything by having to fight too many super-heroes at one time."

Because so few super-humans were available to combat the Khund forces, Melbourne fell virtually instantly. The first areas to be destroyed were the Melbourne Botanical Gardens, which were charred out of existence. Following that, one of the monstrous ships crushed the Melbourne Opera House, which was packed to capacity for the evening's performance. According to those few citizens who escaped the area, entire city blocks full of people were obliterated. Those slain never knew the nature of the destruction, due to its terrible swiftness.

Photo by Kyle Baker

A Durlan invader decimates an Australian skyscraper, signalling the beginning of the Melbourne destruction. INSET: Australian hero Tasmanian Devil, feared dead.

Khunds not the first

PAST ALSO PLAGUED WITH ALIEN INVASIONS

Citizens of the world have known for years now that Superman is actually a visitor from another planet. However, since the modern age of "super-heroes" has begun, it has been learned that Earth is far from alone in the galaxy. According to works from the Institute for Paranormal Studies in Petaluma, California, a staggering number of aliens exist on Earth today. Some are well known, such as J'Onn J'Onzz of the Justice League, and some are lesser-known, such as the recently slain Green Lantern, Katma Tui. Many aliens have called Earth home, such as the Thanagarians Katar Hol and Shayera Thal, the modern-day Hawkman and Hawkwoman. Others are more recently arrived on Earth, such as the gold-skinned Arisia of the Green Lantern Corps. However, these aliens have come in ones or twos, as independent immigrants rather than as marshalled forces, and have posed no serious threat to mankind. In point of fact, these aliens have served the cause of justice as faithfully as Earth's native super-heroes.

In the wake of the current invasion, people have recalled previous alien attempts to take over the Earth. Some of the most noteworthy:

- A race called the Gordanians attempted a limited takeover but was defeated, appropriately, in United Nations Plaza by the Teen Titans.
- An unidentified race attempted an invasion that was repelled by the Justice League of America, though the understaffed team of JLAers was demoralized by the battle and went through an identity crisis that included a restructuring of the League with new, younger members and a brief relocation to Detroit.
- Most of Earth's super-heroes participated in a battle against robotic aliens from another world just last year which resulted in renewed interest in the White House's "star wars" policy.
- The Monsan, a dying alien race, made a final attempt at survival by trying to terraform Earth, making it habitable to them. The Justice League stopped the attempt.
- Alien plant lifeforms nearly overran the United States as helpful aliens from an unidentified star-system tried to correct the Earth's ecological imbalance. The plan went awry, forcing the Justice League into action.
- Aliens arrived trying to befriend mankind, but in the end tried to take over the world as we learned they were actually lizard-like creatures bent on bringing mankind home with them . . . for dinner. They were defeated, although more by underground human forces than the super-heroes.
- Aliens from another unidentified planet tried to take over the world and did manage to capture many of the alien super-heroes on Earth—Superman, Hawkman, J'Onn J'Onzz, and Starfire—but were defeated and banished quickly.

—R.E. Greenberger

DOOM PATROL LEADER DIES IN ARCTIC CONFLICT

by R.E. Greenberger

Washington, D.C.—Arani Caulder, leader of the current incarnation of the super-hero team called the Doom Patrol, was killed during a battle against alien invaders in the Arctic Circle.

The Doom Patrol, responding to the invasion threat *(Alien Invasion, Page 2)*, was aided in their battle by the undersea adventurers known as the Sea Devils and supported by armed forces provided by the undersea nation of Atlantis.

"Arani Caulder, known to all as Celsius, was struck down in a battle against the aliens called the Gil'dishpan," reported Pentagon spokesperson Roderick Caidin. "Several dozen Atlantean soldiers also perished, but the aliens' Arctic base was destroyed in the victorious mission."

The Gil'dishpan are the only non-humanoid aliens involved in the conflict. They are reported to breathe methane and travel in compact spheres filled with their atmosphere. They have armaments that enable them to engage in one-on-one combat and it was during such a combat that Caulder died.

This victory comes in the wake of similar reports around the world about super-heroes and conventional forces making significant gains against the seemingly overwhelming alien attackers.

The Doom Patrol has been based in Kansas City, Missouri, and the Pentagon confirmed Caulder's body was being flown there in preparation for a funeral. No one was available to speak for the Doom Patrol, although it is rumored that their original leader, Niles Caulder, has taken command once again.

Ms. Caulder, 35, has been the leader of the Doom Patrol since the team returned before the public eye three years ago. The team has kept a low profile over recent months but was one of the first teams to go into action when the invasion began. The six Patrol members are considered to be a powerful force but required as much help as possible to defeat the Gil'dishpan, according to Mr. Caidin.

According to a communication from Atlantis, Aquaman, that nation's one-time ruler, will return to America to confer with the American super-heroes who have banded together under Pentagon direction. During that communication, Aquaman said, "Celsius gave her life to save the world and there's no finer way a person can die. In Atlantis we have already planned a memorial service. Your nation should also mourn."

A team of scientists and United Nations peacekeeping forces have already been dispatched to study the combat zone to learn whatever possible about the Gil'dishpan.

U.N. Forces Desperate:

PACIFIC THEATRE EXPLODES WITH SURGING TIDE

by Robert Loren Fleming

Pacific (UP)—The situation was explosive today in the Pacific Theatre as U.N. forces fought desperately to hold back an invading alien tide surging across islands made famous by battles fought between the United States and Japan during World War II. The aliens spent the night securing their holds on the islands of Guam, Truk, and Ponape, which were all taken during a weekend marked by particularly heavy fighting. At daybreak, they massed on Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands, hitting the beach there at a troop strength outnumbering Earth forces by more than 20 to 1. The fighting on the beach was described by one survivor as "the worst thing I've ever seen, worse than films of the Normandy landing, worse than anyone could ever imagine."

Kwajalein is a small island two and a half miles long and a third of a mile wide, its importance negligible other than as a strategic stepping stone across the Pacific to Hawaii and then to the United States mainland. Americans learned this lesson in 1944 when the U.S. captured Kwajalein from Japanese forces as part of a push towards the East. The aliens are recreating the path taken by the U.S. Navy almost half a century ago, except that they are moving in the opposite direction. Now it is the Americans, along with other members of the U.N., who are straining to hold the line against an inexorable force moving with cold deliberation and startling swiftness. Whereas it took years for the U.S. Navy to cross these islands, the aliens are moving at the incredible rate of two islands per day, putting their estimated arrival in Hawaii at less than three weeks, and a possible attack on the California coast at less than a month.

These brutal aliens are part of a coalition of extraterrestrials called The Alliance. Sworn to rid the Earth of all paranormals—individuals possessed of super-human powers and abilities—The Alliance has delivered an ultimatum, demanding that Earth hand over all metahumans or suffer the consequences. Part of these consequences apparently includes the capture and subjugation of Earth civilization, especially the United States, which is the object of a pincer attack—one invading arm moving through China and across Russia, the other approaching from the Pacific. It is feared that if these two claws meet, the war will be over and the entire planet will belong to The Alliance.

In addition to the American divisions that form its core, the U.N. force includes fighting units from Australia, India, Southeast Asia, China, and Japan. The Justice League is also heavily represented, having been dispatched to advise on strategy and to perform search and destroy missions against the enemy at key tactical points, thereby weakening their strength and slowing their momentum. The heroes are desperately needed and much appreciated by the men who struggle on in this hellish climate. The fighting is brutal and intense because, unlike at any other front, the attacking forces are almost entirely composed of the alien race known as the Khunds.

The Khunds, of the planet Khundia, are a vicious race bent on death and destruction. They are so aggressive that, according to sources, minor arguments on Khundia are settled with duels to the death. This brutality is in ample evidence in the Pacific, where stories of Khundish cruelty and barbarism have been circulating among disbelieving U.N. troops. Photographic evidence of atrocities committed against U.N. prisoners of war and natives of the captured islands are far too graphic to be included in newspapers or news magazines. A Congressional committee convened to investigate these atrocities issued a 326-page report today detailing what it called "the greatest offense against humanity since Hitler's Final Solution."

The Khunds' progress across the Pacific has been spearheaded by another race, the Thanagarians, who have provided much-needed air support. Natives of the planet Thanagar, homeworld of Hawkman and Hawkwoman, the Thanagarians are almost as war-loving as the Khunds but have a firm emphasis on the mechanics of armed warfare. They are particularly skilled in the creation and implementation of exotic weaponry, including the warships from which they have conducted bombing runs here, on the Russian front, and in various strategic locations around the world.

The combined might of the Thanagarian/Khundish assault has proven so devastating that Earth forces have tried to adopt a new tactic: the "scorched earth" technique, in which retreating forces destroy their bases as they leave so as to prevent the enemy from using their own weapons against them. However, the Khunds have their own weapons far superior to their opponents'. They have been seen picking up Earth weaponry to test its potential, firing it at one another, and simply laughing at its ineffectiveness.

Experts assess the conflict in this particular theater of war as one of the most crucial.

Photo by Eric Peterson

Alliance technology destroys a Russian shuttle defying the aliens' ban on space travel.

EARTH: ISLAND APART

by Robert Loren Fleming

Cape Canaveral, Florida (UP)—Earth remained isolated from any form of space traffic today, as dozens of Alliance space vessels—commonly referred to as "mother ships," due to their size and launching capabilities—maintained stationary orbits around the moon, effectively blockading all incoming and outgoing space traffic. Warnings were issued on all radio frequencies instructing Earth vessels to remain on their launching pads or risk destruction. As a warning, a Russian orbiter that had lifted off earlier that day was immediately destroyed in mid-flight by a laser beam expertly directed from an alien vessel located thousands of miles away. The charred capsule splashed down seconds later in the Atlantic Ocean just off the coast of Florida in what has been described by witnesses as a bizarre and horrific replay of the incident that befell the crew of the space shuttle Republic last year. In this case, however, the fortified hull of the Soviet capsule survived its impact with the ocean surface, and the burned remains of the cosmonauts provided grim testimony to the agonizing final moments of the five veteran spacemen.

While a few Earth satellites have been destroyed by the alien armada, remaining intact are most known intelligence satellites, also referred to as "spy-eye" satellites or "eyes in the sky" due to their roles as electronic eavesdroppers for the world's intelligence agencies. Scientists speculate that the spy-eyes have been spared for the purpose of demonstrating to the nations of Earth in the most graphic possible way the utter futility of armed resistance to the invasion. After having used the highly sensitive and advanced instrumentation aboard those satellites to monitor and calculate the size and strength of the alien forces, a large number of independent Earth agencies counseled surrender as the only alternative to total annihilation.

One question raised by the shooting down of only a select few of the thousands of satellites currently orbiting the Earth concerned the functions of those satellites singled out for destruction. Both U.S. and Soviet spokespersons refused comment today, stating reasons of national security, but there is speculation that those satellites were components in both countries' escalating strategic defense—or "star wars"—initiatives and may have represented violations of treaties banning the testing and deployment of such devices.

The two world powers did reach agreement on a cooperative space venture of a different sort yesterday, launching a super-telescope that had been in development for the planned U.S./U.S.S.R. mission to Mars scheduled to take place at the turn of the century. The gigantic telescope was successfully lifted into orbit for the purpose of gaining a closer look at the alien armada and their highly advanced technology. However, it was destroyed by the aliens piece by piece, slowly, as if the aliens were toying with the machinery in a prideful show of force.

The Alliance is a coalition of nine alien races who have formed a pact to eliminate the planet Earth for reasons currently unknown. According to their most recent communication, The Alliance representatives have threatened to destroy the planet if all Earth's super-heroes are not voluntarily surrendered to them. However, as of today, they have met with nothing but resistance to their demand. Whether they will back up their threats with action remains to be seen.

HARASSMENT BOMBING RUNS CONTINUE WORLDWIDE

by Robert Loren Fleming

Thanagarian warships today continued a campaign of carefully targeted bombing runs apparently intended to harass and intimidate the nations of Earth. Targets of these runs included the Leaning Tower of Pisa in Italy; the Parthenon in Greece; the Sphinx in Egypt; the Great Wall of China; Mount Rushmore in the United States; and Stonehenge in England. Bombs were also dropped on cathedrals, museums, and universities in San Juan, Puerto Rico; Madrid, Spain; Johannesburg, South Africa; Warsaw, Poland; Tel Aviv, Israel; São Paolo, Brazil; and at least 18 other locat s.

While the impact of such destruction has left its inevitable mark on the residents of these various communities, no actual loss of life has been reported. This is due to the highly unusual advance warnings issued by the Thanagarians before each attack. Broadcast in various Earth languages over multiple radio frequencies, these warnings revealed the precise time of the attacks, the angles of approach, the exact coordinates of the targeted area, and the projected radius of the blast. Authorities speculate that these warnings were not intended to prevent loss of life but were rather designed to humiliate and demoralize the armed forces and paranormal defenders of Earth. Despite advance knowledge of every bombing run, not one was stopped or even forestalled by Earth forces.

The Thanagarians, residents of the planet Thanagar, homeworld of Hawkman and Hawkwoman, are a warlike race well-schooled in the use of exotic weaponry. In the ongoing invasion of Earth by a coalition of alien races, the function of the Thanagarians has been primarily confined to air support. Their highly advanced warships were designed for the very type of mission in which they are currently engaged: precision bombings calling for both speed and extreme accuracy. Thanagarian forces are also providing crucial air support in the heavy fighting on the Russian front and the Pacific Theater, as well. The exact size of their fleet is not known, but military experts estimate the number to be in the thousands. More attacks are expected tomorrow.

COMMUTER UPDATE

Subways and buses are running on emergency schedules. Call the following number for times: 555-6666.

METRO

LOOTING RIOTS HIT METROPOLIS

by Michael De Lepine

Metropolis—As a result of the Alliance invasion that has left the world stunned *(Alien Invasion, Page 2)*, a temporary state of martial law has been declared in Metropolis in an attempt to stem the tide of looting and wanton violence.

Complicating efforts by Metropolis's law enforcement to halt the panic in the streets is the absence of Superman, whose sporadic appearances of late have left people wondering what he is actually doing about the invasion and its ramifications.

Across the city, police S.W.A.T. units, assisted by National Guardsmen, are exercising a "shoot to wound" order handed down by the Governor toward any civilian caught engaging in criminal mischief. Additionally, emergency paramedic units report an estimated three-to-one ratio between the number of emergency calls over the number of ambulances able to respond. Local firefighters report similar shortages in manpower. "I tell you, it's frightening." Metropolis Fire Marshall Ron Carlinetta told the Planet. "We just can't handle it all. Just when we kill one three-alarm blaze, three five-alarmers sprout up half way 'cross town. If Superman were here, we would have some slack."

"The invasion swept through us like some tornado," Capt. Maggie Sawyer, head of Metropolis Special Crimes Unit, said. "Everywhere you looked, there was total chaos. Now all the creeps are poppin' out of the woodwork, lookin' to take advantage. But I'll be damned if anyone's gonna get away with it in my city!"

Capt. Sawyer made that bold challenge at the scene just outside S.T.A.R. Labs, where an attempted burglary was foiled after three men tripped a silent alarm while stealing a set of high-intensity laser drills. The drills were used in a shootout with the SCU before the men were apprehended. Their identities have been withheld.

Other reported crimes across town include the following:

- An elderly couple was arrested for driving their pick-up truck headlong into the store window of Freda the Furrier's at 100 East Street, killing eight people and seriously injuring four others. They took an estimated $730,000 in fur coats before being caught by police after a 14-block chase.

- A crowded C&O Music World on West Street and Belmont was firebombed by a group of teenagers using molotov cocktails. The resulting stampede through the rear entrance of the store caused a death toll currently standing at six. Audio and video equipment in excess of $18,000 was reported stolen; damages totalled $45,000.

- A small riot erupted in front of City Hall yesterday between government employees and demonstrators refusing to allow passage through their picket line. The demonstrators, calling themselves the Anti-Alien Alliance, called for Congressional pressure toward immediate expulsion of all alien members of the Justice League International. Police were forced to use fire hoses and tear gas to finally calm the rioters. Fifty-one arrests were made; twenty people were hospitalized.

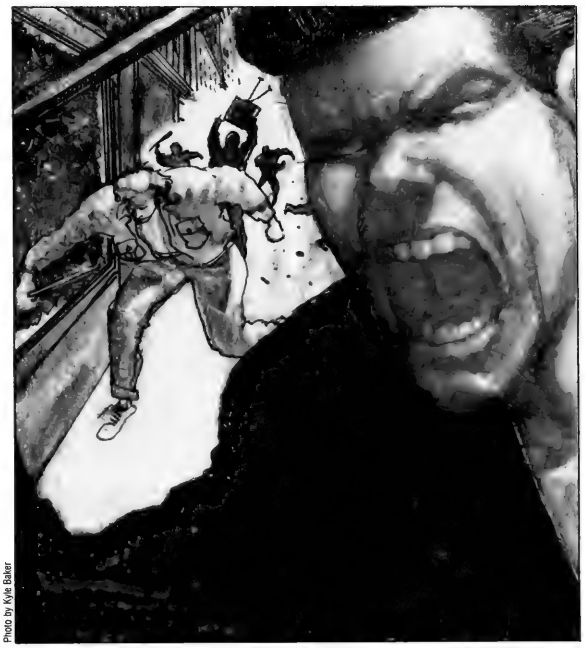


Photo by Kyle Baker

Martial law reigns in the streets of Metropolis as looters besiege the city.

Photo by Eric Peterson

SORROW IN THE STREETS: Following the decimation in Suicide Slum, Mayor Berkowitz walks the neighborhood streets, comforting Metropolitans as best he can.

LUTHOR HOPES TO HOUSE HOMELESS

by Renée Witterstaetter

METROPOLIS—Once again, Lex Luthor, philanthropist, millionaire, and president/owner of Lexcorp, has leapt to the support of the common man in the wake of the alien invasion.

Though Metropolis has not been hit by The Alliance as hard as have such locations as Melbourne, many buildings have been destroyed both by aliens and by gangs of looters taking advantage of the panic in the streets. Most have been retail establishments; however, two buildings in Metropolis's ritzy Sommerset district and one major housing development in Suicide Slum have been leveled. Though most of those buildings' residents were in fallout shelters awaiting further word on the invasion at the time of the destruction, meaning that there was little loss of life, hundreds of families are still homeless.

Under the circumstances, Lex Luthor called a closed, high-security press conference late last evening at the Chilton-Astoria in downtown Metropolis. Only press with special coded passes were allowed into the hall. As usual, Mr. Luthor was prompt and well-spoken.

"As a fellow citizen of Metropolis, I feel that it is as much my duty as anyone's to help rebuild the structures that have fallen as a result of the invasion," said Luthor. "Consequently, I have established a building fund with which reconstruction can begin immediately. After these structures are restored, I plan to continue the fund in the event it is needed under similar circumstances in the future. Lex Luthor plans to be here for Metropolis until this crisis is over—and long afterward."

This is the third press conference that Luthor has held in the past few months—yet this one seemed to be more heavily guarded than others, which is not surprising, as several months ago at a press conference at Metropolis Memorial Hospital, violence broke out during an attempt on Luthor's life. That event was to honor Luthor for building a new state-of-the-art neurosurgery center at Metropolis Memorial and for underwriting bills for the Center's first patient, Milton Fine, former circus performer and accused murderer.

Luthor is also considering setting up a separate fund for rebuilding business. However, the "Daily Planet", which was also heavily damaged, will not be included in this fund at the "Planet's" request.

GUARDIAN ARROWS TAKE ON THE SORROWS OF A CITY

by Barbara Kesel

Metropolis—They are young people: students, workers. In the wake of the panic created by the alien invasion, they are heroes. Rather than desert a city crippled by fear, they have mobilized their forces to safeguard citizens, sporting their distinctive red berets and spreading their "older brother" protective style throughout the city. They've been called saviors and menaces. They call themselves the Guardian Arrows.

With every law enforcement and emergency services agent working double-time just to keep the panic in check, the Arrows are laboring to keep the trouble spots from spreading, hitting the streets in doubled patrols. Other Arrows are working side-by-side with law enforcement officials who just last month lobbied to have them outlawed. Every available force is out on the streets trying to get people to return to their homes and stay calm.

The Arrows are doing the best they can, with Arrow patrols making themselves obvious at several of the city's most dangerous spots: the subways, bridges, and tunnels. With so many trying to evacuate at once, all city exits are gridlocked and violent fights are erupting at the most congested scenes. Looters are running wild and psychopaths are letting loose. It is a wild drunken party where Arrow kids are playing parent. They are effective, but they are only human in a city that has come to expect super-heroic help.

And where, some ask, are New York's traditional protectors? Where are the Titans?

"We really could have used Cyborg down here to help us," says Enuncio Verduz, a Guardian Arrow on patrol under the streets along the number 1 subway line. "I mean, we're keeping things pretty much under control, me and the other guys here, but we got people jumping down and running through the tunnels and there's not enough of us to stop them."

Where are the Titans? No one seems to know. All calls placed to their emergency number are forwarded to local law enforcement agencies without explanation. Are they hiding in their Tower, watching the situation from their island in the East River? At least one of their members is an alien; have they decided to join the invaders? Or have they given in to the pressure and disbanded? Whatever the reason, the only person seen lately at Titans Tower is an unidentified youngster.

"Hey, we're the Titans now," says Derek Stone, an Arrow. "If they aren't going to show, then we're it," he smiles as he snags another looter. The Arrows, who are bringing in more criminals than police headquarters, fully-staffed but overworked, can handle, are being told to concentrate on felons and to simply try to get the others to go home and stay there. The Arrows have begun an informal escort service for those both causing and avoiding trouble. Derek stops to grab a jelly doughnut from one of the many boxes donated by a local bakery before escorting his prisoner home. They'll be walking the entire way, since there are no cabs in sight.

This is the toughest job the Arrows have ever had. At the storefront at 45th, which is serving as a temporary local headquarters, there are constant reminders that acting as the city's protector without the benefit of super-powers is difficult. Ray Seravaccio, an EMT serving as house doctor, finishes binding Cindy Cooper's arm. A terrified Park Avenue matron sent her two pet Dobermans after the girl, thinking she was a mugger. Leroi Wilkins waits patiently, a bloody bandage pressed against his stomach. Life-threatening cases are rushed to the hospital. Anything else will get treated more quickly here than at any of the city's besieged emergency rooms.

Despite the horrors outside, the mood in here is jovial, though strained. The Arrows inside are eating, sleeping, or healing. Senior citizens and younger volunteers keep the Arrows going. They prepare food, clean up after the patrols, and tuck blankets around the exhausted sleepers. Martin "Speedy" Munoz keeps watch over two trash cans filled with confiscated weaponry, which will be turned over to the police as soon as they're able to spare a vehicle to retrieve them. Any able-bodied Arrow hits the streets as soon as a group of three is available. It doesn't faze them that hostile aliens wait in orbit; they have work to do and are proud to be able to do it.

But all the Guardian Arrows in the world may not make a difference. Organized groups of young people trained to take control of a fight with potentially armed opponents without being armed themselves are no match for bug-eyed alien monsters with laser guns and spaceships. However, as long as the menace remains human, the city can survive. Our Guardian Arrows are there.

Photo by Dennis Janke

The Guardian Arrows, Metropolis's street vigilantes, work against impossible odds to make the city safe.

Police Stumped

GANGBUSTER BUSTING OUT ALL OVER

by John Mahoney

Metropolis—According to police, the mysteries surrounding the resurgence of Suicide Slum's own self-styled protector and guardian angel, Gangbuster, compound almost daily of late. José Delgado, the original Gangbuster—who was nearly fatally wounded in a devastating confrontation with a super-powered madman calling himself Combattor in a successful effort to protect Daily Planet reporter Lois Lane from his violent advances last fall—has been cleared as a suspect in the latest reports of Gangbuster activity.

Delgado has been convalescing since the Combattor incident both at his apartment in Suicide Slum and at the Advance Research Facility just outside of Bakerline. Doctor Happersen, Delgado's personal therapist at the facility, has satisfied local authorities that, even with the great advances Delgado has miraculously made in the short time since his tragic accident, Delgado is innocent. "There is no possibility whatsoever that José could be making the moves and doing the things this new Gangbuster is reportedly doing," the famed researcher said.

When reached for comment, Delgado, in an understandably bitter tone, said, "I have no regrets about what I've done or what I've become, except that someone's now out there getting what my Gangbuster stood for all wrong."

Metropolis's Special Crimes Unit has been receiving hundreds and hundreds of phone calls from citizens claiming to have spotted the vigilante in or around every neighborhood and borough of Metropolis. Sgt. Ben "Terrible" Turpin—special assistant to Lt. Margaret Sawyer—had this to say about the latest rash of sightings: "The thing that's got me worried ain't so much the phone calls or the number of them. What's burning my butt is that the average Joe wants us to leave the bum alone. They say they feel safer with someone like the Gangbuster patrolling their block."

The massive Turpin went on to say, "Believe me, that don't make me or Maggie feel like no million bucks. We're doing the same kind of work and he's getting all the public support."

In fact, several local civilian groups are setting up insurance funds for the "hero" in case anything like what happened to José Delgado were to happen to this new Gangbuster. This way, there would be some kind of medical coverage to help him in his time of need. "It must be that people respond to the results Gangbuster gets," Turpin figures. "You know, I'll bet that if we didn't have to deal with all the paperwork at the station, maybe we could get more done . . . like he does."

In another bizarre development, Gangbuster was recently spotted in operation outside of Metropolis . . . at New York City's United Nations building. New York law enforcement agencies are now cooperating with Lt. Sawyer with exchanges of information in an effort to speed Gangbuster's apprehension. Speculation on how Gangbuster—presumed to be an ordinary, non-powered human—can traverse the great distance between two cities like New York and Metropolis has merely led to further unanswered questions.

Though he has yet to mortally wound any of his victims—Gangbuster was recently cleared in the murder of known gangster Max Carter—he is still wanted for questioning in numerous cases of assault and battery, harassment, reckless endangerment, and carrying an illegal stungun-like weapon with the intent to cause bodily harm.

Any readers of the Daily Planet with information leading to the location of Gangbuster should call 1-800-555-2857. Again, the alleged vigilante is simply wanted for questioning at this time.

FLY BILL SWATS OPPOSITION

by Don Lambert

Washington, D.C.—Rumors from Capitol Hill today indicate growing support for a bill requiring the licensing of all paranormals who fly.

This bill, dubbed the "Chicken Little" Amendment, was first introduced last year by Majority Whip Harrison La Bello. Since then, it has become to some a hotly debated political issue, to others a major embarrassment. While most government sources declined to comment or publicly acknowledge support of the bill, Civil Aeronautics Director Filbert Tyler has stated repeatedly the pressing need for this legislation.

"In light of recent events, I see an immediate need to protect super-heroes from mid-air collisions and civilians from falling debris. The passing of this bill is long overdue."

When asked if there would be any further legal obstacles, especially from the Paranormal Lobby, Mr. Tyler replied, "The American people have a right to be protected from well-meaning but irresponsible activities in their airspace. There are enough deaths every year from licensed aircraft. We don't need the intrusion of unregulated flying heroes."

In an unprecedented show of municipal, state, and federal unity, air traffic controllers have shown unilateral support for Mr. Tyler's position.

Although passage of the bill has been delayed due to the complicated and detailed—not to mention sensitive—nature of paranormal licensing, lesser issues of insurance, safety, and enforcement are equally important.

Few, if any, super-heroes feel the need for regulation or are enthusiastic about being required to wear landing lights, proximity sirens, or "day-glo" uniforms. They also have deep reservations about the proposed new form of "malpractice" flight insurance being talked about by the insurance industry.

Neither representatives of the Paranormal Lobby nor any superheroes were available for comment.

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Founded in 1775
by Joshua Merriwether

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INVASION: THE *TRUE* THREAT

by Perry White

The message was broadcast loud and clear to the nations of Earth: The Alliance plans to destroy our planet unless we sacrifice to them Superman and the other heroes who continue to protect the quality of human life.

Make no mistake: the threat of the Alien Alliance is a serious threat. The people of Australia know this; the citizens of Cuba are aware of the dangers these invaders pose.

However, what seems to elude too many people—including, tragically, many Metropolitans, as well as the staff of the *Metropolis Eagle*—is the obvious: the Alien Alliance is not the *true* threat.

The real menace is us. You and I. And the power *we* hold to decide the outcome of this war.

The Alliance's promise to leave Earth alone in exchange for its super-heroes is an old yet cunning trick. In preying upon the fears of the common man, the aliens have caused us to question our faith in the super-heroes who have been among the world's strongest defenders of life and liberty.

The *Planet* has made its position clear. We realize that our world's "meta-humans" have snatched victory from the jaws of defeat too many times for us to turn our backs on them.

Would that everyone else come to that conclusion as well. However, that faith is being questioned by several factions, including some who arise from most unexpected corners. The *Eagle*, usually a responsible paper, seems to be uncertain as to what degree they should defend the freedom of Earth's super-heroes. Should the United Nations negotiate with the Alliance, they ask? Should we tell our heroes to "lie low" in hopes that an accord may more quickly be reached? The *Eagle* has even raised the issue of whether internment camps for known extraterrestrials, be they super-villains or super-heroes, might not be a viable option given the threat of the Alliance.

Ridiculous.

Perhaps the citizens of Earth, who for many years have been protected by such staunch champions of justice as Hawkman, the Martian Manhunter, Starfire—and *Superman*—would like to take a moment to reflect on how different their lives would be had we never had their services upon which to rely. How can any man or woman who has ever been witness to the noble sacrifices these heroes make be so quick to condemn them?

The *Planet* has no doubt that the Earth will emerge victorious. But that victory will be achieved by—and *only* by—the super-heroes. We are up against a military force mightier than the combined armies of recorded history. We must not fool ourselves; the super-heroes are our single hope.

In order to win, the heroes must know that the people of Earth stand behind them. They must know that our faith in them remains unshaken.

The Alliance is a direct threat. It is the heroes' job to combat it. "Anti-hero" sentiment bred from fear is an indirect threat against which the super-heroes are powerless. It is *our* job to combat that.

It is by far the least we can do.

Perry White

METRO REPORT

BY CLARK KENT

SUPERMEN ARE EVERYWHERE IN METROPOLIS

You might not've expected it, but in this time of intergalactic crisis, mankind can take heart in its mettle and fortitude. I know . . . I've seen it in action first-hand, in Bakerline, in Suicide Slum, in Park Ridge, and right outside your door. One need not be in the thick of the recent developments concerning Earth's invasion to be able to witness almost supernatural feats of humanity—kind acts unifying all against one common enemy.

Guess that's human nature, though, no?

Ultimately, that's all we have to help us through this surreal turn of recent events—human nature. It's what we all have in common, and it just may prove to be our greatest weapon against the forces massed against us just outside of our atmosphere.

That's what Will Barnes figures, anyway.

Will was never much for pitching in—or so his friends and neighbors around Palmetto Street in Bakerline thought.

But push a guy like Will just a bit, and you find where the true heroes of the invasion will emerge. The Florence Nightingales, the Theodore Roosevelts, the José Delgados. The common man, driven by circumstances beyond his usual potential, pushed to greater service by outstanding events.

Normally Will runs the corner newsstand at 77th Street and 4th Avenue in Bakerline, selling the Planet, the Star, gum, cigarettes, you name it.

Then they attacked.

Will—legally blind—did not really know what was going on . . . but he immediately offered his tumble-down shack of a business as a shelter. Even as the skyscrapers of Metropolis around him began to crumble around him, his tiny newsshed became a haven from the rain of terror.

Rich Arons—one of Will's regulars—joined the elderly newshawk in administering first aid to the injured nearby. Literally giving the shirt off his back for makeshift surgical wrappings, Rich said when the first wave of mayhem died down, "How could a guy not help? If someone like old man Barnes is out there scrambling, you'd have to be pretty messed up to turn the other way if people are sitting there hurting."

Word in Bakerline is that Superman's talked to, or will be talking to, the alien invaders about a cease-fire in the near future. But Carol Guiducci, part owner of Guiducci Boutiques, thinks that even the Man of Steel will be useless against the alien alliance. "If we can't do it ourselves, we can't expect him to bail us out . . . this is our fight and we can do it if we just put our minds to it!"

In the Park Ridge borough, emergency hospitals and shelters have been set up by numerous citizens' groups and by people like the Lawlor sisters. Patty and Maureen Lawlor have turned a wing of their private residence into a temporary home for the newly destitute. "We weren't using the rooms, anyway—not since our husbands passed on, anyway," Patty commented. "Being veterans of a couple of foreign wars, they would've wanted us to help," added Maureen as she passed out some of her now-renowned cheese sandwiches.

Regular folk doing extraordinary things.

The Will Barneses. The Rich Aronses. The Carol Guiduccis. The Lawlors. They're the ones who are going to make the difference in this strange conflict.

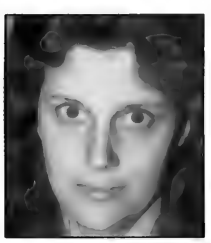
Here in Metropolis it's time we all realized that it's always better to expect the unexpected. I know . . . I've seen it.

Arthur Young's PERSONALITY PARADE

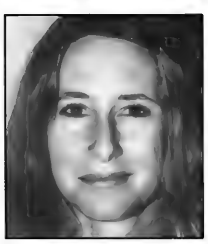
Photos by Albert DeGuzman

Our on-the-spot reporters across the country went to people on the street with this question: "How has the Alliance Invasion affected your life?"

DR. JENET KLYBURN
Metropolis
"It's affected my sleeping habits! The Invasion has become S.T.A.R. Labs' top priority. The government has commissioned S.T.A.R. to work around the clock to come up with an effective way to combat the invaders should the heroes fail. But I can't complain. These super-heroes have saved this planet countless times—it's our duty to help out now that they need us."



BARBARA GORDON
Gotham City
"It's . . . I don't know, it's terrible. I wish there was something I could do to help, but I . . . I feel more helpless than ever now. I'm sure the super-heroes can handle it, though. They've never needed my help before—I mean . . . I'm sorry, that's all I can say."



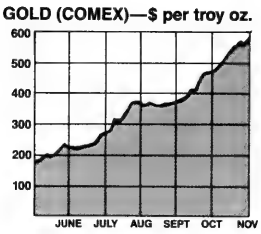
ABIGAIL CABLE
Houma
"Can't you people stop hounding me? This horrible alien attack has taken away the one person I love. But then, you vultures from the press are always there when Alec is taken away from me, aren't you? Well, just remember what happened to Gotham City the last time. Now, get out of here and leave me alone!"

ERIC STRAUSS
New York City
"I'm not worried. I mean, this sort of thing is old hat to the super-heroes, isn't it? They must do this kind of stuff all the time, I guess, I'm sure people like Doctor Fate have the situation well in hand . . . I think."

FUNKY FLASHMAN
Hollywood
"It's big, pilgrim! Get in on the ground floor of the most powerful, pulse-pounding, pulverizing pugilistic betting pool since Tyson–Spinks! I'm laying 5-to-4 odds that the Dominion will rule the Earth when this mess is over, but 3-to-1 that the Khunds will blow it up before they can! So don't delay! Send all your cash to Funky Flashman at—hey, come back, I'm not finished yet—"

VANESSA KAPATELIS
Boston
"Wow, you really want to know what I think? Well, if you asked me a couple'a years ago, I'd've been real scared, but now that we've got Diana—I mean, Wonder Woman—well, she'll take care of those stupid aliens, you just watch! She'll keep the world safe for man and womankind!"

DAILY PLANET • FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1988



BUSINESS

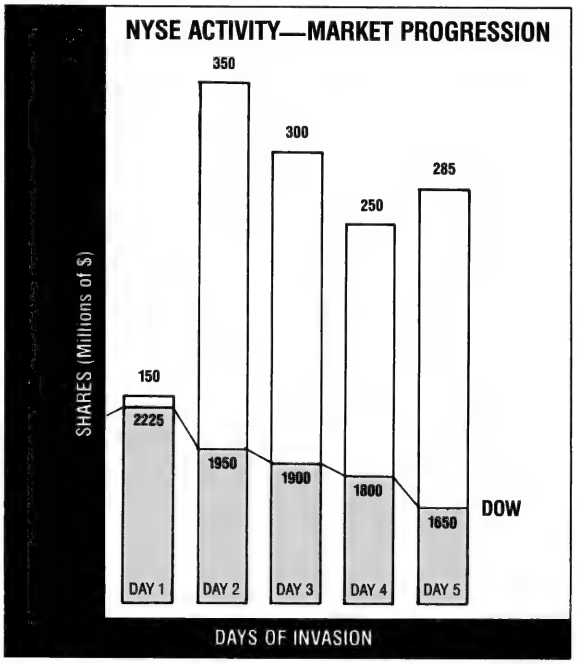
MARKETS REACT TO INVASION

Gold Rise Slows; Australian Dollar Plummets

Foreign News—Markets across the world continued to react to the Invasion today, with rumors of a cease-fire raising bullish spirits while more details on the damage already done depressed investors. Trading in all markets was especially volatile during the hour or so during which unconfirmed rumors of a truce swept the world, but as denials emerged from major government sources, most markets returned to their pre-rumor levels. Summarizing the major financial developments:

Precious metals remained high on the Tokyo and London Exchanges last night but showed their first signs of stability, with gold closing at $50/oz., the first increase of less than 100% in any day since the beginning of the Invasion. In a related development, precious gems and fine art prices continued their pattern of escalation.

In Chicago, crop futures rose the limit at opening again, with investors developing a side market in them unrelated to the limits of official trading. The clamor for a change in the limit rules grew, citing the circumstances of Invasion and the rumored destruction of the Australian grain fields. American, Canadian, and Argentine wheat rose sharply for the fourth consecutive day. In Washington, the Department of Agriculture announced that price supports for farmers not planting crops would be suspended in favor of maximum production, and high-level commitments were reportedly made to Japan to give that country a priority on all available foodstuffs. Congressional oversight committees reportedly will pass legislation to legalize the DOA's action as soon as war-related bills clear the Senate floor.



Currency markets remained dangerously unstable, threatening to destroy the basis of world trade, with funds being moved out of all currency markets into tangible assets. The Group of Seven is said to be in emergency session, but none of the governments involved will confirm the travel plans of their finance ministers under wartime conditions. In the sporadic trading reported, the Australian dollar came close to collapse, with the exchange rate below the U.S. $0.10 mark where it traded yesterday. The dollar, pound, and mark remained relatively stable relative to each other, while the yen continued to rise.

Bond and equity markets continued their pattern of radical swings. In Tokyo, the Nikkei Dow was down 25% over the previous day's close, with the major trading companies particularly hard-hit. In London, UK depository rights in Broken Hill Proprietary and News Company were particularly hard-hit, leading a list of Australia-based companies whose values have been nearly wiped out since the Invasion began. Balancing that, several South African industrials rose sharply, as investors assumed that raw materials supplies will be adversely affected by the fighting in Australia and the USSR.

In the U.S., trading on the NYSE was a heavy 285 million shares, continuing the major movements by institutions out of equities and into tangibles and secured loans. The Dow Industrials were down another 150 points to a post-Invasion low of 1650. Amex, NASDAQ, and other markets moved in parallel. Major banks announced the securitization of their secured loans to Fortune 500 companies, and underwriters began pricing the new securities. Several analysts expected these to be the only new issues to come to market until the international situation is resolved. Companies with significant underutilized capacity for defense contracts rose, though less than in previous days as the rumored truce indicated to investors that this war may not last long enough for the traditional military suppliers to profit.

[Due to war-related problems, the wire services have been unable to file full financial data by press time again today. For all available information, please see pages 2–5.]

LEXCORP POSITIONED FOR PROFIT

Hi-tech manufacturer joins war effort

by Paul Levitz

Metropolis—Lexcorp Chairman and Chief Executive Lex Luthor announced a major restructuring of the technology- and services-based corporation known as Lexcorp that would enable it to support the war effort. In a prepared announcement, Luthor commented, "It is vital that Lexcorp's commanding lead in technology be placed at the side of the government in this moment of crisis." To move swiftly, Lexcorp will make its high technology secrets available for military use under a precedent-setting agreement with the government. Technology currently utilized by Lexcorp and protected as trade secrets, or in the early stages of patent filing, will be granted immediate and extended patents—covering all distinctive technology and lasting for the ordinary 17 years of patent protection plus an additional ten years to cover the estimated time they would have been protected by Lexcorp's stringent trade secrets program before being filed. Unnamed spokespersons at the White House said the deal has been struck at the highest level with the consent of Congressional leaders, and ". . . sort of shoved down the throat of the Patent Office." This will be the first extended patent term legislation since World War II veterans were granted limited rights to extensions up until 1950.

Lexcorp stock rose 3¼ on the announcement, to a close of 128¾ today. Analyst Tom Pattison, who follows the firm for the brokerage house of Pattison, Cowen, Clark and Grant, cited "Luthor's canniness at striking a deal that is both patriotic and incredibly profitable. Lexcorp will gain access to prime government contracts in trade for making his technology available, but he will also get unprecedented patent protection."

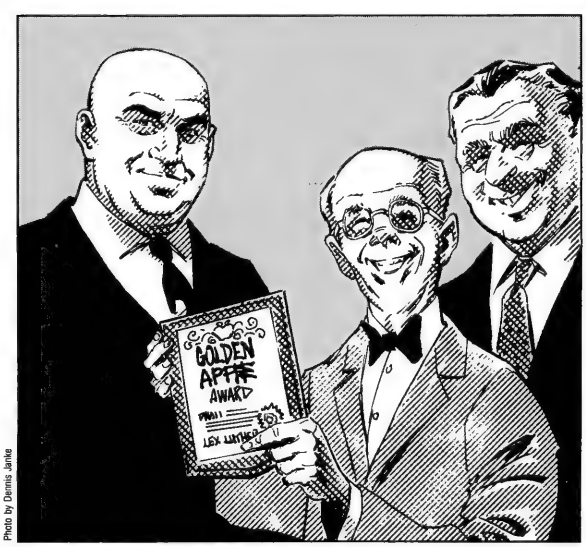
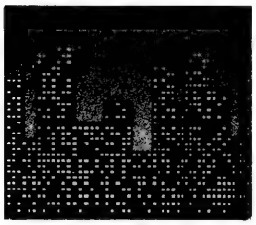


Photo by Dennis Janke

Lex Luthor, the millionaire businessman whose company has joined Earth's war effort, receives a humanitarian award from magazine publisher William Liebowitz.



City Life

TERROR AFOOT:

Ordzilla deemed "smashing"

ORDZILLA, starring Jeremiah Way, Veronica Lawlor, and the city of Tokyo. A LaBanza production, opening Friday.

FILM REVIEW
Catherine Grant

Ordzilla, the latest blockbuster from Vito de LaBanza, received an exhilarating premiere reception last night from a highly excited audience at Metropolis's famed Jumpstart Cineplex. In production for nearly two years, under a tight veil of secrecy, look for this multi-million-dollar extravaganza to become the season's hottest hit.

The film opens with a dynamic special effect shot of a disabled alien spacecraft passing through our atmosphere. Caught in an electrical storm, the ship soon crashes into a major Japanese electronics complex. Meanwhile, Studs Callahan (played by television star Jeremiah Way) relaxes at home watching movies on a VCR while playing with his lizard. When the alien vessel explodes in a pyrotechnic blaze of special-effects wizardry, an electro-radioactive wave erupts, encasing his home. The resulting power surge causes the VCR to explode, and Way is quickly knocked unconscious. Upon awakening, he finds his VCR in need of repair and his lizard gone. Shortly, Studs begins a horrible mutation into a monstrous creature, as he discovers that the explosion has started a chromosomal melding between man and lizard.

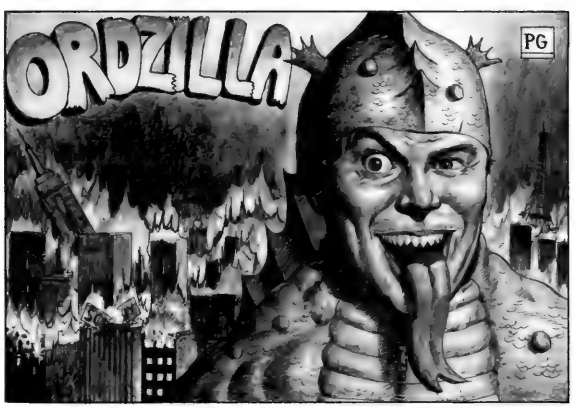
But *Ordzilla* is more than a monster movie—it's also a love story. Studs's girlfriend, played by newcomer Veronica Lawlor, finds herself torn between her love for Studs and her repulsion over his conversion into a scaled demon. Lawlor and Way generate an amazing screen magnetism when together, though their far-too-many music-video-style love scenes early in the film drag needlessly on.

But it is Jeremiah Way, as the confused and bewildered beast Ordzilla, who commands the show. Costumed in a state-of-the-art rubber monster suit, the characterization he creates is both terrifying and heart-rending. Utilizing incredibly subtle eye gestures, Jeremiah brought a tear to virtually every eye at the opening night screening during the pivotal scene when Ordzilla first discovers he can barf nuclear waste.

German director Herr Bruning must be credited for capturing a virtuoso range of emotions from his leading star. When Way isn't using his eyes, he finds some other part of his body through which to show his feelings. One observes best the emotional torment Way projects in a scene where Ordzilla raises his foot above the Sony building, demonstrating through complete body language his indecision over crushing the facility or returning his VCR under its warranty. In the following moments, as the camera focuses solely on the bottom of his faltering leg, it becomes clear that Jeremiah Way exhibits more acting ability in his foot than other major stars have in their big toe.

As one would expect from a LaBanza film, all other production values in addition to the special effects are top-notch. Of special note is the exciting musical solo drum score composed by famed rock musician Michael J. Carlini, used to emphasize the lizard's jungle ancestry. Expect several top-five singles to be culled from this soundtrack.

Run, don't walk, to the most exciting genre picture in years . . . and I'll see you at the movies.



He's a mean, green fighting machine: ***Ordzilla*** premieres citywide today.

TEEN BEAM

Every week, the Planet features a guest editorial by one of Metropolis's younger citizens. If you're under 18 and have something to say of general interest, submit your essay of approximately 500 words to "Teen Beam," in care of this newspaper. This week's entrant is Sidney Mellon, sophomore at Crenshaw High School.

Imagine a world without superheroes.

Aye, it scarcely seems possible. Yet recall that once, in the eldritch age when our grandparents were young, there were no such heroes upon this earth. And, with but a few ironic twists of Fate, there might be none today. Indeed, perhaps somewhere in the multiverse, on an alternate time-stream, there exists an Earth much like ours, only never blessed by super-powered champions of justice.

And oh, what a tragic Earth it would be! For any reading of world history, which I have been studying intensively since September, shows us how crucial our super-human benefactors have been in shaping our world. Surely without the senses-shattering triumphs of the All-Star Squadron in World War II, we would have been overrun by the Nazis and their allies. Perhaps even now we would be ground under the yoke of oppression.

Yet even if democracy somehow survived without the aid of costumed superbeings, this Earth would be a nigh-unliveable place. The everyday troubles of our world would be like unto apocalypses in that one. Colorfully-clad villains would plunder at will. The police would be incapable of catching a single crook. All cities would be so corrupt that the people could turn nowhere for help. And gangs with weird hair would rule the streets.

But even that would pale to veritable nothingness against the super-scientific criminals who would control that Earth's industries, the mad leader who would hurl it into one total war after another. Even natural disasters would rage unchecked, for who would there be to plug the volcanoes, divert the comets, and scatter the tidal waves that so regularly menace mankind?

And what of aliens? The force which currently threatens the Earth is only one in a long series of extraterrestrial attacks which have been battled in pulse-pounding fury by our tight-clad titans. Imagine, then, our alternate Earth, naught but a charnel house and prison camp, its resources stripped, its populace mind-enslaved, its cities cratered . . . all for the lack of super-heroes.

Yet mankind cannot live without heroes. If masked manhunters did not exist, then mankind would have to make them up. No one would read boring novels about "realistic" human relationships and stuff. Nay! As they huddled in their shelters and hovels on that smoking wreck of a world, they would read only colorful graphic literature—what we foolishly dismiss as "comic books"—telling of the mythic exploits of fictional super-heroes.

Of course, no mere human imagination could conceive the likes of Superman, Batman, or the Justice League. Or even Wild Dog. But heroes there would be, heroes with names like . . . who knows? Lady Lightningsword . . . Darkblood . . . or Thunderskull. Though not real, they would serve nonetheless to lift mankind's spirit so that it could go on living, even if the world be hell. For, as the great Bartlett wrote in his book, *Familiar Quotations*, "The belief in heroes makes us heroic."

And I like to think that prominent among the citizens of that spine-tingling alternate Earth is a young hero . . . a hero who courageously and selflessly wields the power of his pen to inspire a cowering mankind with epic tales of super-powered combat . . . a young hero who is known as none other than the alternate Sidney Mellon!

Advice

Quit Whining

by Nola Krowdish

DEAR NOLA: As a single girl living in a midtown Manhattan apartment, I'm constantly encountering more than my fair share of "pick-up artists." However, I've never met more of a nuisance than the man next door. No matter what time of day or night I go downstairs to the laundry room, he follows me down with a basket of white turtleneck sweaters. The first couple of times I saw him, he tried to strike up a conversation by acting like he didn't know much about operating the machines, but it was pretty obvious that he was faking. He knows more than he lets on.

Then—*then*—he said that his name was the Phantom Ranger or something like that and asked me if I'd like to come up to his place and see his ectoplasm. What a jerk!

Nola, not only is this guy straight out of the disco era the way he dresses, but the noise in his apartment is outrageous! I've never seen his friends, but the way they act when they come over, you'd think they were demons from Hell! What can I do to shake this creep?—THE PHANTOM NEIGHBOR

Dear Neighbor: Get real, dear. If you're single yet spending all your time doing laundry, then you sound like a pretty pathetic wretch. What do you weigh? Any large growths, distinguishing marks? Check out this Ranger guy. Sounds like it's as good as you're ever going to get. Quit whining.

* * * *

DEAR NOLA: I'm a nice, clean-cut young man who moved from Gotham to New York several years ago. There I met the girl of my dreams—an exotic, passionate woman who really makes me feel alive.

We've been together for some time, and everything is great. We go out frequently, have several mutual friends, and enjoy one another's company. I love everything about her . . . well, almost everything. And it's that thing that's driving me bananas.

Nola, she has more hair than any woman I've ever seen in my life. Long hair! Big hair! Big, long hair! It's everywhere! At first I thought it was sexy, but she just refuses to even consider cutting it. Her curling iron is the size of a cattle prod, and if she decides to shampoo before we go out for the night, it kills any chance we have of getting anywhere on time.

How do I cope with this without hurting our relationship?—HAIR TODAY, HAIR TOMORROW?

Dear Loser: Men like you make me sick. You have the perfect girl, but her hair bothers you. What a clown. Here, I've got the perfect drip for you. She lives in a midtown Manhattan apartment. You two deserve each other. Quit whining.

* * * *

CONFIDENTIAL TO Bored in Blue Valley: Quit whining.

	6:00	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30
2 WGBS	**News 2 Day**		**GBS NEWS** (CC)	**Flick Pix**	**Courageous Man** Courageous Man and Minute Lad fight crime (CC)		**America's Public Enemies** (CC)		**Smith and Weston** The boys invite drug dealers to a World Series Party		**NEWS**	**Hollywood Tonite** with Cat Grant
4 WGMC	**News 4 You**		**GMC NEWS** (CC)	**Goin' To The Show**	**Ace Arpeggio P.I.** Ace and Lonnie are trapped in a shooting gallery		**"Kitty" Cutter M.D.** Kitty rushes to find a donor for an 8-year-old's transplant		**Chet Baker U.S.M.C.** Chet's new recruits go A.W.O.L.		**NEWS**	**Best of Johnny Nevada** (r)
7 WUBS	**News on 7**	**UBS News**	**Go For It** (CC) Game Show	**Movies Movies Movies**	**The Nipsy Show** Leon brings home a girl friend (CC)	**Byrd In The Hand** Prof. Byrd loses his notes (CC)	**Undercovers** Maggie and Burt argue during a murder case (CC)		**Upwardly Mobile** Kate and Trey choose a diaper service (CC)		**7 at 11** News	**Newsline** with Ken Cooper (CC)
9 WMET	**Trauma Unit** Zeke and Miller clean up after a carnival accident (r)		**Day In Court**	**Go Fish** Game Show	**Guess Who?** Game Show	**Jack Ryder's Hot Seat** Transsexuals in our government		**News on 9 at 9:30** News	**Cabbie** Judd goes to Traffic School (r)	**Fenton** Fenton and Kyle go camping (r)	**Film at Eleven** "Metropolis Melody" (1937) Tapping to fame. Fun.	
13 WPUB	**Naturally Nature** (CC) "The Birds of Burma" (r)		**Market Matters**	**O'Neil/Raspler Newshour**		**Brain** Medulla Oblongata (CC)	**Too Many Cooks** Cooking (CC)	**Handyman Special** How To (CC)	**Up Your Barrister** British	**Hello Vicar** British	**Good Performances** "Death of a Pool Cleaner" (CC)	
48 WHBS	**Queso Caliente**		**El Ultimo Spectacular Del Mundo**		**Gerald!** Conversación	**Los Tres Chiflados**		**Todos Los Discos** Musica		**Ola Padre** Inglés	**Cine Noche** "Superhombre La Pelicula"	
CABLE **T&E**	**She's the Woman** (CC)	**Wheel of Cheese** Game Show	**Schwartz!** Talk		**That's Interesting**	**Brush With Fame**		**Slip N' Satch** (r)	**I Love Hazel** (r)	**Here's CIACCI** (r)	**Saddlestitch Bound** Western (r)	
MOVIE TIME	**Swamp Thing** (PG) Goo guy goes gonzo from 5:25			**Snow Job, The Movie** (PG13)			**Hell Week** (R) Hazing horror on Sorority Row				**Swamp Thing** (PG) till 1:05	
SPORTS VIEW	**Best of the NFL**		**Mr. Guy's Soccer Week**		**Championship Curling**	**Lots O'Wrestling**		**Fabulous Ladies of Wrestling**		**Arena Croquet**	**American Darts Open** (Live)	**Rest of NFL**
CHANNEL Z PUBLIC ACCESS	**Bakerline Report**		**Metropolis Community Beat** Talk		**Cheap Laffs**	**Just Say No!**	**Journey to Excitement**	**Speak Your Mind** Call in	**It's My Show!** with Nick Braun	**Jaques et lé fromage**	**Curiously Ugly George**	**Midnite Mauve**
SKY CHANNEL	**Sunny**			**Clouding**				**Rain**				**Rain** (continues)
RTV	**Music Videos**	**Music Videos**	**Music Videos**	**Music Videos**	**Music Videos**	**Music Videos**	**Music Videos**	**Music Videos**	**Music Review**	**Music Videos**	**Music Videos**	**Music Videos**

TV HILITES

8:00 PM 2 COURAGEOUS MAN—Super-hero Courageous Man and side-kick Minute Lad race against the clock to stop the evil Dr. Dangerous from taking over a satellite defense system. Part one of two.

8:30 PM 9 JACK RYDER'S HOT SEAT—Ryder interviews several people who claim that top government jobs have recently gone to candidates who have had sex change surgery.

9:00 PM 4 KITTY CUTTER, M.D.—Kitty agrees to perform a heart transplant operation on an eight-year-old girl, then must race to find a donor while Feeney threatens to cut the hospital budget.

9:00 PM 7 UNDERCOVERS—When a wealthy ex-jockey is found murdered astride his stuffed thoroughbred, Maggie and Burt are hired to solve the crime.

10:00 PM 2 SMITH AND WESTON—When ordinary means of locating several convicted drug dealers fail, Rod and Dick invite the criminals to a phony World Series party to draw them out in the open.

10:00 PM 7 UPWARDLY MOBILE—Kate and Trey argue over a diaper service, Alicia and Roger go on a nervous first date, Josh has to deal with the fact that Laura makes more money than he does, and Baby Heather takes opera lessons.

Just two men against an entire country...

Qurac is in a world of trouble.

The Manaheim Group presents
a Kabul Kashogi production.
A Ziv Ganoosh film.

TARGET: QURAC!

RANDY VIOLENT

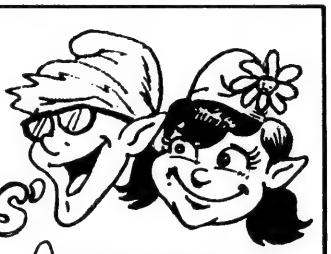
SCOTT BAUMAN

Also Starring: Daphne Dean Gregory Sterling

From VERNER BROS

Those Happy-Go-Lucky Little Guys Are Back . . .

And So Is Family Entertainment!



THE DOOFS' HAPPYLAND ADVENTURE

A TREASURE TROVE OF FUN FOR EVERYONE!

From FEEL GOOD PICTURES

Four guys, six girls, one mountain.

SNOW JOB III

From Nueva Mundo Films

THEY'RE GIVING WINTER SPORTS A WHOLE NEW MEANING.

HE KNOWS WHEN YOU ARE SLEEPING...

DEATH DREAMS 2

ROYALE MEGAPLEX Hwy 631 and Burton Road	
1 TARGET: QURAC	6 THE BIG HEAT
2 SNOW JOB 3	7 DEATH DREAMS 2
3 THE BIG HEAT	8 TOUGH BREAKS
4 DOOFS' ADVENTURE	9 TARGET: QURAC
5 SNOW JOB 3	10 DOOFS' ADVENTURE

CROSSWORD PUZZLE By Bob Rozakis

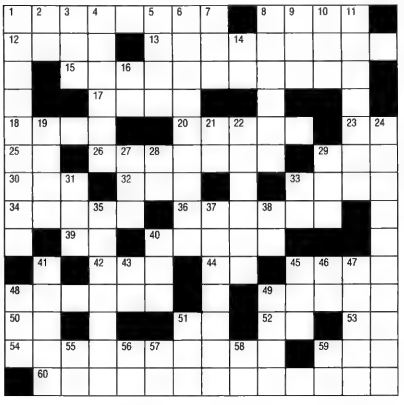
ACROSS

1. Ike's plan on D-Day
8. Oz's scaredy cat
12. Diamond before Supes applies pressure
13. Legion's twins
15. At the end of all eras, he'll be there
17. Gotham Airport data (abbr.)
18. Gross exaggeration
20. Belonging to Garth's wife
23 Football game "extra" (abbr.)
25. Neighbor of Titan
26. You'll see him in your dreams
29 Ralph's better half
30. Period
32. Curly's pal
33. Thorn's better half
34. Target of 1 Across
36. "The Tattered Tatterdemalion"
39. Neighbor of CT and PA
40. "As good ___ ___" (2 wds)
42. Finale
44. Junior's dad (abbr.)
45. Crisis creator, the ___-Monitor
48 Directions
49 The power to get things done
50. Jackson at EPCOT
51. You's antonym
52 JUSTICE LEAGUE ___ AMERICA
53. Where 52 Across is based (abbr.)
54. Cliff Steele's group
59. Metal ___
60. UFOS

DOWN

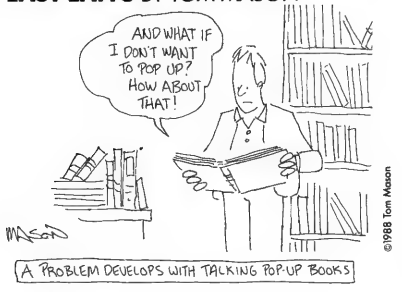
1. Frosty Justice Leaguer
2. Doctor in SHOWCASE
3. Surcharge in Britain (abbr.)
4. Pilots of 60 Across
5. Brainstorm
6. Halo's team
7. Neither's partner
8. Letterer Bob
9. Mxyzptlk is one
10. Sugary ending
11. Worried about the outcome
14. Harvey Dent, once (abbr.)
16. "Title" for Everest
19. Roger Rabbit, e.g.
21. Monogram for Scott Free's alter-ego
22. Space ___
24. Nightwing, Changeling, et al
27. Amethyst's alter-ego
28. Not yes
29 Supes, to Jor-El
31. Number of DC Bullets that play at one time
33. Sun god
35. Overused title: "___ ___, My Friend"
37. What Rozakis provided in his column
38 Monogram for Titans writer
40. Revenue source of the Planet
41 Jimmy Olsen's sample shot
43. SD and MT neighbor
45. Friendly TV space creature
46. Homonym for know
47. Radio station changer
48. Mr. Knight
49. Brainiac's homeworld
51. Bank loan (abbr.)
55. Nickname for Queen?
56. 3.1415
57 Partner of a and the
58. Old Guardians' home
59. Bizarro "I"

Answers on pg. 14

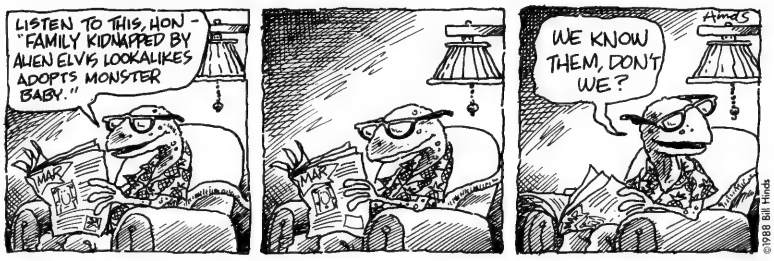


CIRCUS WORLD BY MIKE CARLIN

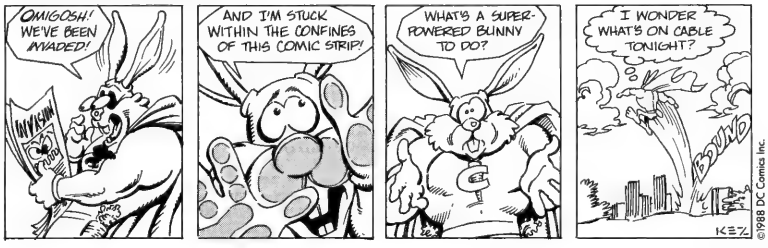
LAST LAFFS BY TOM MASON



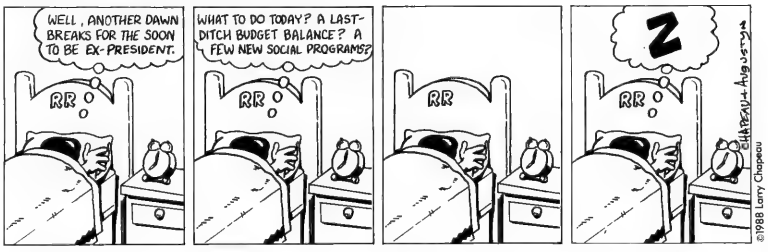
OUT OF THE TAR PITS BY BILL HINDS



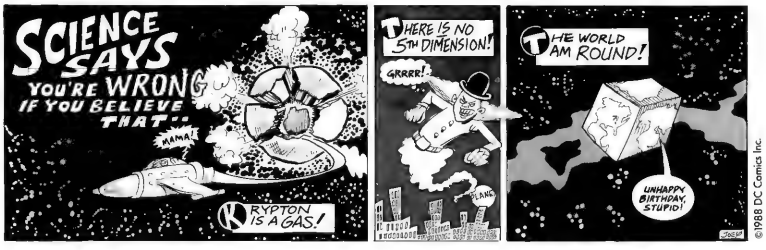
CAPTAIN CARROT BY KEZ


OMIGOSH! WE'VE BEEN INVADED!
AND I'M STUCK WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THIS COMIC STRIP!
WHAT'S A SUPER-POWERED BUNNY TO DO?
I WONDER WHAT'S ON CABLE TONIGHT?
BOUND
KEZ
©1988 DC Comics Inc.

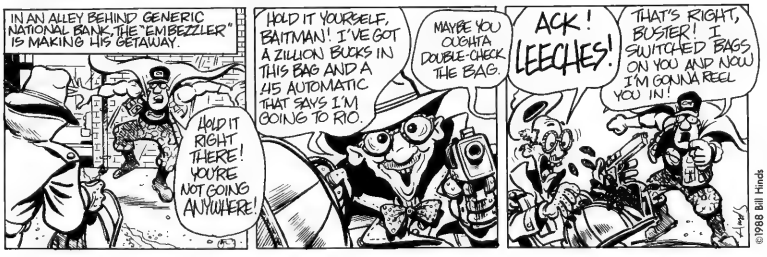
DOONESFIELD BY LARRY CHAPEAU


WELL, ANOTHER DAWN BREAKS FOR THE SOON TO BE EX-PRESIDENT.
WHAT TO DO TODAY? A LAST-DITCH BUDGET BALANCE? A FEW NEW SOCIAL PROGRAMS?
Z
©1988 Larry Chapeau

SCIENCE SAYS YOU'RE WRONG BY JOEY CAVALIERI



BAITMAN BY WILLIAM HINDS


IN AN ALLEY BEHIND GENERIC NATIONAL BANK, THE "EMBEZZLER" IS MAKING HIS GETAWAY.
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
HOLD IT YOURSELF, BAITMAN! I'VE GOT A ZILLION BUCKS IN THIS BAG AND A 45 AUTOMATIC THAT SAYS I'M GOING TO RIO.
MAYBE YOU OUGHTA DOUBLE-CHECK THE BAG.
ACK! LEECHES!
THAT'S RIGHT, BUSTER! I SWITCHED BAGS ON YOU AND NOW I'M GONNA REEL YOU IN!
©1988 Bill Hinds

CASEY THE COP BY BRIAN AUGUSTYN

WELL, WELL... WHAT HAVE WE HERE? VANDALISM?!
CASEY IS COOL
OH, OH CHICO! HERE COMES CASEY!
WELL, NOW, WHAT ARE YOU HOODLUMS UP TO?
... OH... GEE... UH THAT'S DIFFERENT!
CASEY IS COOL
END
©1988 DC Comics Inc.

LSCATCAL
ALLSCATC
TCALLSCA
CALLSCAT
CAT CALLS
ATCALLSC

By Catherine Grant

Compiled by Dan Raspler

First she threw a kiss. Then she threw a tantrum. And then she started throwing beer bottles at her would-be photographer. Model-cum-film starlet **ARABELLA MONTEVIDEO** had to be restrained by Parisian police last week when paparazzi photog **PIETRO BUTTERMAKER** caught her with her pants down—LITERALLY! It seems that young Pietro wormed his way into the Little Girls' Room at chic CAFE FROMAGE . . . you heard it here first, folks.

*****

According to sources in—of all places—Houma, Louisiana, reclusive author **LIZ TREMAINE** is hard at work on her new novel. "SWAMP THING," her first book, topped the best-seller list a few years ago, and "FLOWERS OF ROMANCE," her new release (due out this winter), is expected to do much the same.

*****

Oh no!!! It seems as if the ink is still wet on the prenuptial agreement, but once again, late night talk-show czar **JOHNNY NEVADA** is estranged from his wife. Stunning soap star **NICOLE POLARIS-NEVADA** (wife number seven) was seen dancing up a storm at ARTURO'S in L.A.—without Johnny! I can practically hear the lawyer's fins carving the waters over this one!

*****

Atten-Hut!!! Get your camouflage paint ready, boy! Movie mogul **JOCK VERNER** has apparently signed Mr. Blood-and-Guts himself, **SEAN BAUMAN**, to a two-year contract for an undisclosed (but undoubtedly humongous) amount. Mr. Bauman, whose earlier box-office smashes, "PECS ON PARADE," "THE SQUISHER," and "VEINS OVER NICARAGUA," grossed a total of over $300 million, is evidently demanding greater creative control over his next projects. "Those last two were real hack-jobs," mumbled Sean. "I'm interested in Art now." Watch out, Verner. You give 'em an inch, they take a mile.

*****

Impossible but True Department: **ROY RAYMOND**, one of the greatest T.V. personalities of the 1960s, is reportedly making good progress in the Metropolis Sanitarium for the very, very nervous. Raymond, who was discovered locked in the back of a limousine by Louisiana state police last spring, had been missing since early May. Good luck, Roy!

*****

Australian financier and socialite **KERRY ROLLO**, who fell to his death from his own Rollo Tower in Gotham City last month, is still dead.

And who was the most attractive couple at Saturday's opening of the Gotham City Gallery of Fine Art? Actress **SHARRON SCOTT** was the sensational vision on the arm of Gotham's number one bachelor, **BRUCE WAYNE**. The dinner was $500 a plate, and while we all know you're rich, Bruce, couldn't you have at least waited until dessert to vanish with your date? Naughty, naughty!

*****

New York airwaves have certainly undergone a (not so) silent revolution. Young D.J. **SHEIK RATTLE ENROLL** is knocking the Apple's socks off with a fresh look at classic rock, blues and funk. Keep up the good work, Sheik. New York's radio scene could use some sonic disrupting.

*****

Scare we go again department: well, it looks like horror mega-novelist **DANIEL GLEASON** has churned out yet another blockbuster. **"KNEE PADS FROM HELL,"** all twelve hundred pages of which were written in two weeks, has already been optioned by director **MARLA BLOOM** and is scheduled for release in movie theatres this coming June. If Bloom's ill-fated 1986 release "BLUE DEVIL; THE MOVIE" is any indication, "KNEE PADS: THE MOVIE" should be on cable by July.

*****

Now they've gone too far. According to the Hollywood grapevine, action-film star **RANDY VIOLENT** has been approached by QUAD CITIES-based SEAMY PRODUCTIONS with a film adaptation of the adventures of the masked vigilante **WILD DOG**. Rumor has it that the film is not a comedy, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding.

*****

Soap star **BARRY BURTON**, who plays the dashing Tyler Tidwell on "YOUNG LOVE," was horribly mangled in a freak accident with a garlic press yesterday. Mr. Burton, who will be changing his name to **BETSY**, told reporters that he had his sights on playing Tootsie Tidwell, Tyler's long-lost sister, for the remainder of the season. Quick thinking, pal.

*****

Maybe he's not such a bad guy after all. Galaxy Communications boss **MORGAN EDGE** recently agreed to have Galaxy sponsor the SUICIDE SLUM little league team. While Mr. Edge is not expected to attend any games, he is very enthusiastic about the "SLUM SLAMMERS'" chances this season.

*****

A sight to behold! Boston-based **JACK RYDER** makes a good living with a new and more-than-slightly distasteful brand of shock-television. Much to the delight of its sponsors, JACK RYDER'S HOT SEAT is one of the top-rated shows in its evening time-slot on the East Coast. Last night, however, Jack went too far in badgering ex-footballer, ex-sportscaster **STEVE LOMBARD**, who hauled off and slugged Jack in the eye! He should have washed Ryder's mouth out with soap, if you ask me.

*****

"The check is in the mail," said LEXCORP spokesperson **BAMBI McGILLICUTTY**. It seems that the donations personally committed to by the Big Bald Man himself never arrived at the COMMITTEE TO PREVENT YOUTH CRIME in Metropolis as promised last February. I guess the illustrious **LEX LUTHOR** was too busy making speeches or eating to remember his pledge. And besides, what's a measly five thousand dollars to a man like Lex?

YOUR HOROSCOPE

By The Great Tahini

YOUR BIRTHDAY: Basically you are an insecure, undependable person who uses influence and guile to alienate everyone you meet. Hey . . . so what? You played the game of life and came up short. There is no way of knowing whether or not you can redeem yourself, within your next ten thousand lifetimes. So why worry? Have a nice day anyway.

CAPRICORN (December 22–January 20)
Stop riding that emotional rollercoaster and commit yourself. After Uranus has taken Venus out to lunch on the 17th, you will be in a better position. Make up your mind and finish what you start.

AQUARIUS (January 21–February 19)
Your enthusiasm could get you into hot water today—turn a cold shoulder to opportunity and take a mud bath instead. Depressing financial obligations will leave you no choice but to go on a shopping spree.

PISCES (February 20–March 20)
Underneath that sophisticated veneer, your incredible audacity shines through. Watch out for assassination attempts, sidestep those bomb threats during lunch, and become truly offensive all afternoon.

ARIES (March 21–April 20)
This is not the time for bold interaction or decisive role-playing. What transpires between the 3rd and 19th, but not before the confusion of the 7th, 21st and 29th, or after the 31st of next year, will determine the major thrust of your existence in the universe as we know it.

TAURUS (April 21–May 21)
An unusually bad day for you due to northwesterly winds and prevailing chowders. Stay in bed with the covers over your head and come out some time next week when things will undoubtedly be worse.

GEMINI (May 22–June 21)
Turn the other cheek and don't be pressured or provoked by unintended innuendos. Do your best and don't throw a tantrum until you feel it will be to your advantage. Veil your actions and wait for events to overtake you.

CANCER (June 22–July 23)
Home life is important, but don't neglect yourself! It's time to throw caution to the winds and really do something wild. Don't worry about the consequences, because with the full moon tonight you can always plead insanity!

LEO (July 24–August 23)
Get old peeves out of your system by telling your boss or closest friends what you really think of them. Be firm and go for it. With Pluto in the doghouse, you cannot be overshadowed by your own stupidity and total lack of sensitivity at this time.

VIRGO (August 24–September 23)
Go on—be a jerk. Everyone knows you're a nitpicking, insufferable perfectionist. Both loved ones and colleagues recognize that even the most boring, repetitious, and mundane jobs are the ammunition you need for reaching the top. This is the time to show your stuffing.

LIBRA (September 24–October 23)
Cosmic forces this month have put you in deep trouble. Your mind has gone on vacation, and those things you should have severed months ago are clawing their way back into your life. To survive these current difficulties, try side-stepping any potential confrontations.

SCORPIO (October 24–November 22)
Stay away from killer bees and sharp pointy things lest they burst your bubble and force you to accept reality. Rumors spread about your relationship with Mercury should not deter you from entering new agreements without proof of age.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23–December 21)
Current difficulties will be resolved only if you draw a line and lie on it. If you find powerful influences misleading and manipulating your information, you are probably just paranoid. So there!

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ANSWERS TO THE CROSSWORD ON PAGE 13

THE EDGE OF SUDS:

The Dirt On The Soaps

by Art Young

YOUNG LOVE

Justin's marriage to Ashley falls apart when he finally realizes what a conniving tramp she really is. Nicole is kidnapped for the ninth time and begins to carry a small overnight bag. Dr. Wembley tells Blake that he'll have to have his knees removed. After apparently having five children with Maggie, Clay learns that he is sterile. Laura's evil twin is back in town.

Next Week: Can Blake still pursue his dream of being a carpetlayer? Clay begins to suspect Maggie.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE RESTLESS

J.R. comes home to find M.J. in the arms of J.P. T.R. realizes that A.J. must be the father of her child because he is the richest man in town. B.B. has quadruplets and P.J., the surrogate mother, says she intends to fight for at least two of them. T.C.'s evil twin is back in town.

Next Week: P.J. will settle for one baby if she can have the movie rights. The evil twin is up to no good.

THE DECENT-LOOKING AND SLIGHTLY DISQUIETED

Jennifer begins her singing career for the third time but is shot in the throat again. Butch develops hysterical blindness when he becomes hysterical witnessing John's hysterical paralysis. The timid Mae becomes submerged when the evil, seductive "Doloris" side of her personality takes over again. Barry recovers from his amnesia when he steps on an upturned rake.

Next Week: Is the third time the charm for Jennifer? If everyone's hysterical, why is no one laughing?

SECRET HEARTS

Cara's life as Lynda Lee turns out to be only a dream. Zorrel and Laura try to help their daughter but find themselves trapped in a devastating earthquake and die. Plagued by dreams of a cousin Karl, Cara finally finds peace when her grandfather Ariel reveals the family secrets to her.

Next Week: Can Cara get the magic back into her life? Or will she be content with what power she has?

YOUNG ROMANCE

After two years of dating, Dominique learns that Brad is her mother's cousin's son's best friend's college roommate, making them . . . just close friends. Whitney regains consciousness, but when she sees what Colin looks like after spending 72 hours at her bedside, slips back into a coma. Travis realizes that Liz and Beth can't be sisters, because both their full names are Elizabeth. Jessica's evil twin is back in town.

Next Week: Dominique and Brad break it off. Colin reactivates his styling mousse.

BRIGHT PROMISE

Jake commits suicide. Nina is stabbed by the Night Slasher. Tyler learns his condition is fatal. Brett is shot to death on the riverfront. Jack and Alexis make it through the jungle alive but are struck by lightning on the way to the airport. Ace makes it to the airport, but the plane is hijacked and the passengers are killed. Blair manages to evade the hijackers but dies anyway when the plane runs out of fuel and crashes. (Season Premiere)

Next Week: No information available at press time.

LEAP INTO LIFE

Jane discovers that Doug, who has bought and corrupted the entire town, is not such a humanitarian after all. Tom and Barb's honeymoon is interrupted by important spy business. Peggy remembers the killer has an abacus-shaped birthmark on his right cheek. Now that the divorce is final, Scott needs to get on with his life, whatever that means.

Next Week: The cops still can't find the killer. Roe's evil twin is . . . well, you know.

WANTED: SIDEKICK

Crimefighter requires
young boy for help in
surveillance,
detective work, etc.
Circus background preferred
but not necessary.
Send photo.
No phone calls, please.
Send applications to:
Box 2F-3567
Gotham City

GOTHAM TAKES SERIES FROM A'S

Continued from page 16

pitches, Hudson swung and powered this one over the right field wall, giving the Giants a 2–1 lead.

It was the Giants' third homer of the Series, all hit by the veteran slugger. Canseco's third inning blast was Oakland's fifth.

A'S MISS OPPORTUNITIES

The A's, who were favored to win the Series, threatened to score in the fifth after Harris took over from Duncan, who had been removed for a pinch-hitter. When he allowed runners at first and second, Harris was pulled in favor of Fischer, who ended the inning by retiring Glenn Hubbard on a foul out.

Fischer put the A's down in order through the sixth and seventh but ran into control problems in the eighth. With one out, he walked pinch-hitter Don Baylor and then walked Stan Javier after Javier tapped three foul balls on a 3–2 count.

Gotham manager Woody Burnett then made his third and final pitching change of the evening and brought in Sheppard, who had lost the fourth game but saved the sixth.

The big right-hander forced centerfielder Dave Henderson to ground out, moving the runners to second and third. Burnett then called for an intentional walk of Canseco, the most dangerous bat in the Oakland line-up, with McGwire due up next.

"I had to make a choice between pitching to Canseco or McGwire," said Burnett. "Jose had been hot, and if we pitched him wrong, he could have killed us. I figured to pitch to McGwire, who hadn't been hitting, as the lesser of two evils. Who knew, though? We could have been killed either way. It was a risk."

McGwire, trying desperately to break out of his slump, stepped to the plate. He fouled off Sheppard's first two pitches, then watched as the next two sailed past high and outside.

Sheppard hurled his fifth pitch, a hard breaking ball inside, and McGwire swung mightily but failed to connect, striking out to retire the side and strand the three runners.

GIANTS CLEAN UP

In the Gotham half of the inning, the team scored a couple of anti-climactic runs. Center-fielder Elmore Hicks drove in the first with a single and second baseman Dan Brady brought Hicks home with a double moments later.

Hudson came to bat again after Reyes had popped out to McGwire and ground into a double play to end the inning.

The A's ninth, and the game, was over almost immediately. Sheppard struck out Carney Lansford and Ron Hassey, who had replaced starting catcher Terry Steinbach. Finally, Glenn Hubbard hit a long fly ball which was caught on the warning track in right by Randy Becker to end the game and win the World Series.

The Giants have not won a World Championship since 1964 and have not won a pennant since 1976.

ELATED VICTORS

The jubilant Burnett was awarded the championship trophy by Baseball Commissioner John Keeler amidst the traditional champagne dousings. The Gotham clubhouse was uproarious with celebration as the manager struggled to be heard.

"We won because we got the breaks and because my guys killed themselves out there," Burnett said. "Oakland is a fabulously talented team—it was an honor to play them in this exciting series."

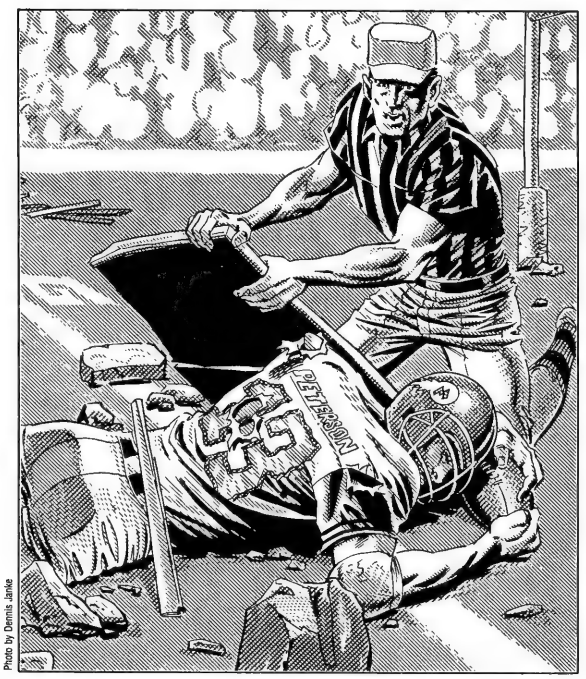

Photo by Dennis Janke

Debris is cleared from helpless Meteors player Jon Peterson.

METEORS 24–21

Continued from page 16

"They were just buried there on the field," Metropolis team trainer Steve Garland said. Garland, on the sideline near the play, barely escaped injury himself.

Players and fans ran onto the field to remove the rubble and assist the injured. Most were in relatively good shape, protected by their uniform padding and their conditioning. "It was no big deal," center Bill Nelson said, "no worse than getting hit by a 350-pound tackle."

Some suffered injuries, mostly broken bones, that will keep them out several weeks. Ben Dierdorf, Sam Duffy, and Jim Delano all suffered broken legs and will be sidelined for at least five to eight weeks. Jon Peterson suffered a fractured arm; he will also be out for five to eight weeks.

It is with Peterson that the controversy starts, a controversy exacerbated greatly by Meteor coach Leo Farnsworth in perhaps the greatest display of offensiveness and insensitivity. Farnsworth was standing on the sidelines along with officials Phil Hume and Pat Breheny as players sought to uncover Peterson. The man referred to as "football's Bobby Knight" harangued workers to "be careful moving that stuff. I think there's a touchdown under there."

Players and fans alike stared at Farnsworth in amazement. "I've never seen anything like it," said J.J. Healy, president of the AFC. "I understand devotion to the game, but his actions under the circumstances were abominable. That poor kid under there could have been dead, and all he cared about was winning the game. Vince Lombardi was wrong—winning is not the only thing." He also said that the League would consider official action.

After the uncovering of Peterson, it was determined that his hand and the ball were across the goal line. The officials awarded Metropolis the touchdown and declared the game complete due to "dangerous conditions." Dolphin head coach Don Shula said he intended to file a protest with the league, insisting that the game still had over a quarter to go and should have been resumed at a later date, not declared over. Shula also said that he felt "the fact that no one was killed and that none of my players were hurt badly is much more important than the score, or a win or a loss."

The win improves Metropolis to 4–3; Miami is 5–2 for the year.

HALLORAN BENCHED

Continued from page 16

For the last 17 years, Hank Halloran has served well as the hitting instructor at Monarch spring training camp at Frostproof, Florida. There is little or no money in the job. It's more an opportunity for the all-star slugger to get back into uniform and work out with the rookies and other players. Many of today's greatest sluggers admit their major debt to the advice of the old pro.

Hammer Halloran has always handled himself like a major-leaguer, both on and off the playing field. The seven-time A.L. batting champ is well-known for his work with countless children's charities.

Halloran, 67, maintains a very low profile on the subject of his banning. The man is a gentleman and a giant in any arena. He may have lost a job that's important to him and to the upcoming players of tomorrow, but he has not lost his dignity.

And "Chip" Thornley wouldn't know dignity if it bit him on his corporate assets.

GIGANTIC CLEARANCE SALE!

Due to Invasion Damage to our Main Warehouse, we're Offering
Great Savings on ALL MERCHANDISE!

All Baseball Equipment **50% OFF!**

All Football Equipment **40% OFF!**

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Also—a HUGE selection of Tents, Camping Supplies, and Outdoor Equipment—30 to 50% OFF!
And BIG SAVINGS on our entire line of Athletic Shoes and Clothing.
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Steve Lombardi

SPORTSWORLD
17 Locations Including Bakerline Mall

DAILY PLANET • FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1988

SPORTS TRIVIA

Nov. 4, 1985—Monarch manager "Pops" Swenson is fired. He is hired later that same day as manager of the Meteors.

SPORTS

SPORTS OF THE PLANET

by Bud Sheldon

MONARCHS BENCH A LEGEND

It's been called a little boy's game, and I don't disagree. I do have trouble, though, deciding who is more immature: the boys who do the playing, or the Lords of Baseball themselves—the team owners.

So often of late we hear of owner/player disputes; disputes that may or may not be about money, but that are most certainly always about respect. The million-dollar player of today gets no more of that precious commodity than did the forty-buck-a-week field hand of baseball's yesterday. In fact, it seems that the respect level dwindles in direct proportion to the dollar figure. Just ask Dave Winfield.

Whether or not this is status quo is beside the point. We expect our legends to be exempt from pettiness. Reality, however, has a nasty habit of intruding on our ideals.

A spokesman for the Metropolis Monarchs announced today that former Monarch great Hank (The Hammer) Halloran would not be asked back as spring training batting coach next year. The job, mostly honorary, will be phased out.

The official reason behind this move was stated thus: ". . . Mr. Halloran has pursued certain associations that put him into direct opposition to long-standing Monarch policy. We regret this decision but are concerned with team image and with his influence on young ballplayers."

What goes unspoken is the fact that the ball club management disapproves of the Hammer's other job.

Since last August, the Hall of Famer has been an official greeter at the brand-new Sultan's Palace Hotel, which also happens to feature a casino among its attractions. There are also unproven allegations of questionable hotel ownership. All of this means little to Hank. In his capacity as greeter and as nostalgia attraction, he spends no time anywhere near the gambling. He's just a guy doing his job, meeting fans of all ages, making them, and himself, a little happier. But his former team fears that he has suddenly become a bad influence. Absurd.

The Baseball Commissioner has said that he sees no problem with Halloran's new position, showing his characteristic enlightened approach.

Halloran today.

Unlike organized baseball, however, the Monarch front office displays a mind closed tighter than the company wallet.

To no one's surprise, the press conference that called for the persecution of the lifetime .331 hitter did not feature an appearance by team owner and president Grant "Call me Chip" Thornley. Little Grant, as you know, is the grandson of Tim Monaghan, the great man who started the Monarchs 'way back in 1906. He's also the nephew of Jack Monaghan, who carried on as owner for his father until his own death six years ago. After years of championship teams and happy fans, Grant's regime has been marked by miserly and generally dunderheaded decisions . . . ol' "Chip" must be adopted. For all his Big-League heritage, he himself has as much baseball know-how as he does backbone. Which is to say, very damned little.

Continued on page 15

GOTHAM'S 4–1 VICTORY TAKES SERIES

by Murphy Breen

Gotham City—The seventh game of the World Series was finally played tonight, after an eleven-day delay due to the intrusion of the alien invasion. The Gotham Giants defeated the Oakland Athletics to win their third World Championship.

The Giants trailed Oakland three games to one after the fourth game but never lost again as they stole the series from the expectant grasp of the Athletics by winning the seventh game 4–1.

Ray Hudson, veteran Giant first baseman, smashed four hits tonight, including a two-run homer off Dave Stewart in the sixth inning that destroyed Oakland's 1–0 lead.

The 37-year-old Hudson hit three homers in the series and was given the Most Valuable Player award for his twelve Series hits and .400 batting average.

PITCHING DOES THE JOB

Hudson's batting prowess and a collective team batting average of .317 were not the only factors in the Gotham City victory. The Giant pitchers strongly contributed to the Athletics' downfall. Oakland had 162 homers during their confident charge for the American League pennant, their fourth since 1970.

Pitchers Bruce Duncan, Lonnie Harris, Les Fischer, and Wayne Sheppard held the Athletics to four hits tonight. Despite a strong start, Oakland stumbled through the last three games with 15 hits and just two runs.

Jose Canseco, Oakland's slugging right-fielder, blasted a home run off starter Duncan in the third to give his team a 1–0 lead. The A's were unable to capitalize on that advantage, however.

Missing in the Oakland assault was the hitting power of their young first baseman, Mark McGwire. McGwire, who hit .299 with 98 r.b.i. during the regular season, finished the series with no hits in his last 21 times at bat, over the last five games. His last at bat came in the eighth inning. Trailing 2–1, the A's faced one of their best scoring opportunities of the last three games. With bases loaded and two out, Sheppard, the Giant's reliever, struck McGwire out with five pitches.

HUDSON POWERS TEAM

Hudson's first two hits tonight, a slicing single to right in the second and a blooper double in the fourth, did not produce any runs.

When he came to bat in the sixth, Luis Reyes was on first after a one-out single. Stewart, who had pitched a shutout in the pennant-clinching playoff game against Detroit and had won the second game of the series, threw a hard slider as his first pitch to Hudson and it caught too much of the plate. Previously unable to pull Stewart's

Continued on page 15

Photo by Percy Bratten

Jubilant Giants rush field after victory.

METEORS OVER DOLPHINS 24–21; PETERSON INJURED

by Maura Healy

The Metropolis Meteors defeated the Miami Dolphins yesterday by a score of 24–21 in an interconference game that was marred by controversy and shortened by the war with the aliens.

The game began with the Dolphins scoring two quick touchdowns, one on a typical Dan Marino drive capped by a 23-yard TD pass to Mark Clayton. After a fumble on the Metropolis 41-yard line by Cougar tight end Bob Schmidt, Miami capitalized with Clayton's second TD, a three-yard run from the left side.

With Miami leading 14–0 only four minutes into the game, Metropolis regrouped. Quarterback Jim Armstrong marched the Meteors down the field in a two-minute drill culminating in a seven-yard pass to wide receiver Steve Largent, a player recently acquired from the Seattle Seahawks. The Cougar defensive secondary was particularly tough on this Miami series of downs, with strong safeties Mike Bavaro and Tim McEvoy each breaking up a Marino pass that looked destined for long yardage.

After the Dolphin punt, the Meteors took over on the Miami 25-yard line, and Armstrong and company ground out the yards, with running backs Jeff Brubaker and Andy Sainsbury each carrying the ball three times. Bucha collected 120 yards on the day, Sainsbury 95. Metropolis was not able to get the ball in, however, and settled for a 25-yard field goal from Bob Buscanics.

The teams played a seesaw game that consisted mainly of three downs and a punt for the remainder of the half. Miami and the Meteors were able to muster only one first down each, leaving the score 14–10 at the half.

The second half began with Marino scrambling in the face of the Metropolis defense and being sacked on his 37-yard line for a loss of 15 yards. After a Metropolis punt, however, Miami scored again, with Calvin Bryant breaking free for a 43-yard TD run. But Armstrong put Metropolis ahead with 8:47 to go in the quarter on a spectacular 43-yard pass play to Rob Sosnowski.

Miami's next possession was cut short by safety Jason Bucha's interception of Marino at the Miami 20, and he ran it back 65 yards to the Metropolis 15. The game was interrupted on the next play however, as, in the skies over Met Stadium, a battle took place between alien forces and several unidentified super-heroes.

Many in the stadium ran for cover, but the teams, oblivious to the fracas above, began the play. The Meteors' Jon Peterson swept over to the right sideline and headed for the goal line.

Eyewitnesses differ on what happened next, but most agree that a large piece of the top rim of the stadium had been knocked off at the beginning of the play. Approaching the field, it broke in mid-air into dozens of smaller pieces of concrete which rained down upon the players.

Continued on page 15

"...IT'S JUST A SHOT AWAY!"

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SUPERMAN®

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

'MORNING, MAGGIE... SGT. TURPIN. WHAT BRINGS THE SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT OUT HERE SO EARLY IN THE MORNING?

MAYBE MURDER, SUPERMAN... OR MAYBE NOTHING.

C'MON, MAGGIE... LOOK AT THAT FACE! THIS HAS GOTTA BE ANOTHER VOODOO DEATH!

ROGER STERN . KERRY GAMMILL . BRETT BREEDING
writer . penciller . inker
JOHN COSTANZA . PETRA SCOTESE . RENÉE WITTERSTAETTER
letterer . colorist . asst editor
MIKE CARLIN: editor

VOODOO--?!

YEAH, WE'VE HAD A WHOLE RASH OF THESE *WEIRDIES* LATELY!

EASY, TURPIN. COULD BE THAT THE MAN JUST HAD A HEART ATTACK!

CAP'N SAWYER! WE FOUND THIS... *DOLL* BACK IN THE ALLEY.

SEE, MAGGIE? I TOLDJA!

OKAY, DAN, YOU WIN!

THERE'VE BEEN FOUR SIMILAR DEATHS IN THE PAST MONTH, SUPERMAN. OFFICIALLY, CAUSE OF DEATH HAS BEEN SUDDEN, MASSIVE INTERNAL BLEEDING...

...BUT THE VICTIMS' FACES HAVE ALL BEEN FROZEN IN *HORROR*. AND AT EACH SITE, WE'VE RECOVERED ONE OF THOSE DAMNED LITTLE *DOLLS!*

HMMM... STRAW, CLOTH, HAIR, A LITTLE CLAY AND PAINT... AND A *SILVER PIN!*

IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF THIS PIN'S EVER BEEN TOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS!

IT'S BEEN THAT WAY WITH ALL OF THEM. AND I'LL BET IF YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH WITH THAT *MICROSCOPIC VISION* OF YOURS, YOU'LL FIND THAT THE HAIR IN THE DOLL IS A MATCH FOR THE VICTIM'S

YES...IT *IS!* BUT, MAGGIE, SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT *THIS* COULD KILL A MAN?!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE. FIVE MEN WHO SHOULD BE ALIVE ARE *DEAD*-- AND THE CORONER CAN'T TELL ME WHY! CAN *YOU?*

NO, I CAN'T. WELL, IF ANYTHING *MORE* TURNS UP, LET ME KNOW--

-- AND I'LL *HELP* HOWEVER I CAN!

UH-OH!

THE *BARON* AIN'T GONNA LIKE THIS!

NO, SIR... NOT ONE BIT!

I DID HEAR RUMORS AROUND THE *CITY ROOM* ABOUT SOME SUPPOSED VOODOO DEATHS IN TOWN...

... AT THE TIME I DISMISSED THEM AS BUNK. THERE WERE SO MANY OTHER THREATS TO FACE--*RAMPAGE*, *BRAINIAC*--AND THIS MYSTERY OVER THE RETURN OF *GANGBUSTER*.

DAILY PLANET

BUT IF PEOPLE *DIED* BECAUSE I FAILED TO ACT--! NO, WORRYING ABOUT THAT DOES ME NO GOOD...

... A LITTLE *INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING* WILL BE MUCH MORE PRODUCTIVE.

BESIDES, *CLARK KENT* NEEDS TO EARN HIS *PAYCHECK!*

MEANWHILE...

THIS IS SERIOUS. THE POLICE'S SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT POSES NO THREAT, BUT *SUPERMAN* IS ANOTHER MATTER ENTIRELY!

'AT'S WHY I HUSTLED OVER HERE, *BARON!* I FIGGERED YOU'D WANNA KNOW 'BOUT HIM STICKIN' HIS NOSE IN!

YOU FIGURED CORRECTLY, JOEY. SUPERMAN IS THE ONE PERSON IN METROPOLIS WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO INTERFERE WITH MY OPERATION.

YA GONNA MOVE TO ANOTHER CITY?

NOT AT ALL! I SHALL SIMPLY ELIMINATE ANY POSSIBILITY OF INTERFERENCE --BY KILLING SUPERMAN!

IT SHOULD BE VERY GOOD FOR BUSINESS!

SHORTLY, IN THE CITY ROOM OF METROPOLIS'S LEADING NEWSPAPER...

HAVE YOU SEEN KENT?

HE'S WANDERING AROUND SOMEWHERE...

"... POOR GUY LOOKS LIKE HE HAD ANOTHER ROUGH NIGHT."

THOSE BATTLES WITH BRAINIAC * MUST'VE TAKEN MORE OUT OF ME THAN I REALIZED. EVEN WHEN THE DAY STARTS OUT FINE...

* *Adventures of Superman* #445 and *Superman* #25.

...I FEEL *HALF-DEAD* BY MID-MORNING.

KENT! IN MY OFFICE--*NOW!*

WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?

NOTHING I CAN TALK ABOUT HERE.

KENT, THIS IS *MR. STEEL* OF THE *CENTRAL BUREAU OF INTELLEGENCE* HE HAS INFORMATION FOR US... *CLASSIFIED* INFORMATION.

WHITE, I TOLD YOU I WANTED TO SPEAK WITH *EVERYONE* ON YOUR STAFF WHO'S HAD CONTACT WITH *SUPERMAN*. WHERE'S *OLSEN*?

I BELIEVE JIMMY HAD TO TAKE HIS MOTHER TO THE AIRPORT. BUT WHY--?

WELL, IT CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. KENT... MS. *LANE*... WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU MUST *NOT* LEAVE THIS ROOM!

JUST HOURS AGO, AUSTRALIA WAS *INVADED* BY ENEMY FORCES *NOT OF THIS EARTH!* AUSTRALIAN INTELLIGENCE TRANSMITTED THESE PICTURES TO US JUST BEFORE THE FALL OF MELBOURNE.

AND YOU WANT US TO CONTACT SUPERMAN? OF COURSE... HE COULD BE IN AUSTRALIA IN A MATTER OF--!

ABSOLUTELY *NOT!* SUPERMAN IS TO KEEP HIS NOSE *OUT!* THAT'S THE *MESSAGE* WE WANT YOU TO GIVE HIM.

ONCE WE KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE, THE PRESIDENT *MAY* HAVE A JOB FOR SUPERMAN, BUT UNTIL THEN--!

YOU WANT SUPERMAN TO SIT ON HIS *HANDS*--LIKE YOU HAD HIM DO DURING GORDON GODFREY'S *ANTI-HERO RIOTS?!** THAT *STINKS!*

**circa SUPERMAN #3*

I DON'T MAKE POLICY, KENT, I ONLY *ENFORCE* IT.

LISTEN, YOU, THIS IS *SERIOUS!* IF YOU LEAK ANYTHING--!

I'LL KEEP YOUR PRECIOUS SECRETS, STEEL! BUT I'LL THANK YOU TO LEAVE ME OUT OF FUTURE BRIEFINGS...

...I HAVE A LOW TOLERANCE FOR *HOGWASH!*

SLAM

I CAN UNDERSTAND CLARK BEING *ANGRY* ABOUT THIS STUPID POLICY, PERRY... SO AM I... BUT I'VE NEVER *SEEN* HIM LIKE THIS BEFORE!

NEITHER HAVE I, LOIS. WHAT'S GOT INTO HIM?

AUSTRALIA'S FATE DOES NOT LONG REMAIN SECRET. WITHIN HOURS, THE ALIENS BROADCAST THEIR DEMANDS FOR WORLD SURRENDER.

AT THE UNITED NATIONS, THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY FURIOUSLY DEBATES WHAT SHOULD BE DONE. AND FOR ONCE --

-- THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD SPEAK WITH ONE VOICE.

DAILY ⊘ PLANET

EARTH TO ALIENS: DROP DEAD!

BY LATE AFTERNOON, NEWS OF THE ALIEN INVASION HAS REACHED INTO EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE. SPECULATION RUNS RAMPANT...

YOU KNEW THIS WAS COMING ALL THE TIME, DIDN'T YOU --

--BRAINIAC? YOU'RE PROBABLY AN ADVANCE SCOUT!

DON'T BE ABSURD, LUTHOR. THIS SURPRISED ME AS MUCH AS IT DID YOU!

MY DREAMS OF POWER ARE MORE... PERSONAL. I WANT NO PART OF ANY ALLIED ALIEN INVASION!

WE MUST PREPARE TO DEAL WITH THIS.

WGBS Comment

...THE PUBLIC DESERVES TO KNOW, ON WHOSE SIDE IS OUR OWN "RESIDENT ALIEN"?

MORGAN EDGE

WHERE IS SUPERMAN? WHY ISN'T HE DOING SOMETHING--?

METROPOLIS DOESN'T NEED SUPERMAN... NOT WITH GANGBUSTER ON THE CASE!

AFTER A RESTLESS NIGHT, MORNING COMES AGAIN TO METROPOLIS--

-- AND ITS PEOPLE GINGERLY STEP OUT INTO THE BRIGHT OF DAY...

ANY MORE WAR NEWS?

NOT MUCH.

IF YA ASK ME, THE GOV'MENT'S MAKIN' A BIGGER DEAL OUTTA THIS THEN...

HOLEE CRIPES! LOOK--

"-- UP IN THE SKY!"

BURN THEM OUT, *WINGMEN!* LEVEL THEIR PRECIOUS CITY!

SHOW THESE MISERABLE EARTHERS THE FOLLY OF DEFYING *THANAGAR* AND HER ALLIES!

BTAM

MY GOD! CAN'T ANYONE STOP THEM?

HEM

WHERE'S *SUPERMAN?!?*

AT THAT MOMENT, IN HIS CLINTON STREET APARTMENT, CLARK KENT IS LOST IN A DEEP AND TROUBLED SLEEP...

BOOM!

HUH? WHAT?

THAT SOUNDED LIKE IT WAS...

OMIGOD!

THE *INVASION*... IT'S COME TO METROPOLIS!

THAT DOES IT! I DON'T CARE WHAT WASHINGTON WANTS--

--NO ONE TREATS *MY* CITY THIS WAY...

...NO ONE!!

WUMP

WUDD

WUDD

WUDD

THIS SQUAD APPEARS TO BE MADE UP SOLELY OF *THANAGARIANS*... THEIR FLYING GEAR IS SIMILAR TO THAT OF *HAWKMAN* AND *HAWKWOMAN*!

OW!

BUT THE SIMILARITY ENDS THERE! THE *HAWKS* WOULD NEVER TAKE PART IN SUCH A DASTARDLY ATTACK!

BUT FROM MY ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE HAWKS, I *DO* KNOW HOW THIS *FLYING GEAR* WORKS!

THAT *HEAT*--! WHAT--?!

WITHOUT WINGS, THEY CAN'T MANEUVER.. AND WITHOUT THEIR *ANTI-GRAVITY BELTS*, THEY CAN'T STAY ALOFT FOR LONG.

HAPPY LANDINGS!

ANYONE CARE TO *SURRENDER*?

THANAGARIANS NEVER SURRENDER!

MY GOD!

DON'T PANIC. I WON'T LET THIS HURT YOU! I SWEAR--

--I WON'T LET IT HURT *ANYONE*!

...REPEATING THAT EARLIER WARNING: POLICE ASK THAT ALL CITIZENS SEEK SHELTER AND STAY AWAY FROM WINDOWS!

YOUR SAFEST VIEW OF THE BATTLE IS RIGHT HERE... ON SUPERSTATION W-L-E-X!

NOW IS THE TIME! WITH SUPERMAN SO OCCUPIED--

-- HE SHALL BE QUITE UNPREPARED FOR *MY* ATTACK!

I WAS FORTUNATE TO PROCURE A SCRAP FROM ONE OF SUPERMAN'S OWN *CAPES*. IT WILL INSURE THAT *MY MAGIC* REACHES ITS TARGET...

"...NO MATTER WHERE HE IS!"

THERE MUST BE NEARLY A HUNDRED OF THESE WINGMEN. I HAVE TO KEEP THEM ON THE RUN, SO THEY DON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO DO ANY FURTHER DAMAGE.

AN ENTIRE SQUADRON IN RETREAT! IT IS *UNTHINKABLE!*

SUCH A HUMILIATION MUST NOT GO UNANSWERED!

: UUNGH! :

BY THE VEIL OF VALMOORA! THAT BURST WOULD HAVE RIPPED A SCOUT SHIP TO *ATOMS!*

"CAN NOTHING KILL THIS BEING?"

YEEARGH!!!

JORDAN

THROOOM

S-SUPERMAN?

AW, NO!

BARON, DID YA HEAR--? THAT *DOLL*--! OH, NO... YOU *DIDN'T*--?

B-BUT, BARON... HE WAS DEFENDIN' *US*-- THE WHOLE CITY-- FROM A BUNCHA ALIEN INVADERS! H-HOW COULDJA--?

JOEY, I JUST DISPOSED OF *SUPERMAN*--

OF COURSE, I DID!

--A HANDFUL OF WINGED ALIENS DON'T WORRY ME!

ONE HOUR LATER...

THE AIR OVER METROPOLIS IS AGAIN STILL, WHEN FROM OUT OF THE NORTH STREAKS A SINGLE GLISTENING FORM...

SERGEANT...

CAPTAIN ATOM... SIR! WE WERE TOLD TO EXPECT YOU!

POLICE LINE

POLICE LINE

WE REALLY LUCKED OUT, SIR! THOSE WINGMEN WERE IN SUCH A HURRY TO LEAVE, NONE OF 'EM NOTICED THAT SUPERMAN HAD TAKEN A TUMBLE!

I SEE. AND WHAT *ABOUT* SUPERMAN--?

NO SIGN OF HIM, SIR. HE CRASHED THROUGH INTO THE STORM SEWERS, AND WITH ALL THE RAIN WE'VE HAD RECENTLY... WELL, WE HAVE DIVERS SEARCHING THE RIVER... JUST IN CASE.

YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, SERGEANT--

--I WANT TO CHECK THIS OUT FOR MYSELF.

THIS JUST DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT...

... ACCORDING TO HAWKMAN, THE WINGMEN DON'T HAVE ANY SMALL ARMS WHICH COULD'VE TAKEN SUPERMAN OUT PERMANENTLY--

--UNLESS THE ALIEN ALLIANCE SUPPLIED THEM WITH SOMETHING MORE POWERFUL. AND IF THEY HAVE AN ANTI-PERSONNEL WEAPON THAT CAN KILL SUPERMAN ...WHAT HOPE IS THERE FOR *ANY* OF US?

EH? *HALT!* WHO GOES THERE?

I MIGHT ASK THE SAME OF *YOU!*

CAPTAIN ATOM, *JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL*... CURRENTLY ACTING AS SPECIAL LIAISON TO THE SUPREME DEFENSE COMMAND.

AND YOU ARE--?

CALL ME *GUARDIAN*...

...YOU'RE PROBABLY NOT OLD ENOUGH TO REMEMBER, BUT I USED TO BE A MEMBER OF THE *ALL-STAR SQUADRON!*

I WORK WITH SECURITY FOR *PROJECT CADMUS.** UNLESS YOU HAVE THE PROPER CLEARANCE, I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO DISCUSS THE PROJECT.

*AS SEEN IN SUPERMAN ANNUAL #2

I HEARD THERE WAS TROUBLE UPSTAIRS... THOUGHT I'D COME UP AND SEE IF I COULD HELP.

MAYBE YOU CAN AT THAT! SUPERMAN IS MISSING... SOME THINK HE'S *DEAD*. I DON'T. IT'S *URGENT* THAT WE FIND HIM, GUARDIAN--

--THE WHOLE WORLD'S ABOUT TO FACE A GODAWFUL WAR.

IN THAT CASE, CAP'N, CONSIDER ME SIGNED ON... FOR THE DURATION!

NIGHT FALLS ON A CITY READYING ITSELF FOR WAR

FEW WILL SLEEP WELL TONIGHT...

...MANY WILL NOT SLEEP AT ALL!

HE *MUST* BE ALIVE... IF HE HAD DIED, I WOULD SURELY HAVE FELT HIS *DEATH THROES.*

BUT WHERE IS HE? *WHERE* IS SUPERMAN?

I CAN SENSE HIS DISTINCTIVE *BRAINWAVES*... SOMEWHERE OUT THERE... WITHIN THE CITY... BUT I CANNOT *FOCUS* ON THEM.

THEY FEEL DISTORTED... *GARBLED*... AS IF SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO HIS MIND.

MEANWHILE, MANY BLOCKS AWAY...

...CAN'T BELIEVE HE DID THAT. WE'RE *ALL* GONNA DIE NOW...

BAR

JOEY MEDERO?

DON'T BOTHER ME, OKAY? I... UH-OH.

I'M TOLD YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT VOODOO.

VOODOO? M-ME? N-N-NAW, S-SOMEBODY'S PULLIN' YER LEG.

NO ONE PULLS *MY* LEG, JOEY. DO YOU KNOW *WHY*?

I-I GOT A GOOD IDEA.

BUT YER *WRONG*, SEE? I'M A GOOD, HONEST BOY.

KERAK

YOU'RE NOT EVEN A GOOD *LIAR*.

AND AS FOR *YOU*...

...IF YOU WANTED *MY ATTENTION*, YOU'VE GOT IT!

K

KRESSSH

WUNK

BTOK

THWD

BAPP

I ALREADY CLEANED OUT THREE OTHER DIVES THIS EVENING, JOEY. EVERY PLACE I GOT THE SAME STORY... THAT YOU'RE WORKING FOR SOMEONE WHO CLAIMS TO *KILL* PEOPLE WITH *VOODOO!*

TELL ME WHO YOUR BOSS IS, AND WHERE I CAN FIND HIM.

I-I-I *CAN'T*, GANG-BUSTER! I-IF I DID, THERE'S NO TELLIN' *WHAT* HE MIGHT DO!

IF YOU *DON'T*, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT *I* MIGHT DO!

COME ON OUT, BARON! YOU'VE GOT COMPANY!

KRAK

WHAT?!? WHO DARES...

THE NAME'S GANGBUSTER! I'M TOLD THAT YOU'RE SOME SORT OF VOODOO HITMAN.

I DON'T ALLOW THAT IN MY TOWN. I'M HERE TO SHUT YOU DOWN!

FOOL, I AM NO SIMPLE ISLAND PRIEST! I AM BARON SUNDAY--AND I WIELD THE TRUE MAGIC!

A MAN OF MY POWER NEED FEAR NO ONE... NOT SUPERMAN...

...AND CERTAINLY NOT YOU!

WHAT--?

WHAT'S HE DOING TO ME? THIS LIGHT... BURNS! HEAD'S BUZZING...

DO NOT DESPAIR, GANGBUSTER! I CAN BE A MERCIFUL MAN.

I WILL GRANT YOU A QUICK DEATH...IF YOU BEG FOR IT!

NO...

...WAY...

...MISTER!!

AAARGH!

HE...HE *SHATTERED* MY MYSTIC SPHERE! IT CANNOT BE... I ONCE HELD *SIX MEN* HELPLESS WITH SUCH A SPELL!

THERE IS A GREAT POWER IN THIS ONE... I AM NOT PREPARED TO CONFRONT SUCH A MAN.

S-STAY BACK! O-OR--!

OR *WHAT?*

WRUNK

COME ON, SUNDAY, TELL ME AGAIN HOW *POWER-FUL* YOU ARE--

-- THEN, I'LL SHOW YOU SOME... REAL... POWER!

WHAT THE DEVIL--

--IS THAT?!

MORE OF YOUR HANDIWORK? WHAT DID YOU DO... USE THIS THING TO PUT A *WHAMMY* ON SUPERMAN?

WELL, *DID* YOU?!

Y-YES.

YOU WON'T, ANY MORE!

I OUGHT TO DO THE SAME TO YOU, BUT *I* CAN BE MERCIFUL, TOO.

COME ON-- AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING *FUNNY!*

HEAD'S *STILL* BUZZING... AS IF THERE WERE A HUNDRED BEES INSIDE OF IT! GOT TO PUT THIS GUY AWAY WHILE I STILL CAN.

SOON...

METROPOLIS POLICE

PRECINCT 17

WHAT IN THE--?

SOMEBODY LEFT US A PRESENT.

LISTEN TO THIS: "HERE IS YOUR VOODOO KILLER... YOU'LL FIND EVIDENCE IN HIS HIDEOUT AT 453 FENTON PLACE. DEAL WITH HIM... OR I WILL!"

IT'S SIGNED "GANGBUSTER"!

THAT'S ONE MORE CREEP OFF THE STREETS. BUT THERE ARE SO MANY STILL ON THE LOOSE. WELL, THE NIGHT IS STILL YOUNG...

...TIME ENOUGH TO TEACH SOME MORE THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS.

I JUST WISH MY HEAD WOULD STOP BUZZING!

WHILE ACROSS TOWN, AMID THE BOMB-SHATTERED RUBBLE LITTERING THE ROOF-TOP OF THE CITY'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER..

DAILY PLANET

HE'LL HEAR THE SIGNAL... HE'S GOT TO!

...YOUNG JIMMY OLSEN PRAYS FOR SOME SIGN THAT HIS FRIEND STILL LIVES.

COME ON, SUPERMAN, ANSWER ME! WE NEED YOU... NOW MORE THAN EVER!

IS THE MAN OF STEEL ALIVE? FIND OUT NEXT WEEK IN

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #449!

AND JOIN US HERE NEXT MONTH FOR GANGBUSTER VS. GUARDIAN... THE FINAL BATTLE... IN

SUPERMAN #27!!

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

SUICIDE SLUM IN THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING...

THE DEATH OF

JERRY ORDWAY * WRITER/PENCILLER

DENNIS JANKE * INKER

ALBERT DE GUZMAN * LETTERER

PETRA SCOTESE * COLORIST

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THE TEN BLOCK LONG STRETCH OF HELL IS FAMILIAR GROUND TO THE DRIVER OF THIS SPEEDING VEHICLE...

HE'S SPENT A LIFETIME ON THESE STREETS, TRYING TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE."

BY DAY, HE WALKED A BEAT, AS OFFICER JIM HARPER...

...BY NIGHT, HE FOUGHT CRIME AS THE GOLDEN GUARDIAN.

MY WHOLE LIFE. I GAVE MY WHOLE LIFE TO THIS PLACE. MURDER--DRUGS--PORNOGRAPHY! IT'S GONE FROM BAD TO WORSE!

MAYBE I CAN CONVINCE THE BRAINS AT THE PROJECT TO LET ME RESUME MY WORK HERE.

AGENT HARPER! IS THERE ANYTHING NEW TO REPORT?

AFRAID NOT, DUBBILEX! MY FOOT PATROL WASN'T TOO SUCCESSFUL, SO I OPTED FOR THE MORE SOPHISTICATED SENSORS ON BOARD THE BATTLEVAN.

I'M CLOSING IN ON SOMETHING THE MONITOR'S PICKED UP.

BUT SINCE WE HAVEN'T CATALOGUED SUPERMAN'S SPECIAL AURA, IT COULD TURN OUT TO BE SOME OTHER SUPER-BEING.

CHECK OUT ALL LEADS—IT IS IMPERATIVE FOR US TO CONTACT SUPERMAN.

I'M IN PURSUIT. OVER AND OUT.

INFO-LOG--- TWO TEN A.M.--- I AM FOLLOWING OUR TARGET INTO A MULTI-LEVEL PARKING GARAGE...

THE PARKING LOT ATTENDANT APPEARS TO BE INJURED.

PARKING

HIS HEARTBEAT IS NORMAL. ONBOARD COMPUTER SUGGESTS HE'S BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS...

I'M SUMMONING AN AMBULANCE FOR H M AND PROCEEDING ON.

PARKING

24 HOUR

THE BLIP ONSCREEN HASN'T CHANGED POSITION. WHOEVER IT IS, I'VE GOT HIM!

UP TO LEVEL 8

IT'S THAT VIGILANTE I FOLLOWED EARLIER,* THE ONE CALLED GANGBUSTER!

THANK GOD! HELP ME WHOEVER-YOU-ARE!

SCREEEEECH!

*IN SUPERMAN #26.

STEP AWAY FROM THE RAILING AND LET GO OF HIM...NOW!

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!

THIS GUY IS A CHILD ABUSER AND PORNOGRAPHER AND DESERVES--

THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING! SET HIM FREE!

BUZZ OFF, "KNIGHTRIDER"!

THAT PARALYSIS BEAM WILL HOLD HIM FOR A BIT. THE POLICE WANT HIM FOR QUESTIONING ON A NUMBER OF CASES!

THAT OTHER GUY WASTED NO TIME HIGH-TAILING IT TO THE STAIRWAY!

SORRY TO DO THAT, FELLA, BUT YOU JUST WEREN'T *LISTENING*.

THE "*BOYS IN BLUE*" WILL PICK UP YOUR PLAYMATE DOWNSTAIRS. I RADIOED THEM FROM THE VAN.

STAIRS

POLICE?!

THE COPS HAD THEIR CHANCE AT HIM, AND COULDN'T MAKE THE CHARGE *STICK*. SO THEY DUMPED HIM BACK ON THE STREETS!

MY STREETS, MY JUSTICE.

SIT TIGHT, PAL. THAT'S *NOT* THE WAY OUR LEGAL SYSTEM WORKS.

THE SYSTEM *DOESN'T* WORK!

WOK!

DA GUARDIAN'S NOT DOIN' TOO GOOD! WE GOTTA HELP 'IM!

WE *DID* HIDE ON *BOARD* TO BETTER ASSIST HIM IN A *PREDICAMENT* SUCH AS THIS...

HERE YOU ARE, SON, THAT'LL BE SIX-FIFTY

PRETTY TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD, THOUGH WANT ME TO WAIT?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! I... UH, COME HERE ALL THE TIME.

I'VE GOT TO FIND SUPERMAN BY USING MY WITS, THIS TIME... SINCE MY SIGNAL WATCH DIDN'T DO THE TRICK.

HE MUST BE OUT OF IT'S RANGE, OR ELSE BRAINIAC MUST HAVE SCREWED IT UP WHEN HE GRABBED ME AND CAT GRANT.*

*IN ADVENTURES O' SUPERMAN #445

I REMEMBERED THAT SUPERMAN SOLVED JERRY WHITE'S KIDNAPPING WITH AID FROM A GOOF WHO FREQUENTS THIS...

...AND STAY OUT!!

...WAITAMINUTE...

BE A MAN, OLSEN! DON'T LET THEM KNOW YOU'RE SCARED! JUST WALK RIGHT IN AND SAY...

GEEZ! I GOTTA PUT UP WITH DIS EVERY TIME I YELL "LAST CALL" IN MY OWN JOINT!"

LISTEN UP! I'M LOOKING FOR A GUY CALLED...

KASH!

UH, MAYBE I SHOULD COME BACK SOME OTHER TIME?

NO! A LOT'S AT STAKE. THINK TOUGH, OLSEN.

...EXCUSE ME...

I GOT IT. I WAS LOOKING FOR A GUY NAMED BIBBO

I NEED TO TALK TO HIM ABOUT SUPERMAN...

SUPERMAN?

HMMM LOOKS LIKE WE NEED A NEW GARBAGE PAIL FER ALL TH S JUNK! GET OFFA ME! ::UMPH::

LOOK AWHERE WUZ IT S SUPERMAN HERE?

SAY.. YOU AIN'T HIM 'VER TOO PUNY'

BIBBO? YOU MISUNDERSTOOD ME. I'M LOOKING FOR HIM, AND S NCE YOU'RE AN INFORMANT, I THOUGHT..

SQUIRT, YA DON'T JUST WALK INTA A SALOON AND ANNOUNCE DAT TA THE WHOLE WORLD 'COULD HURT MY BIZ-NESS.

IF YOU WERE TOUGH, IT'D BE DIFFERENT. BUT 'ER NOT E. EN OLD EAUFF TA BE IN A BEER JOINT!

DIRT FROM BIBBO AIN'T FREE RUSTY YA GOTS TA PROVE VERSELF!

IF YA KIN HACK DAT DEN I'LL CHARGE YA BY DA WORD...

...IF

UM, CAN WE START THIS ALL OVER AGAIN?

I'LL JUST GO OUTSIDE, AND I PROMISE TO COME BACK IN...

SAY! THAT'S A FINE WATCH HE'S WEARING, BIB!

NO! NOT MY WATCH-- IT'S VERY SPECIAL.

YA GOTS TA PAY IF YA WANNA PLAY, RED!

EEEEEE

WE CAN'T JUST STAND BY AND WATCH DIS CRUMB THROTTLE OUR PAL DA GUARDIAN!

RIGHT, GABBY, AN' I'M GONNA DO SUMPTHIN'!

SCRAPPER, WAIT! THIS ISN'T THE WHIZ WAGON! LET "BIG WORDS"--

I KIN F'GGER IT OUT, TOMMY!

DON'T GO PAWIN' ALL THE BUTTONS!

RELAX, FELLAG! SEE? I GOT TH' DURNED DOOR CLOSED!

YEAH, BUT NOT ON PURPOSE!

THIS GUY'S GOT SOME GRIP! I'VE--

THAT SOUND! WHO STARTED UP THE VAN? UNLESS...

SCRAPPER, YOU MORON! STOP THIS THING!

HOW??

VROOM!

THE RUNAWAY VAN HITS GANGBUSTER AT NEARLY SIXTY MILES PER...

...PLUNGING THEM BOTH INTO THE MURKY WATERS OF THE HOB LANE RIVER.

THE OCCUPANTS OF THE VEHICLE -- THE NEWSBOY LEGION -- HAVING BEEN TOSSED ABOUT LIKE RAG-DOLLS SUCCUMB TO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

WHILE THEIR "GUARDIAN" PAINFULLY PICKS HIMSELF UP OFF OF THE CONCRETE FLOOR, WORRYING OVER THE FATE OF HIS OPPONENT, AND OF...

MY BOYS!

THEY MUST'VE STOWED ON BOARD-- TRIED TO HELP...

...INSTEAD THEY ALMOST RAN ME DOWN! IF IT WASN'T FOR GANGBUSTER'S LAST MINUTE CHANGE OF HEART...

THERE IT IS, BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF GANGBUSTER.

WATER'S PRETTY MURKY. CAN'T SEE VERY FAR IN FRONT OF ME, ANYWAYS.

I'VE GOT TO CHANCE THAT SINCE THEY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO CONTROL THIS THING, THEY ALSO DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO ACTIVATE THE VAN'S DEFENSE MECHA --

TAD

OH, MY MOSSIN! WHUT WUZ-- HEY!

IT'S OUR PAL, DA GUARDIAN, AND HE DON'T LOOK TOO JAKE!

YER PAPUN' BROUGHT ALLA DIS ON, SCRAPPER!

INDUBITABLY, GABBY, SCRAPPER'S MOTORING SKILLS DID PUT US ALL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HOG LANE RIVER--

--IN ADDITION TO APPARENTLY INCAPACITATING THE GUARDIAN.

GAY, DID YOU FELLOWS FEEL THAT? TH'S VEH CLE'S RISING!

"WE'RE BEING RESCUED"... BUT BY WHO?"

LUCKY THING I SAW THAT FLASH IN THE WATER AND DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE!

THE GUARDIAN TOOK A STRONG JOLT OF ELECTRICITY!

I HOPE THE NEWSBOYS CAN SHED SOME LIGHT ON WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE!

SOOPERMAN!!

HELLO BOYS. CARE TO EXPLAIN THIS?

YOUSE LONG UNDERWEAR TYPES ALWAYS SHOW IN DA NICK O' TIME...

DIDJA GRAB THE CREEP WHUT STARTED ALLA DIS ?

FORGET ABOUT GANGBUSTER, GABBY! IS THE GUARDIAN GOING TO BE OKAY?

CAREFUL, TOMMY HE'S SWALLOWED SOME WATER...

GANGBUSTER WAS HERE! I SCANNED THE RIVER WITH MY X-RAY VISION, AND I DON'T...

HOW LONG WERE YOU UNDERWATER?

ABOUT SEVEN OR EIGHT MINUTES AT THE MOST...

LONG ENOUGH FOR H'M TO ESCAPE!

THE VAN HIT HIM DEAD ON--HE MUST BE INJURED...

I'LL CHECK AGAIN...

YOU AIN'T GOT ANY TIME FER THAT! MATTER A'FACT-- SUMPIN BIG IS GOING ON--THE GUARDIAN WUZ LOOKIN' FER YOU!

GOOD LORD! YOU'RE RIGHT! THE THANAGARIANS-- PART OF THE INVADING FORCES--WERE ATTACKING METROPOLIS...

WAIT, SUPERMAN! THE HAWK-PEOPLE RETREATED, BUT YOU-- EVERYONE THOUGHT YOU WUZ KILLED!

I REMEMBER BEING HIT BY ONE OF THEM, AND THEN--NOTHING!

WE HEARD THAT YOU'D PLUMMETED THROUGH THE PAVEMENT, OUT OF SIGHT...

SOME MICKEY THEY MUSTA SLIPPED YA THAT WUZ YESTERDAY MORNIN'.

ARE WE AT WAR WITH THESE INVADERS?

NO, BUT DAT'S WHUT GUARDIAN WANTED TA TALK TO YA ABOUT!

ZEEEEEE

JIMMY'S SIGNAL WATCH!

TELL THE GUARDIAN I'LL BE HEADING OVER TO THE DAILY PLANET AFTER I TAKE CARE OF SOME PERSONAL BUSINESS!

*SUPERMAN '86

"WHY AM I HERE? WHY AM I SO OBSESSED WITH THIS BIT OF KNOWLEDGE?

"BECAUSE I KNOW I'M RIGHT ABOUT THIS. IN ALL MY YEARS OF SCHOOLING AN HONOR McCOY'S NEVER BEEN WRONG. I PRIDED MYSELF ON THAT.

"MY ATTENTION TO RESEARCH AND FACTS SERVED ME WELL, BOTH IN COLLEGE, AND LATER WHEN I WORKED FOR LEXCORP.

"LEX LUTHOR IS REALLY THE REASON WHY I'M HERE, WHY I'VE BEEN SPYING ON CLARK KENT FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS...

"...TO PROVE SOMETHING I ALREADY KNOW..."

344 CLINTON

"CLARK KENT IS REALLY SUPERMAN!

LUTHOR WAS TOO CLOSE TO IT, TO SEE IT FOR HIMSELF.

FIRST HE DEGRADED ME, THEN HE FIRED ME--FOR BEING RIGHT!

*WAY BACK IN SUPERMAN #2.

I RETURNED KENT'S MOM'S SCRAPBOOK TO HIM, AND ERASED LEXCORP'S FILES ON HIM BEFORE I LEFT...

...BEFORE MY NERVOUS BREAKDOWN--

OH!

MATT! YOU'RE WET! WHAT'D YOU DO? TAKE A BATH?

NAAAHH I WASHED UP IN THE DOUGHNUT SHOP'S MEN'S ROOM!

ANYTHING HAPPEN WHILE I WAS ON BREAK?

YES I GOT BORED.

THE DOORMAN HASN'T SEEN H'M LEAVE, EITHER. HE SAID THAT IT WASN'T ALL THAT UNUSUAL FOR KENT TO HOLE UP FOR DAYS AT A TIME WORKING ON A STORY.

YOU CAN KEEP WATCH HERE WHILE I PAY A VISIT TO THE DAILY PLANET, AND SEE WHAT I CAN DIG UP.

THE ACE O' CLUBS...

PLEASE GIVE ME BACK MY WATCH!

THE WATCH AIN'T WORTH MUCH, RED. HOW 'BOUT SOME CASH?

YEAH, WE DON'T TAKE CREDIT CARDS!

HEY, HE WAS TALKIN' TO YOU, MISTER SUPERMAN'S PAL...

SWOOP

SCRUNCH!

FROOP!

TERMITES?

FROOP!

SCRUNCH!

HAW HAW HAW!

KEEP LAUGHING, BIBS!

YOU'RE NEXT!

SUPERMAN!

WHERE IN HECK HAVE YOU BEEN?

EVERYONE'S BEEN TRYING TO LOCATE YOU SINCE THE THANAGARIANS ATTACK!

I KNEW YOU WEREN'T DEAD!

WHERE'D I HEAR THAT BEFORE?

GANGBUSTER CAPTURED A GUY NAMED BARON SUNDAY, WHO CLAIMED HE "KILLED" YOU WITH VOODOO!

AND, WELL, YOU WERE MISSING FOR OVER TWENTY HOURS!

COULD BE THAT HE ATTACKED ME WITH HIS MAGIC AT THE SAME TIME I WAS HIT BY THAT HAWK-MAN'S WEAPON...

WHAT-- DID YOU DO?

OOPS, THE OWNER!

THIS IS GREAT. JUST GREAT!

I'LL GLADLY MAKE RESTITUTION, SIR!--

CALL ME MANESIS... AND DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ANY O' THIS... I BEEN WAITIN' FER YEARS FOR THESE "ROUGHHOUSES" TO GET THEIRS!

THEY BEEN TOSSIN' ME OUTTA THIS JOINT AT CLOSIN' TIME TOO LONG!

COULD JA JUST TELL THEM NOT TO DO THAT AVYMORE? THEY'LL LISTEN TO YOU.

LISTEN UP! IF YOU 2 CONTINUE TO TREAT YER MANESIS WITH DISRESPECT...

WELL, JUST DON'T!

HAW! HAW! HAW! SUPERMAN, YER MY FAV'RIT!

ALICE, THE DAILY PLANET IS JUST THAT. A DAILY...

...I'VE GOT TO BE HERE NOW. WE HAVE TO PUT THE MORNING EDITION TO BED...

THEN THERE'S THE NEXT EDITION TO WORRY ABOUT...

...I PROMISE TO TAKE A NAP IN MY OFFICE...

...I KNOW HOW LONG I'VE BEEN HERE TODAY MY BODY REMINDS ME--THAT I'M NOT A KID ANYMORE...

ALICE, YOU'RE MY WIFE, NOT MY MOTHER. IT WAS THE BUILDING THAT WAS HIT IN THAT BOMBING RUN YESTERDAY PERSONAL INJURY WAS MINIMAL.

HAVE YOU HEARD FROM YOUR SON TODAY? WAS HE AFFECT--

YES, I KNOW HE'S MY SON TOO, I ONLY--WHAT? A JOB AND A NEW GIRL-FRIEND? YEAH. I KNOW, RIGHT WHEN DO WE MEET HER?

THIS SUNDAY? FINE...FINE.

ALICE LOOK, I'VE GOT TO GO. I LOVE YOU TOO. 'BYE.

UH, MR WHITE?

MR WHITE, THE ENGINEERS AND THE BUILDING INSPECTOR HAVE GONE OVER THE DAMAGE TO THE UPPER FLOORS..

...THEY AGREE THAT THE STRUCTURE IS SOUND, DESPITE APPEARANCES

PERRY WHITE MANAGING EDITOR

GOOD TO KNOW WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE EVICTED! THANKS, BLACKY.

PERRY, CAN WE TALK?

COME IN, LOIS

SURPRISED YOU'RE STILL HERE WHAT'S UP?

I JUST FINISHED MY STORY ON HOW CITY HALL IS HANDLING THIS CRISIS...

GOOD. GOOD..

NO ONE'S SEEN CLARK KENT DURING ALL OF THIS. I'M WORRIED. HE'S USUALLY THE FIRST GUY TO FILE A STORY ON SOMETHING THIS B.G.

WITH ALL THE *ACTIVITY* AROUND HERE--

YOU KNOW.. YOU'RE *RIGHT*! IT'S NOT THE CLARK KENT OF OLD...

I'M PLANNING ON STOPPING AT HIS PLACE ON MY WAY HOME...

IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING TO *WORRY* ABOUT, THOUGH. HIS BLOCK WASN'T DAMAGED IN THE ALIENS' ATTACK!

TRUE, HE MAY VERY WELL BE OFF WORKING ON HIS *INTER-GANG* EXPOSÉ...

BUT I'D LIKE TO CHECK ON HIM ANYWAY--MAINLY BECAUSE HE'S *BEEN* SO MOODY AND *WITHDRAWN* LATELY.

SOMETHING'S EATING AT HIM..

I TRIED TALKING TO HIM ABOUT JUST *THAT*, BUT HE *WON'T* OPEN UP! I TOLD HIM TO TAKE SOME *TIME OFF*...

WHO ASSIGNED HIM THE *INTER-GANG* STORIES?

HE PITCHED THE *IDEA* TO ME--SAID HE HAD ACCESS TO *INSIDE INFORMATION*!

AWW, WELL, GO ON. TELL HIM I SAID, "*HEY!*"

G'NIGHT, PERRY.

'SCUSE ME--CAN YOU TELL ME IF CLARK KENT IS--

DON'T ASK ME, LADY! I'M NOT MAINTENANCE

TRY THE FRONT DESK..

BUT THERE'S NO ONE AT THE FRONT--

SAY, YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED UP HERE WITHOUT A VISITORS' PASS

OVERHEARD YOU ASKING ABOUT *KENT*...

HAS HE BEEN IN THE OFFICE TODAY?

WHO ARE YOU? IS THIS ANYTHING TO DO WITH A STORY OF HIS?

RIIIGHT. CALL BACK DURING BUSINESS HOURS, MISS

C'MON! I'M *LEAVING* TOO.

DAILY

CLE

UH, NO, I'M A FRIEND..

MORNING PERRY! HEARD SOME PEOPLE WERE ASKING ABOUT ME..

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!

GREAT GOING, OLSEN! NOW... GO ON HOME... BEFORE YOUR MOM STARTS CALLING OSHA ON ME AGAIN.

BUT, CHIEF...

GIT!

YOU'VE BEEN A HARD MAN TO FIND GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE'N KICKIN'- FOR EVERYONE'S SAKE!

HERE.. I DIALED THE JUSTICE LEAGUE'S EMBASSY..

THEY NEED YOU

ALL THEY SAID ON THE PHONE WAS TO MEET UP WITH CAPTAIN ATOM IN THE AIR OVER WASHINGTON, D.C..

IT BETTER NOT BE TO CHASTISE ME FOR ENTERING THE FRAY WITH THE THANAGARIANS...

IT BURNS ME UP TO SEE WHAT THEY DID TO THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING...

MAYBE THE HAWK-PEOPLE TOOK OFFENSE AT THE PLANET'S "DROP DEAD" HEADLINE?

WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME-- THEY POSSESS A NAZI-LIKE ZEAL FOR--

HEEEY, BUDDY! DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A WAR GOING ON?

WE THOUGHT YOU'D GONE AWOL* ON US.

HOW CAN I HELP YOU, CAPTAIN?

WE NEED YOU TO ARRANGE FOR A CEASE-FIRE WITH THE LEADERS OF THE ALIEN ALLIANCE

A CEASE-FIRE?

IT'LL BUY US TIME TO ORGANIZE... AND HOPEFULLY MINIMIZE FURTHER HUMAN CASUALTIES

* ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE

WHY ME, AND NOT YOU?

WELL, FOR ONE THING, DESPITE MY APPEARANCE, I'M HUMAN!

NO OFFENSE, BUT TO THEM, YOU'RE A KRYPTONIAN, AN ALIEN--LIKE THEMSELVES!

THAT, AND THE FACT THAT YOUR REPUTATION REACHES FAR AND WIDE, PAL!

THE INVADERS KNOW OF YOU, MIGHT EVEN RESPECT YOU...

OKAY, YOU'VE MADE YOUR CASE. I'M AWARE OF THE STAKES.

ONE MORE THING...

WE WANT YOU TO GO IN "WIRED" WITH THIS MINI-CAM.

IT'LL BE FAIRLY INNOCUOUS CLIPPED OVER YOUR BELT BUCKLE...

AND SOON...

AFTERWARD, REPORT TO THE NORAD MOUNTAIN BASE FOR DE-BRIEFING...

OH, AND BY THE WAY... GOOD LUCK.

KEEP 'EM FLYIN', CAPTAIN

IT'S A STRANGE FEELING--THE FATE OF THE WORLD RESTS ON THE NEGOTIATING SKILLS OF A KANSAS FARM-BOY.

RIGHT--KANSAS BY WAY OF KRYPTON!

SOMETIMES A PART OF ME WISHES I'D NEVER FOUND OUT ABOUT MY KRYPTONIAN HERITAGE...

I'VE SPENT YEARS TRYING TO DENY THAT KNOWLEDGE HAS CHANGED THINGS INSIDE OF ME...

TECHNICALLY, I WAS BORN HERE, SO I'M STILL AN EARTHLING.

I LOOK LIKE THEM--BUT I CAN NEVER AGAIN TRULY BE ONE OF THEM...

...BECAUSE OF MY ALIEN HERITAGE.

I'VE COME TO TALK. MY NAME--

--IS KNOWN TO US, SUPERMAN. PROCEED.

I'D HOPED THAT OUR RENDEZVOUS COULD HAPPEN ON THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT...

OUT OF THE QUESTION, FOR WE OF THE ALLIANCE COUNT ON YOUR CLARITY OF THOUGHT IN THIS MEETING.

YOUR PURPOSE WOULD BE COMPROMISED AND THE DEAD AND SUFFERING HUMANS CONTAINED THERE

WE OF THE DOMINION HAVE HEARD TELL OF THE MANY EXPLOITS OF EARTH'S SUPERMAN...

...ESPECIALLY HIS FONDNESS FOR HER PEOPLE.

THEY ARE BUT MINOR-CASTLINGS. YOUR DESTINY SHOULD LIE WITH US...

I'VE SWORN TO PROTECT THEM...

I'M HERE SOLELY TO MAKE A PROPOSITION...

WHAT HAVE YOU COME TO OFFER THAT WE CANNOT ALREADY TAKE?

THEN GAZE UPON HIS IMAGE, AND SPEAK, MAN OF STEEL...

THE EARTH IS NOT GOVERNED BY A SOLE RULER--WE ARE A PLANET OF MANY NATIONS, MANY VOICES.

I PROPOSE TO THE ALLIANCE A CEASE-FIRE AGREEMENT.

WE SEEK TO MINIMIZE HUMAN CASUALTIES OCCURING WHILE OUR LEADERS AGREE ON THE BEST COURSE OF ACTION FOR ALL CONCERNED.

THE COURSE OF ACTION MOST BENEFICIAL TO YOUR PEOPLE WOULD BE TO SURRENDER ALL OF EARTH'S META-HUMANS TO US IMMEDIATELY!

THAT, AND ONLY THAT, WILL FACILITATE BOTH OF OUR BEST INTERESTS.

THE ALLIANCE SHALL GRANT A CEASE-FIRE TO LAST THE DURATION OF ONE EARTH DAY, IN ORDER FOR YOU TO GATHER UP YOUR HEROES.

EARTH'S SUPER-HUMANS MUST DECIDE THEIR OWN FATES...

SAVE YOUR WORDS FOR YOUR COMPATRIOTS. THE PACT IS SET.

IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO RETURN--WITH YOUR RECORDINGS OF OUR ACTIONS HERE.

THEY KNEW--THEY KNEW I WAS WIRED--BUT THEY DIDN'T CARE THAT I WAS TAPING THEM.

THEY'RE CONFIDENT, THAT'S FOR SURE! MAYBE TOO CONFIDENT.

NORAD DEFENSE COMMAND CENTER:

LISTEN UP PEOPLE. I'VE GOT SOME NEWS...

A CEASE-FIRE AGREEMENT HAS BEEN NEGOTIATED BY SUPERMAN BETWEEN US AND THE INVADERS...

SUPERMAN, WOULD YOU LIKE TO FILL US IN?

THANK YOU GENERAL EILING...

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE PAGES OF INVASION #2

BATTLEGROUND EARTH™

THEN... JOIN US IN SUPERMAN # 27 FOR: "OF COURSE, YOU KNOW THIS MEANS WAR!" AND AFTER THAT... BE BACK HERE FOR "TRIPLE THREAT!" IN ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN # 450... A DRAMATIC TURNING-POINT FOR THE MAN OF STEEL! (DON'T FORGET TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION
AUTHORIZED EYES ONLY

THE INFORMATION YOU ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE -- GATHERED BY THE PLANET'S INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITIES UNDER THE AEGIS OF THE UNITED NATIONS -- IS PRIORITY ONE CLEARANCE DATA.

EARTH HAS BEEN INVADED.

AUSTRALIA HAS ALREADY FALLEN.

BY TRIANGULATING THE INVADERS' TELETRANSMISSIONS, WE HAVE LOCATED THEIR MAIN BASE...

...IN THE RUINS OF WHAT WAS ONCE THE CITY OF MELBOURNE.

FROM THAT BASE, THE ENEMY HAS ALREADY LAUNCHED A MANY-PRONGED ASSAULT...

...IT S LAND TROOPS RECEIVING AIR-SUPPORT FROM WHAT WE ARE TOLD ARE THANAGARIAN HAWKSHIPS.

IN ADDITION, ALASKAN AND SIBERIAN SONAR MONITORS HAVE PICKED UP UNUSUAL ACTIVITY UNDER THE POLAR ICECAP ITSELF.

RECENT REPORTS CONFIRM THAT ALIENS WERE ENGAGED IN SOME MANNER OF BATTLE THERE.

THIS COMPUTER SIMULATION SHOWS A LEVEL TEN ARMADA BEING HELD IN RESERVE IN ORBIT ON THE FAR SIDE OF OUR MOON.

AND YET, IT IS THE FEELING OF BOTH INTELLIGENCE AND DEFENSE AGENCIES THAT WE ARE CURRENTLY EXPERIENCING ONLY THE FIRST WAVE OF THE ALIEN INVASION.

THE SECURITY COUNCIL HAS SELECTED FOUR INDIVIDUALS TO COMMAND EARTH'S DEFENSES IN THIS TIME OF CRISIS:

GENERAL WADE EILING:
EARTH ARMED FORCES

CAPTAIN ATOM:
EARTH'S SUPER FORCES

AMANDA WALLER:
COMBINED INTELLIGENCE

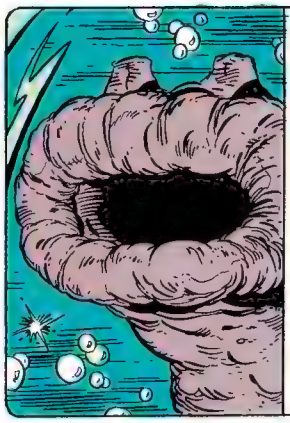
MAXWELL LORD:
JLI LIAISON AND ADVISOR

THE FOLLOWING COMPRISES WHAT LITTLE WE KNOW OF THE ALIENS:

THE DOMINION

ABSENT FROM THE BATTLES THEMSELVES, THE DOMINATORS APPEAR TO BE THE STRATEGISTS BEHIND THE INVASION.

ALL DOMINATORS ARE IDENTICAL - EXCEPT FOR CIRCULAR MARKINGS ON THEIR FOREHEADS, WHICH INDICATE EACH'S LEVEL WITHIN DOMINION SOCIAL HIERARCHY.



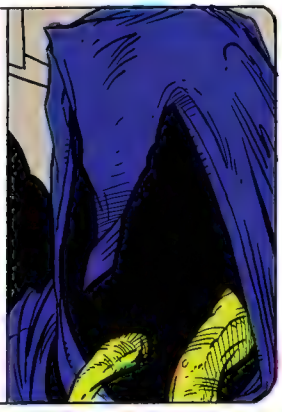
THE GIL'DISHPAN

AUTOPSIES OF SEVERAL SLAIN IN THE ARCTIC SEA BATTLE INDICATE THEY BREATHE THE HIGHLY FLAMMABLE METHANE WITHIN THEIR SOPHISTICATED CONTAINMENT BUBBLES.

THEIR VICIOUSNESS IS COMPOUNDED BY A DEADLY INTERNAL DEFENSE SYSTEM; POD-LIKE PROTUBERANCES CAPABLE OF SHOOTING ACID-LIKE LIQUID FATAL TO BOTH HUMANS AND SOME SUPER-BEINGS.

THE DURLANS

THE MOST ENIGMATIC OF THE ENEMY RACES, SINCE NO TWO CAPTURED DURLANS BEAR ANY EXTERNAL RESEMBLANCE TO ANOTHER. INTERNALLY, HOWEVER, ALL ARE IDENTICAL, LEADING TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THEY ARE SHAPE-SHIFTERS, ABLE TO MIMIC BOTH ANIMATE AND INANIMATE OBJECTS -- IN FORM, BUT NOT FUNCTION.



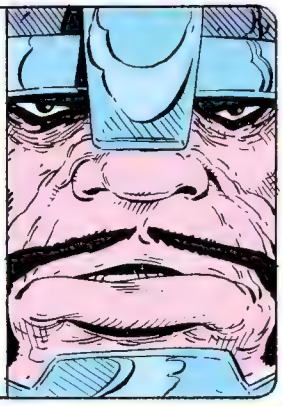
OKAARAN WARLORDS

INTELLIGENCE REPORTS INDICATE THAT THE OKAARANS ARE THE WEAPONSMITHS OF THE ALLIANCE, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DELIVERY AND MAINTENANCE OF THE BULK OF THE ENEMY'S WAR MACHINERY.

WITH OR WITHOUT WEAPONS, HOWEVER, THE OKAARAN IS BUILT FOR WAR, AND IN SHEER BRUTE STRENGTH, IS OUR MOST FORMIDABLE OPPONENT.

THE KHUND

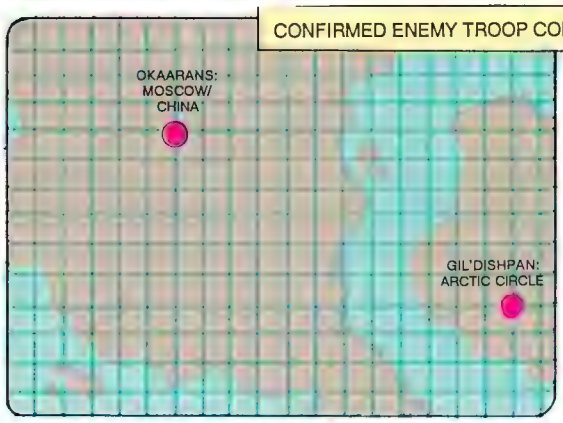
WHILE THE OKAARANS POSE THE GREATEST THREAT IN TERMS OF PHYSICAL PROWESS, THE KHUNDS CANNOT BE UNDERESTIMATED, SINCE THEY COMBINE STRENGTH WITH RUTHLESSNESS. OBSERVERS NOTE THAT THEIR STRENGTH AND STAMINA ACTUALLY INCREASE OVER THE COURSE OF SUSTAINED COMBAT , WHICH MAKES THE KHUND FORMIDABLE FIELD COMMANDERS.

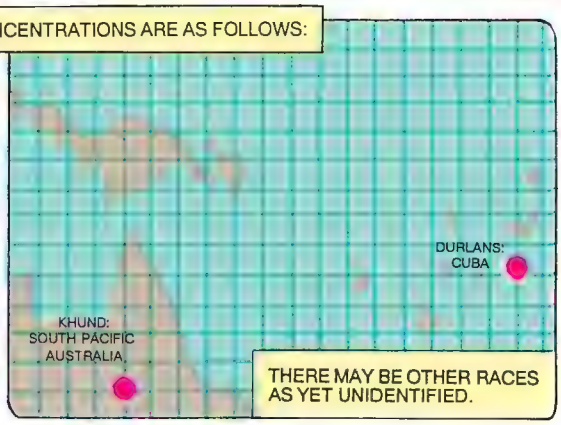


THE THANAGARIANS

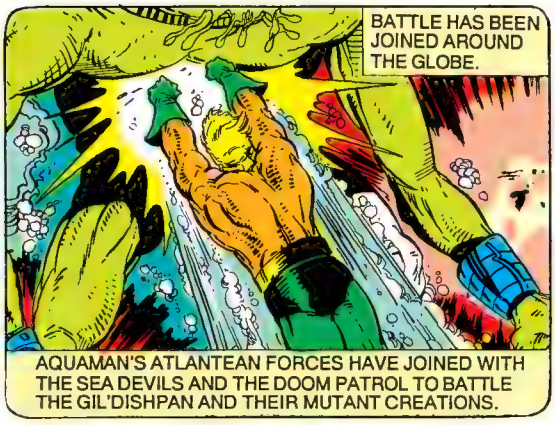
OF ALL THE ALIENS, THE THANAGARIANS ARE MOST HUMANOID IN APPEARANCE. WITH THEIR WINGED FLIGHT DEVICES, THE HAWK-LIKE RACE IS BEING USED AS THE INVASION AIR FORCE. CONSULTATION WITH HAWKMAN REVEALS THANAGARIANS TO BE HIGHLY DISCIPLINED RACE, WITH MUCH PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE IN THE ART OF INTERPLANETARY WAR.

CONFIRMED ENEMY TROOP CONCENTRATIONS ARE AS FOLLOWS:

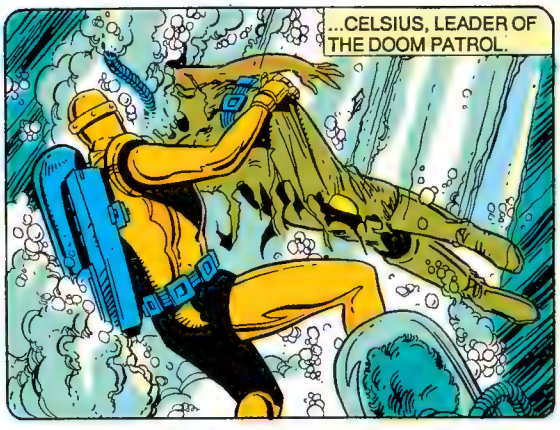


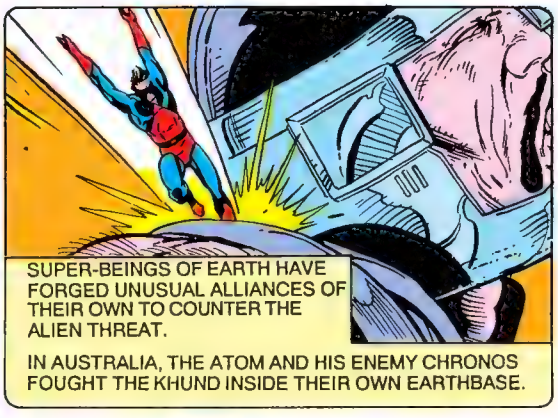


THERE MAY BE OTHER RACES AS YET UNIDENTIFIED.

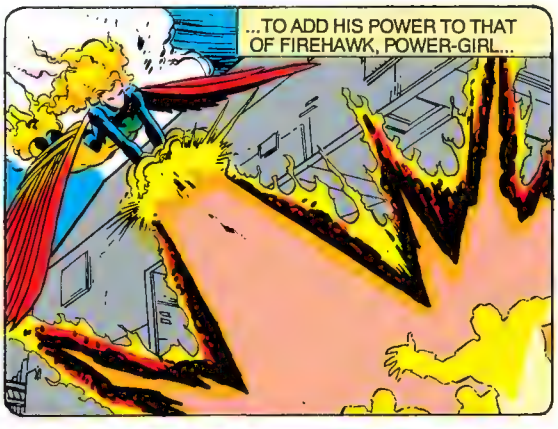

BATTLE HAS BEEN JOINED AROUND THE GLOBE.
AQUAMAN'S ATLANTEAN FORCES HAVE JOINED WITH THE SEA DEVILS AND THE DOOM PATROL TO BATTLE THE GIL'DISHPAN AND THEIR MUTANT CREATIONS.

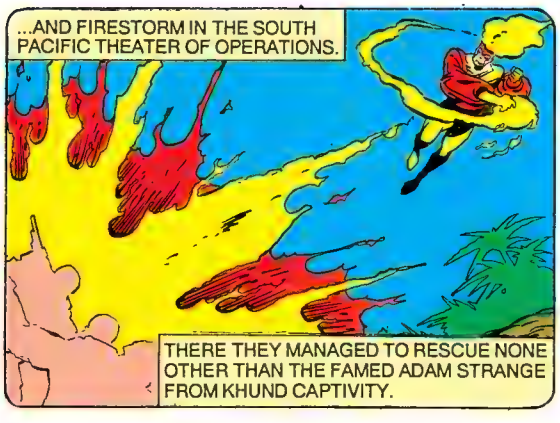
THAT CONFLICT COST EARTH OUR FIRST SUPER-HERO CASUALTY...

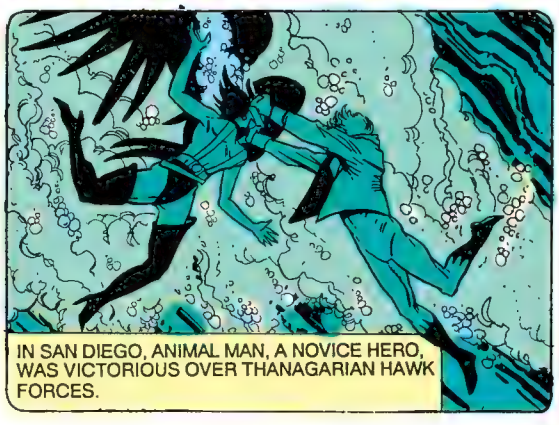

...CELSIUS, LEADER OF THE DOOM PATROL.

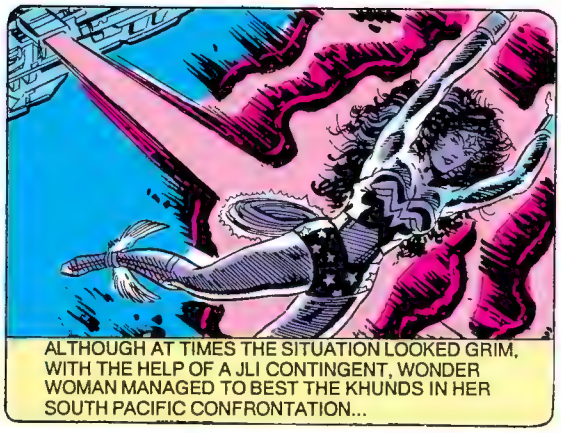

SUPER-BEINGS OF EARTH HAVE FORGED UNUSUAL ALLIANCES OF THEIR OWN TO COUNTER THE ALIEN THREAT.
IN AUSTRALIA, THE ATOM AND HIS ENEMY CHRONOS FOUGHT THE KHUND INSIDE THEIR OWN EARTHBASE.

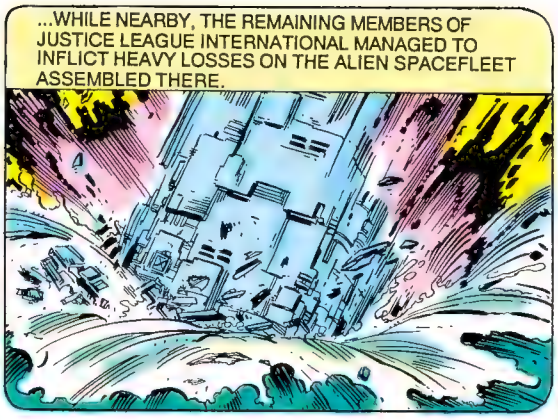
ONE PATTERN IS EMERGING.
THE ALIENS SEEK TO CAPTURE SUPER-BEINGS.
THEIR ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP STARMAN PROVED ABORTIVE WHEN HE ESCAPED...


...TO ADD HIS POWER TO THAT OF FIREHAWK, POWER-GIRL...

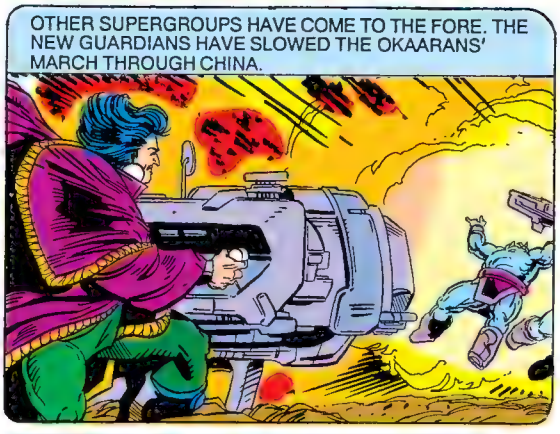

...AND FIRESTORM IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC THEATER OF OPERATIONS.
THERE THEY MANAGED TO RESCUE NONE OTHER THAN THE FAMED ADAM STRANGE FROM KHUND CAPTIVITY.

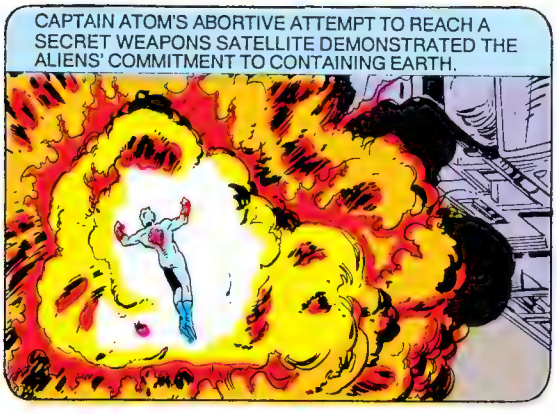

IN SAN DIEGO, ANIMAL MAN, A NOVICE HERO, WAS VICTORIOUS OVER THANAGARIAN HAWK FORCES.

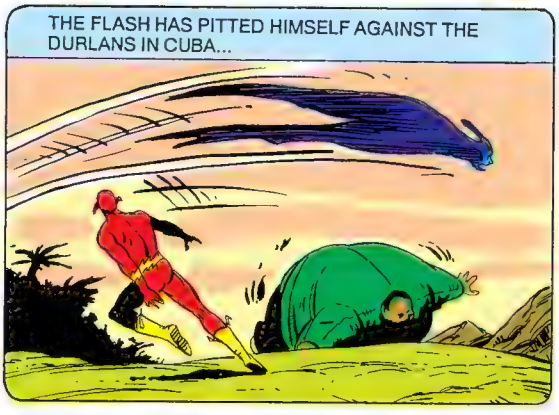

ALTHOUGH AT TIMES THE SITUATION LOOKED GRIM, WITH THE HELP OF A JLI CONTINGENT, WONDER WOMAN MANAGED TO BEST THE KHUNDS IN HER SOUTH PACIFIC CONFRONTATION...

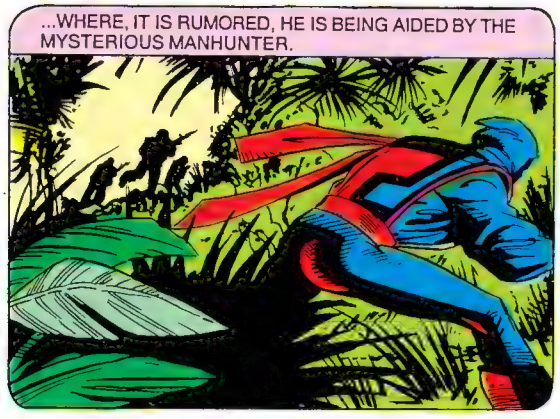

...WHILE NEARBY, THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL MANAGED TO INFLICT HEAVY LOSSES ON THE ALIEN SPACEFLEET ASSEMBLED THERE.

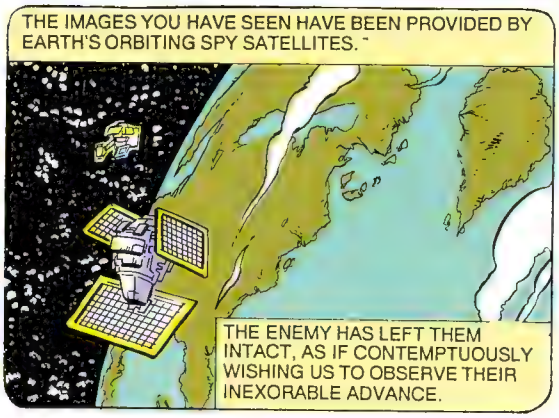
ATTEMPTS TO INFILTRATE THE NEW YORK JLI EMBASSY WITH A BATTALION OF KHUND MINI-COMMANDOS WERE THWARTED BY OBERON.


OTHER SUPERGROUPS HAVE COME TO THE FORE. THE NEW GUARDIANS HAVE SLOWED THE OKAARANS' MARCH THROUGH CHINA.

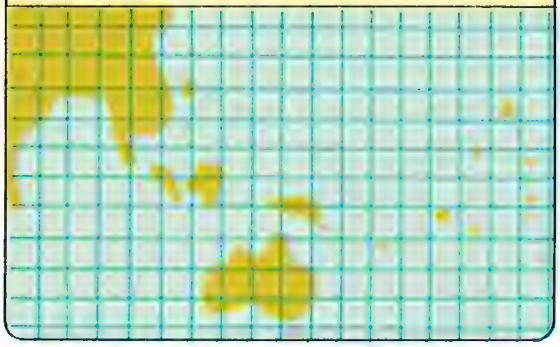

CAPTAIN ATOM'S ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO REACH A SECRET WEAPONS SATELLITE DEMONSTRATED THE ALIENS' COMMITMENT TO CONTAINING EARTH.

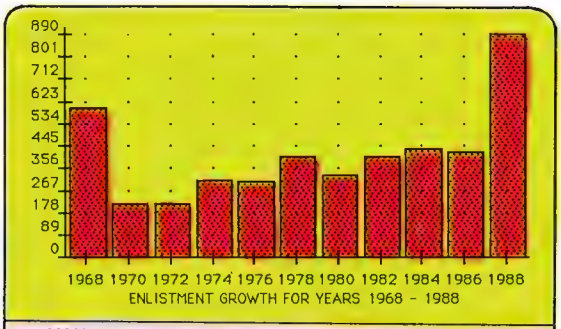

THE FLASH HAS PITTED HIMSELF AGAINST THE DURLANS IN CUBA...


...WHERE, IT IS RUMORED, HE IS BEING AIDED BY THE MYSTERIOUS MANHUNTER.


THE IMAGES YOU HAVE SEEN HAVE BEEN PROVIDED BY EARTH'S ORBITING SPY SATELLITES."
THE ENEMY HAS LEFT THEM INTACT, AS IF CONTEMPTUOUSLY WISHING US TO OBSERVE THEIR INEXORABLE ADVANCE.

AT THE PRESENT TIME, ONE CONTINENT IS CONTROLLED BY THE INVADERS, AND OTHERS SEEM READY TO FALL.

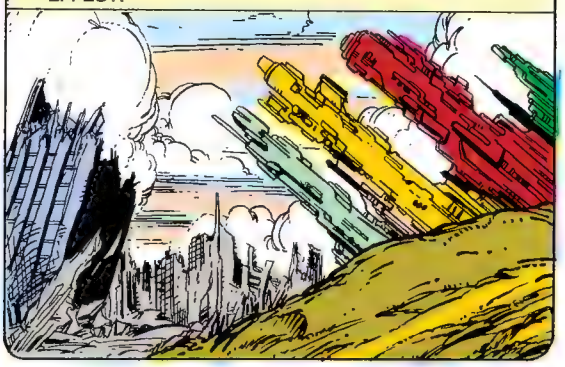


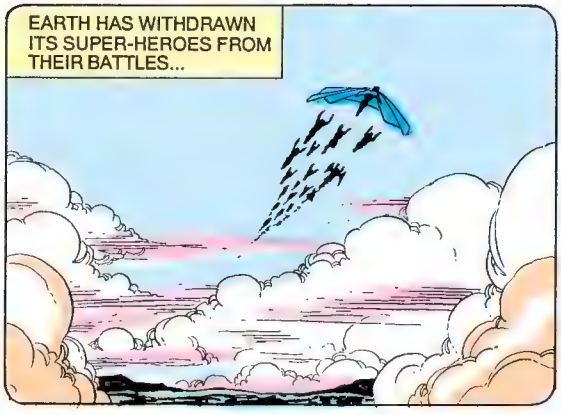


AN UNEXPECTED OUTPOURING OF SUPPORT HAS COME FROM THE CIVILIAN SECTOR WITH HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF HUMANS THE WORLD OVER MOBILIZED IN SUPPORT OF THE HEROES.

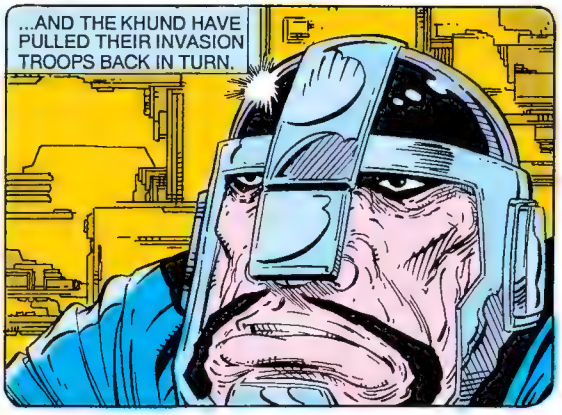
THE SITUATION REMAINS TENSE. SUPERMAN HAS ALREADY MET WITH THE ALIEN LEADERS OF THE ALLIANCE...

...TO ARRANGE THE CEASE FIRE WHICH IS NOW IN EFFECT.

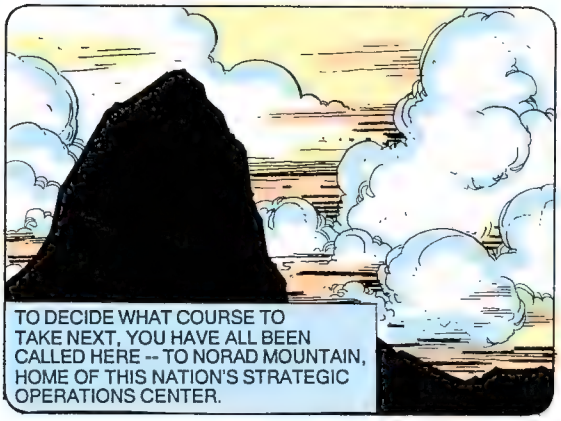




EARTH HAS WITHDRAWN ITS SUPER-HEROES FROM THEIR BATTLES...



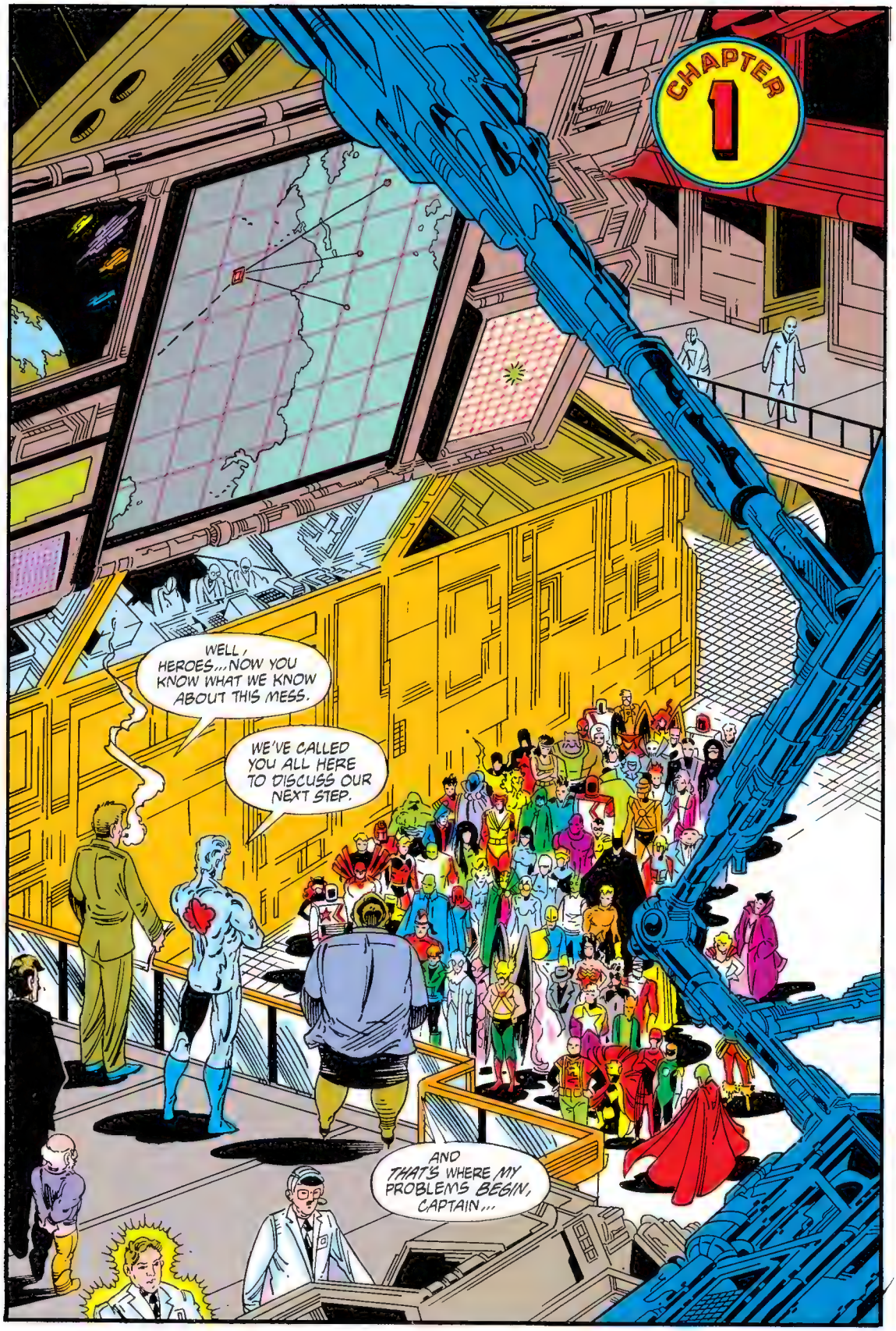
...AND THE KHUND HAVE PULLED THEIR INVASION TROOPS BACK IN TURN.



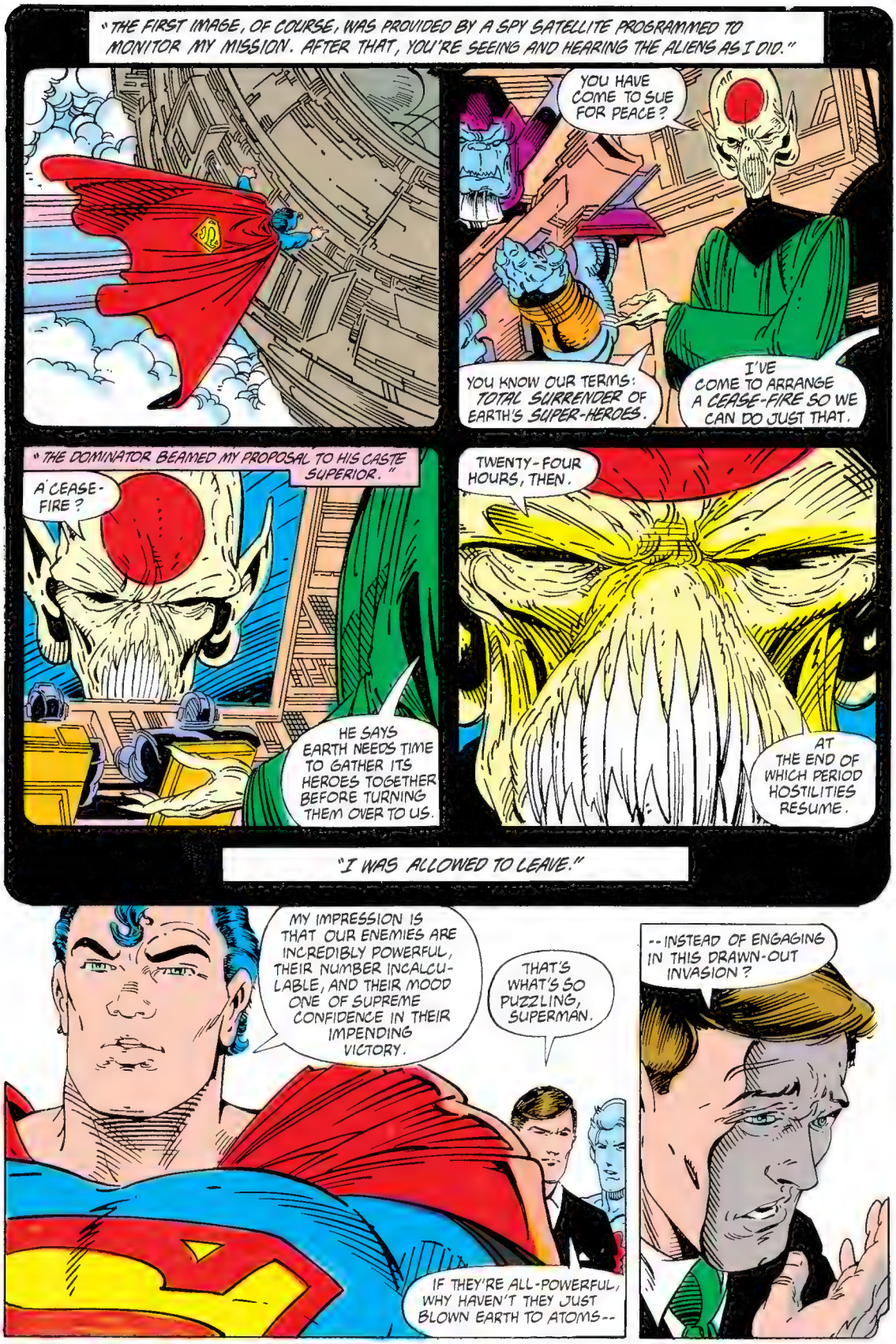
TO DECIDE WHAT COURSE TO TAKE NEXT, YOU HAVE ALL BEEN CALLED HERE -- TO NORAD MOUNTAIN, HOME OF THIS NATION'S STRATEGIC OPERATIONS CENTER.

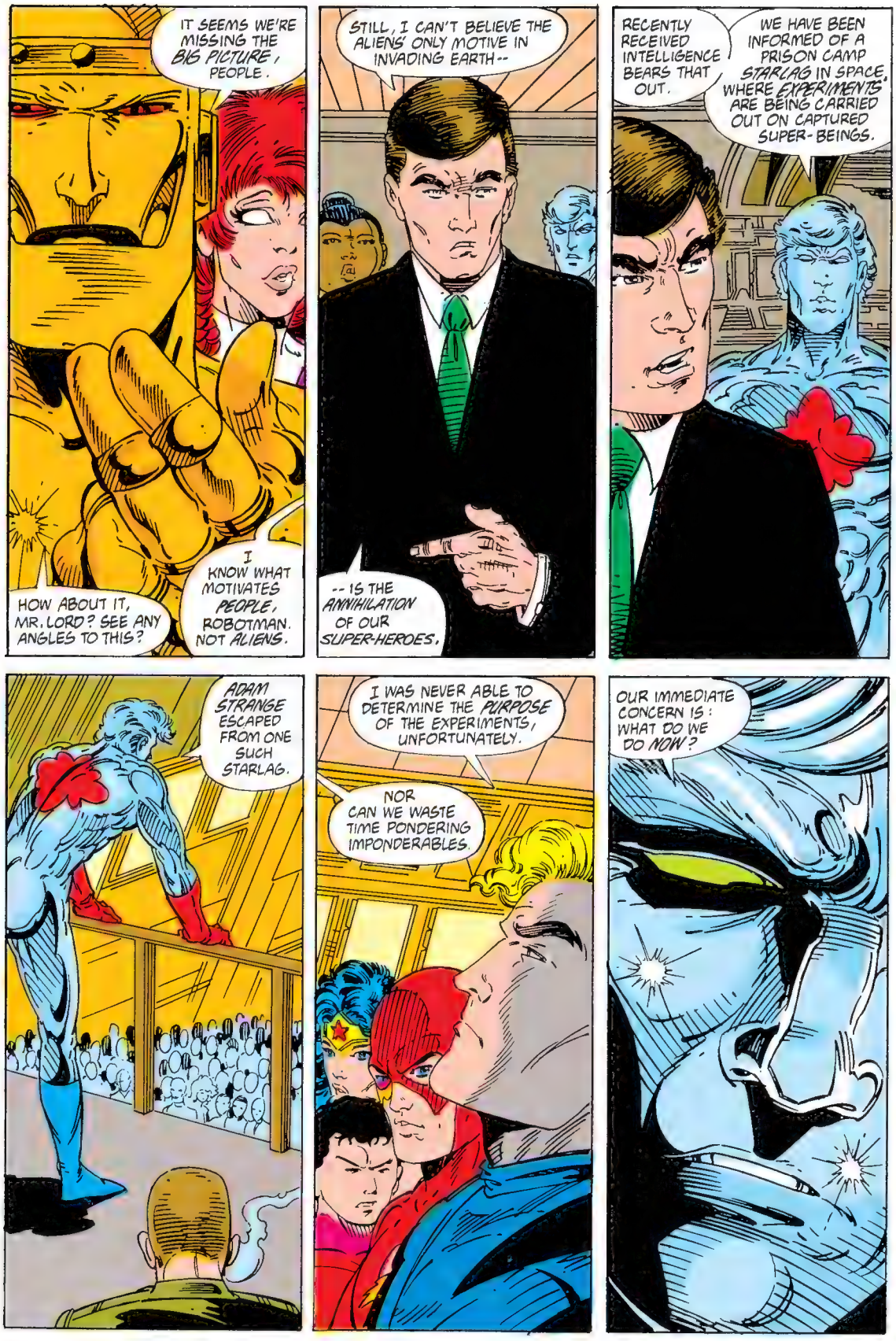
MAY YOUR POWERS BE GUIDED BY WISDOM.

THE FATE OF EARTH RESTS WITH YOU ALL.

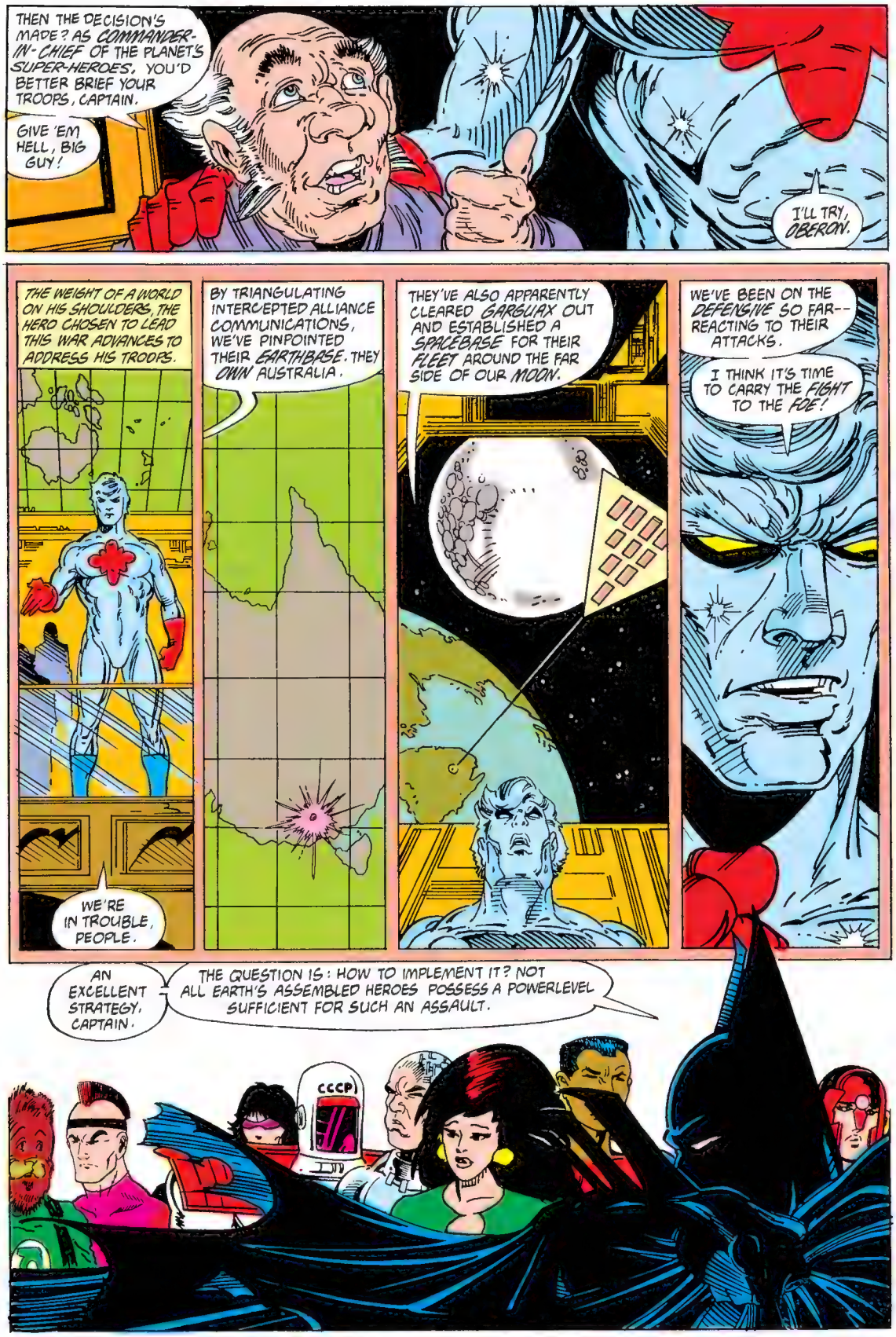

CHAPTER 1
WELL, HEROES... NOW YOU KNOW WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THIS MESS.
WE'VE CALLED YOU ALL HERE TO DISCUSS OUR NEXT STEP.
AND THAT'S WHERE MY PROBLEMS BEGIN, CAPTAIN...

LOOK, YOU PUT ME IN CHARGE OF EARTH COMMAND INTELLIGENCE, AND I'M TELLING YOU IT ISN'T INTELLIGENT TO MASS ALL OUR HEROES HERE UNDER ONE ROOF!
WE'VE BEEN ON THE DEFENSIVE SINCE THIS ALIEN INVASION BEGAN, MS. WALLER.
WE NEED TO TURN THE TABLES.
BUT WE CAN'T GO ON THE OFFENSIVE UNTIL WE COORDINATE OUR HUMAN AND SUPERHUMAN FORCES.
STRATEGY IS NECESSARY, GENERAL--
-- BUT MOST OF US LEFT BATTLES TO BE HERE!
REST EASY, AQUAMAN --WE HAVE A CEASE-FIRE IN EFFECT.
AND EVEN YOUR FOES, THE GIL' DISHPAN, SEEM TO BE RESPECTING IT.
BUT WHY DON'T I LET THE ARCHITECT OF THIS CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES EXPLAIN.
SUPERMAN?
A MINICAM ATTACHED TO MY BELT RECORDED THAT MEETING.
THANK YOU, GENERAL.
AT 0500 HOURS, FOLLOWING A COMMUNIQUÉ BETWEEN EARTH COMMAND AND THE INVASION FLEET, I WAS DISPATCHED AS AN EMISSARY TO MEET WITH THE ALIENS.

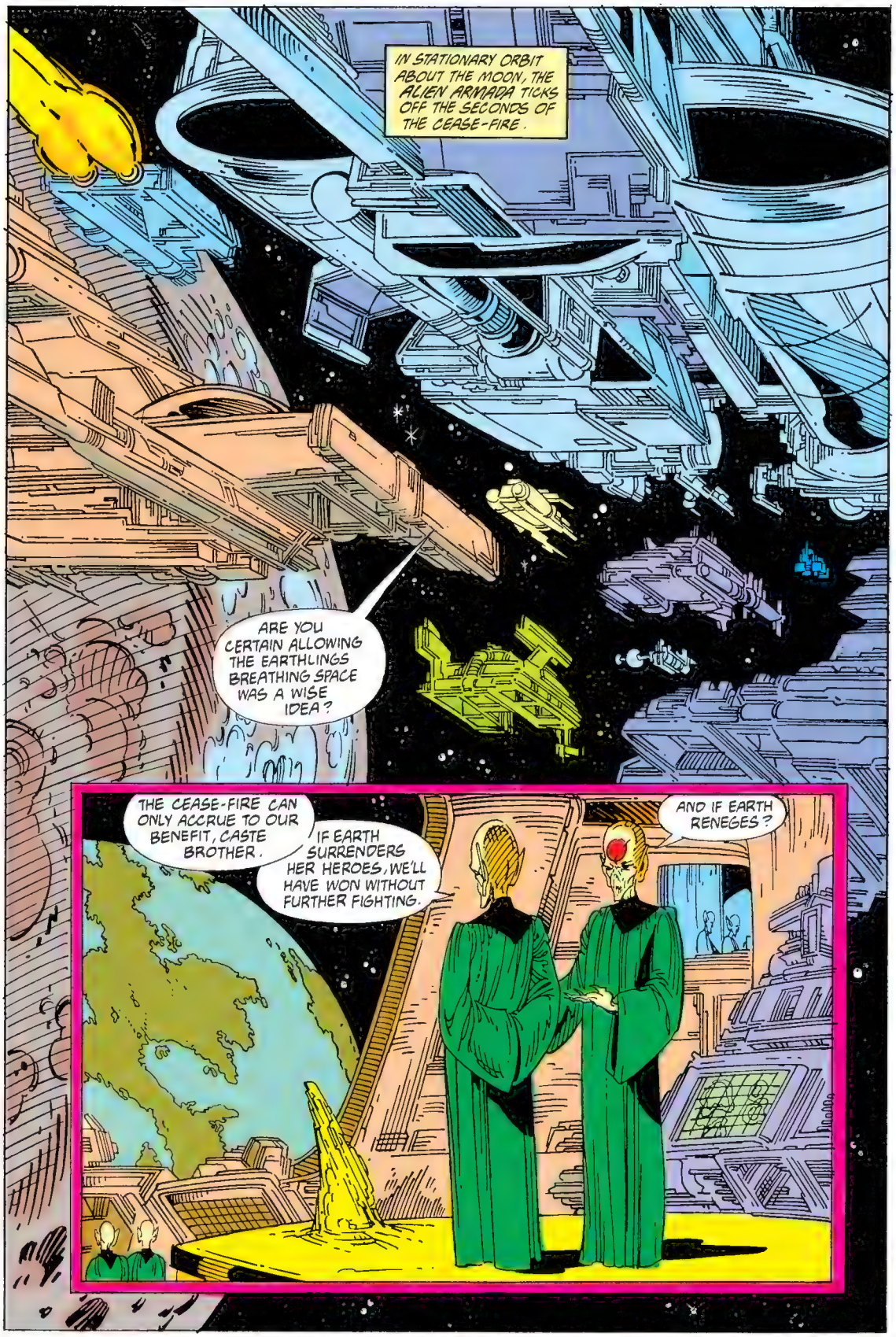

"THE FIRST IMAGE, OF COURSE, WAS PROVIDED BY A SPY SATELLITE PROGRAMMED TO MONITOR MY MISSION. AFTER THAT, YOU'RE SEEING AND HEARING THE ALIENS AS I DID."
YOU HAVE COME TO SUE FOR PEACE?
YOU KNOW OUR TERMS: TOTAL SURRENDER OF EARTH'S SUPER-HEROES.
I'VE COME TO ARRANGE A CEASE-FIRE SO WE CAN DO JUST THAT.
"THE DOMINATOR BEAMED MY PROPOSAL TO HIS CASTE SUPERIOR."
A CEASE-FIRE?
HE SAYS EARTH NEEDS TIME TO GATHER ITS HEROES TOGETHER BEFORE TURNING THEM OVER TO US.
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, THEN.
AT THE END OF WHICH PERIOD HOSTILITIES RESUME.
"I WAS ALLOWED TO LEAVE."
MY IMPRESSION IS THAT OUR ENEMIES ARE INCREDIBLY POWERFUL, THEIR NUMBER INCALCULABLE, AND THEIR MOOD ONE OF SUPREME CONFIDENCE IN THEIR IMPENDING VICTORY.
THAT'S WHAT'S SO PUZZLING, SUPERMAN.
IF THEY'RE ALL-POWERFUL, WHY HAVEN'T THEY JUST BLOWN EARTH TO ATOMS--
--INSTEAD OF ENGAGING IN THIS DRAWN-OUT INVASION?

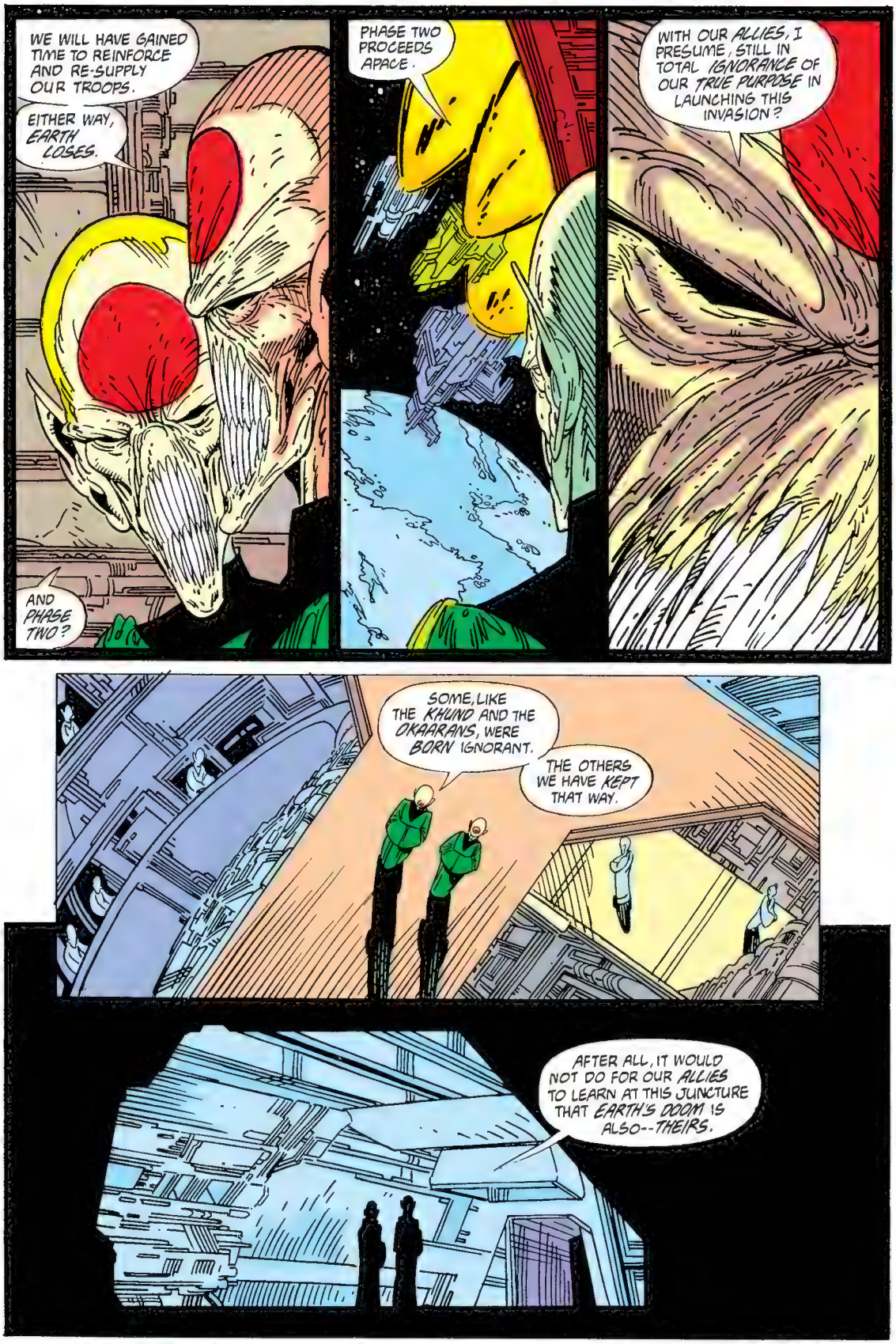

IT SEEMS WE'RE MISSING THE BIG PICTURE, PEOPLE.
I KNOW WHAT MOTIVATES PEOPLE, ROBOTMAN. NOT ALIENS.
HOW ABOUT IT, MR. LORD? SEE ANY ANGLES TO THIS?
STILL, I CAN'T BELIEVE THE ALIENS' ONLY MOTIVE IN INVADING EARTH--
--IS THE ANNIHILATION OF OUR SUPER-HEROES.
RECENTLY RECEIVED INTELLIGENCE BEARS THAT OUT.
WE HAVE BEEN INFORMED OF A PRISON CAMP STARLAG IN SPACE, WHERE EXPERIMENTS ARE BEING CARRIED OUT ON CAPTURED SUPER-BEINGS.
ADAM STRANGE ESCAPED FROM ONE SUCH STARLAG.
I WAS NEVER ABLE TO DETERMINE THE PURPOSE OF THE EXPERIMENTS, UNFORTUNATELY.
NOR CAN WE WASTE TIME PONDERING IMPONDERABLES.
OUR IMMEDIATE CONCERN IS: WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

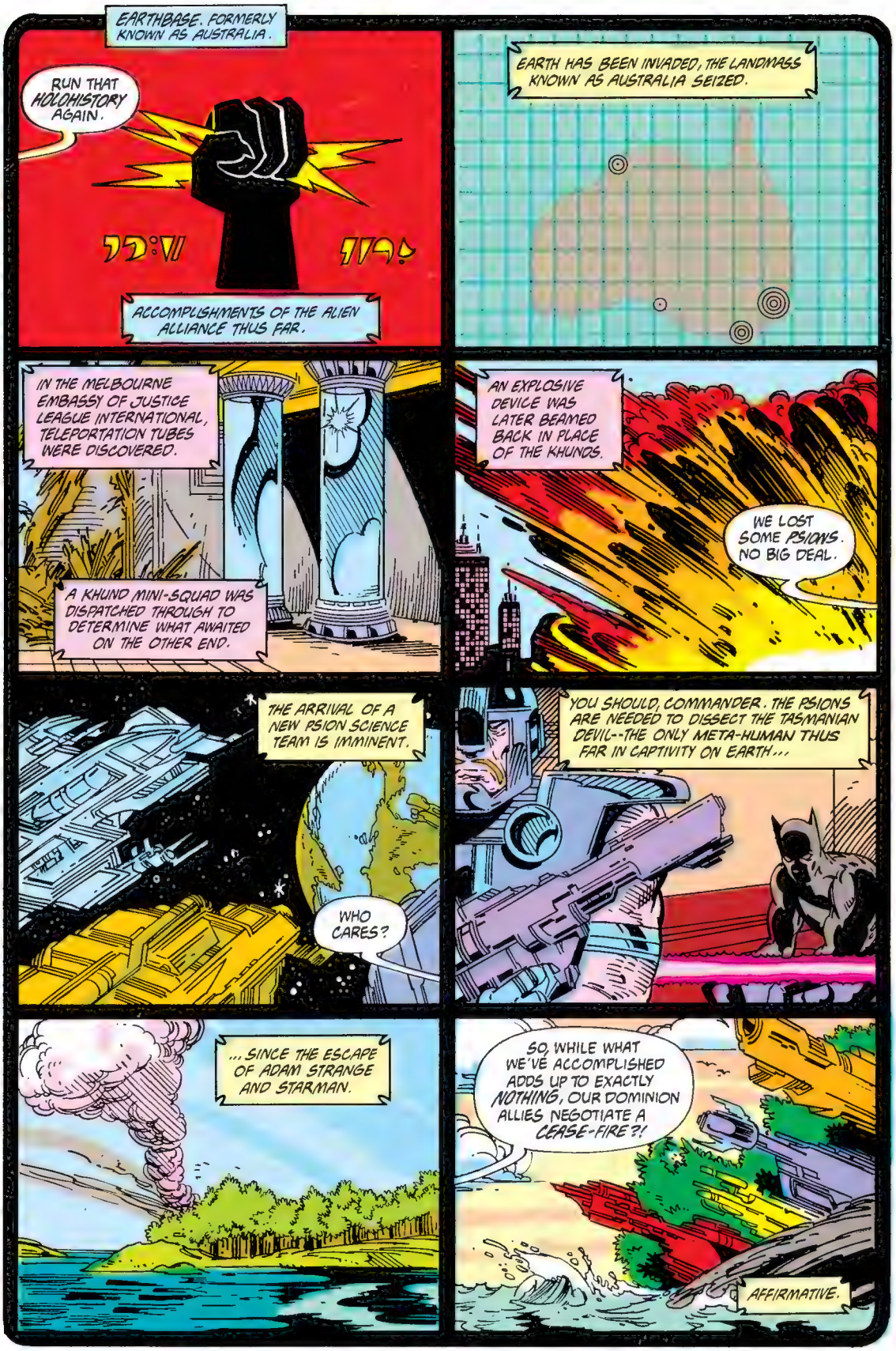
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.
TO WEIGH UNPLEASANT ALTERNATIVES.
NUCLEAR RETALIATION, OF COURSE, MUST BE RULED OUT.
HUH? WHY?!
WE'D LIKE TO HAVE A WORLD LEFT TO LIVE ON SHOULD WE SURVIVE, BEETLE.
OH, YEAH -- RIGHT!
IT'S NOT JUST AN UNINHABITABLE, IRRADIATED EARTH I'M WORRIED ABOUT, MISTER MIRACLE.
THE ALIENS MIGHT HAVE SUPER-WEAPONRY THEY'VE YET TO UNLEASH.
AND THEY MIGHT USE THEM IF WE EMPLOY OUR ATOMIC ARSENAL?
SO WE FIGHT A DEVASTATING CONVENTIONAL WAR?
OR ACCEDE TO THE ALIENS' DEMAND AND SURRENDER YOU.
BUT IF WE DO, WHAT THEN OF FUTURE GENERATIONS?
WE'VE SEEN THAT NEW "META-HUMANS" ARE MADE OR BORN EVERY DAY.
WILL THE ALIENS OCCUPY EARTH FOREVER TO DEAL WITH THAT RECURRING THREAT?
OR DEPOPULATE EARTH TO PREVENT ITS RECURRENCE ONCE WE ARE HEROLESS?
WE DARE NOT TAKE THAT CHANCE.
SO WE'RE GONNA FIGHT?
TO THE BITTER END!
AWRIIIGHT!

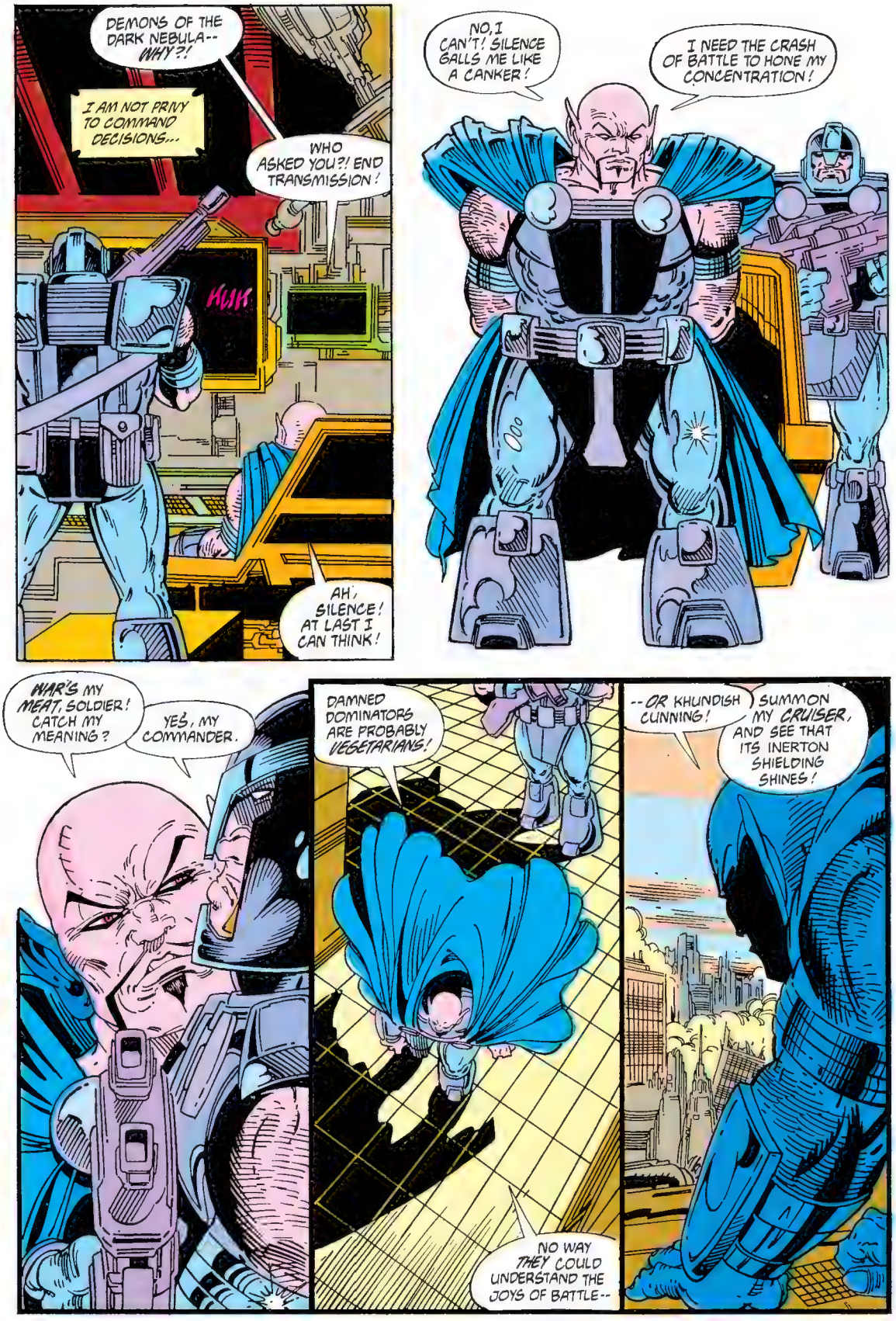

THEN THE DECISION'S MADE? AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE PLANET'S SUPER-HEROES, YOU'D BETTER BRIEF YOUR TROOPS, CAPTAIN.
GIVE 'EM HELL, BIG GUY!
I'LL TRY, OBERON.
THE WEIGHT OF A WORLD ON HIS SHOULDERS, THE HERO CHOSEN TO LEAD THIS WAR ADVANCES TO ADDRESS HIS TROOPS.
WE'RE IN TROUBLE, PEOPLE.
BY TRIANGULATING INTERCEPTED ALLIANCE COMMUNICATIONS, WE'VE PINPOINTED THEIR EARTHBASE. THEY OWN AUSTRALIA.
THEY'VE ALSO APPARENTLY CLEARED GARGUAX OUT AND ESTABLISHED A SPACEBASE FOR THEIR FLEET AROUND THE FAR SIDE OF OUR MOON.
WE'VE BEEN ON THE DEFENSIVE SO FAR-- REACTING TO THEIR ATTACKS.
I THINK IT'S TIME TO CARRY THE FIGHT TO THE FOE!
AN EXCELLENT STRATEGY, CAPTAIN.
THE QUESTION IS: HOW TO IMPLEMENT IT? NOT ALL EARTH'S ASSEMBLED HEROES POSSESS A POWERLEVEL SUFFICIENT FOR SUCH AN ASSAULT.
CCCP

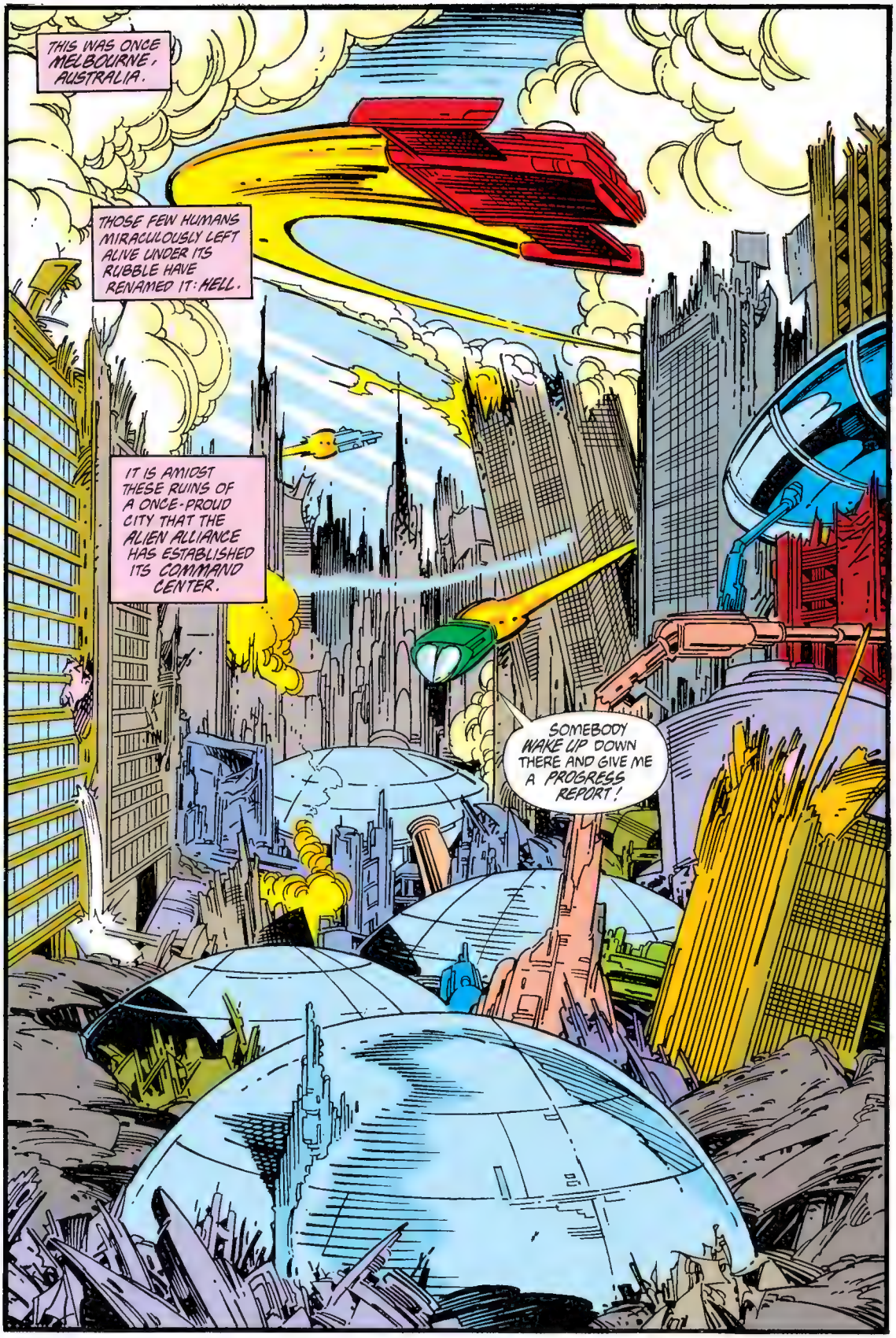
DAMN RIGHT, YOU DON'T! THAT'S WHY WE'VE DECIDED TO TAKE A DRASTIC STEP!
PLEASE EXPLAIN OUR STRATEGY, MS. WALLER.
AS IF ANYONE COULD STOP HER FROM SHOOTING OFF HER FAT MOUTH.
IT'S REAL SIMPLE. SINCE WE HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH SUPER-HEROES--
--WE CALL IN THE SUPER-VILLAINS!
WHAT?!?
NOW'S NO TIME TO HARBOR OLD PREJUDICES AGAINST THOSE WHO WORK THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE.
WE NEED THEM. WE CAN USE THE RESOURCES OF MY SUICIDE SQUAD TO ROUND THEM UP.
AND THE JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL'S DATABANKS.
THEIR LIVES ARE ON THE LINE, TOO, SO THEY'LL BE MORE THAN HAPPY...
...TO HELP US KICK SOME ALIEN BUTT!

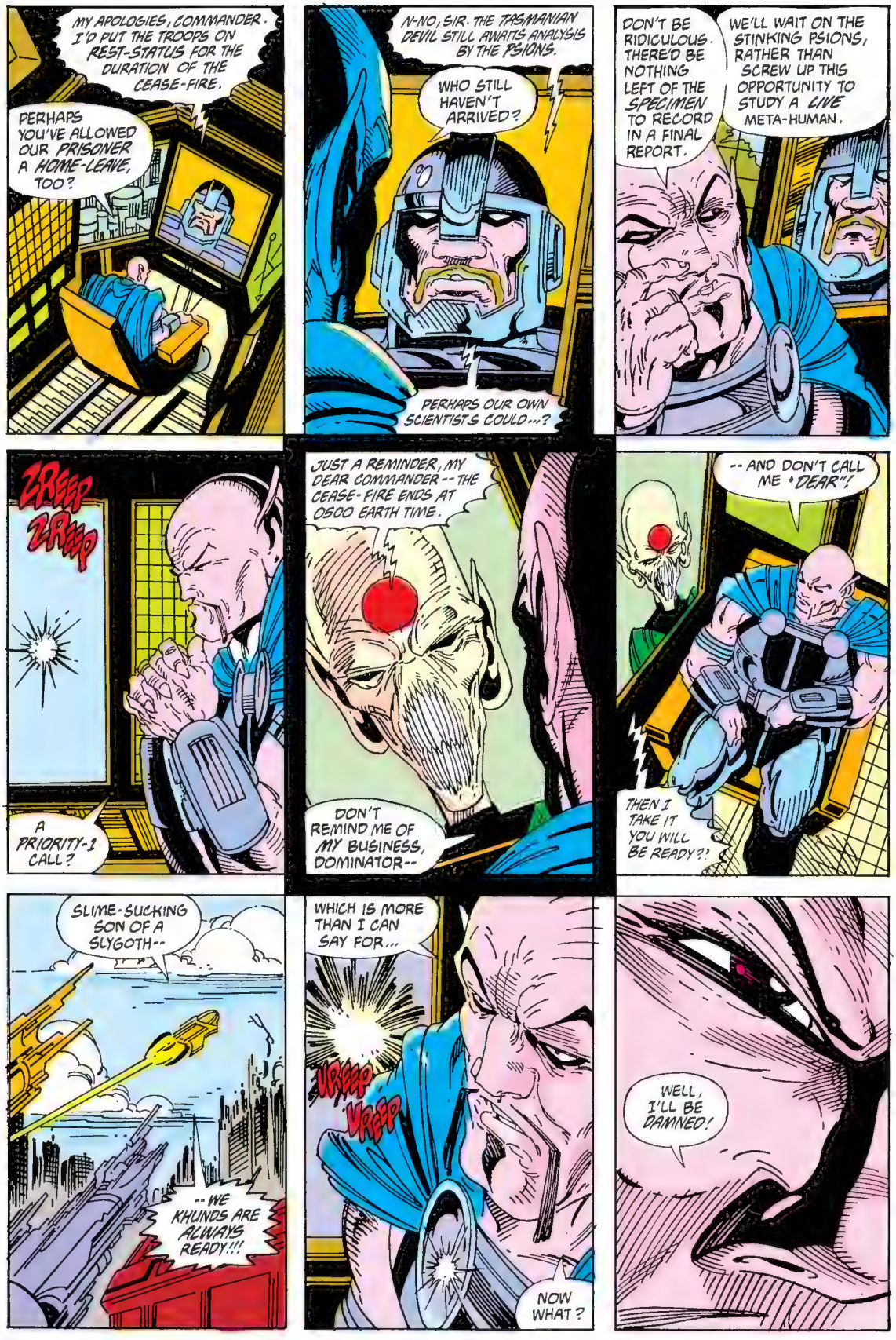

IN STATIONARY ORBIT ABOUT THE MOON, THE ALIEN ARMADA TICKS OFF THE SECONDS OF THE CEASE-FIRE.
ARE YOU CERTAIN ALLOWING THE EARTHLINGS BREATHING SPACE WAS A WISE IDEA?
THE CEASE-FIRE CAN ONLY ACCRUE TO OUR BENEFIT, CASTE BROTHER.
IF EARTH SURRENDERS HER HEROES, WE'LL HAVE WON WITHOUT FURTHER FIGHTING.
AND IF EARTH RENEGES?

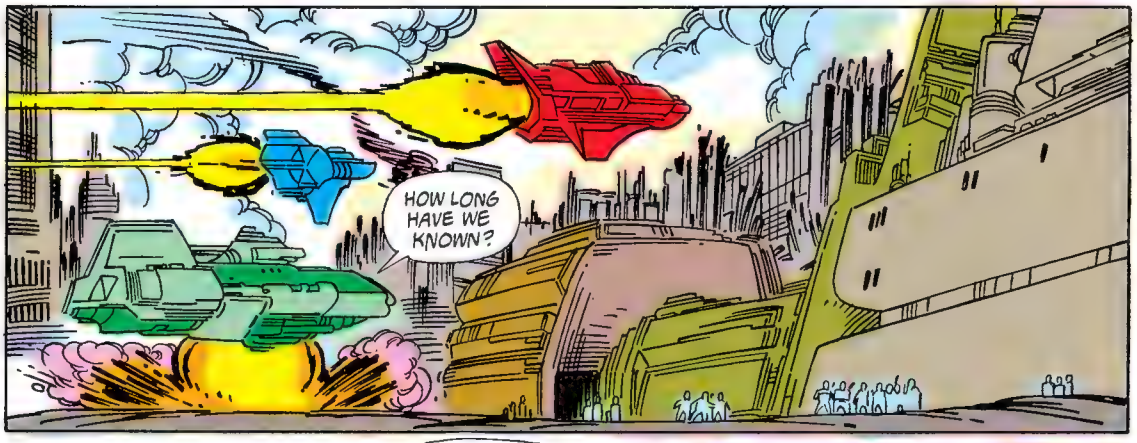

WE WILL HAVE GAINED TIME TO REINFORCE AND RE-SUPPLY OUR TROOPS.
EITHER WAY, EARTH LOSES.
AND PHASE TWO?
PHASE TWO PROCEEDS APACE.
WITH OUR ALLIES, I PRESUME, STILL IN TOTAL IGNORANCE OF OUR TRUE PURPOSE IN LAUNCHING THIS INVASION?
SOME, LIKE THE K'HUND AND THE OKAARANS, WERE BORN IGNORANT.
THE OTHERS WE HAVE KEPT THAT WAY.
AFTER ALL, IT WOULD NOT DO FOR OUR ALLIES TO LEARN AT THIS JUNCTURE THAT EARTH'S DOOM IS ALSO--THEIRS.

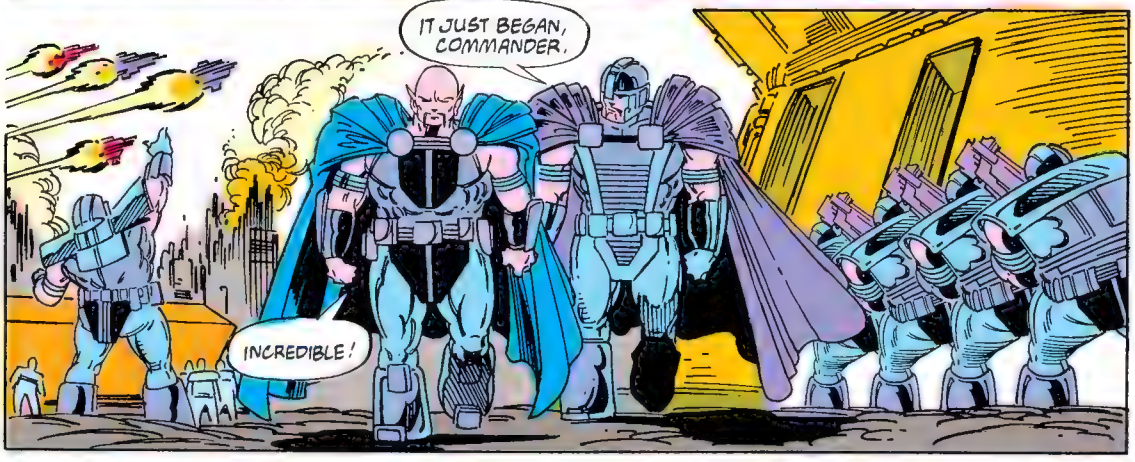

EARTHBASE. FORMERLY KNOWN AS AUSTRALIA.
RUN THAT HOLOHISTORY AGAIN.
ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE ALIEN ALLIANCE THUS FAR.
EARTH HAS BEEN INVADED, THE LANDMASS KNOWN AS AUSTRALIA SEIZED.
IN THE MELBOURNE EMBASSY OF JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL, TELEPORTATION TUBES WERE DISCOVERED.
A KHUND MINI-SQUAD WAS DISPATCHED THROUGH TO DETERMINE WHAT AWAITED ON THE OTHER END.
AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE WAS LATER BEAMED BACK IN PLACE OF THE KHUNDS.
WE LOST SOME PSIONS. NO BIG DEAL.
THE ARRIVAL OF A NEW PSION SCIENCE TEAM IS IMMINENT.
WHO CARES?
YOU SHOULD, COMMANDER. THE PSIONS ARE NEEDED TO DISSECT THE TASMANIAN DEVIL--THE ONLY META-HUMAN THUS FAR IN CAPTIVITY ON EARTH...
...SINCE THE ESCAPE OF ADAM STRANGE AND STARMAN.
SO, WHILE WHAT WE'VE ACCOMPLISHED ADDS UP TO EXACTLY NOTHING, OUR DOMINION ALLIES NEGOTIATE A CEASE-FIRE?!
AFFIRMATIVE.

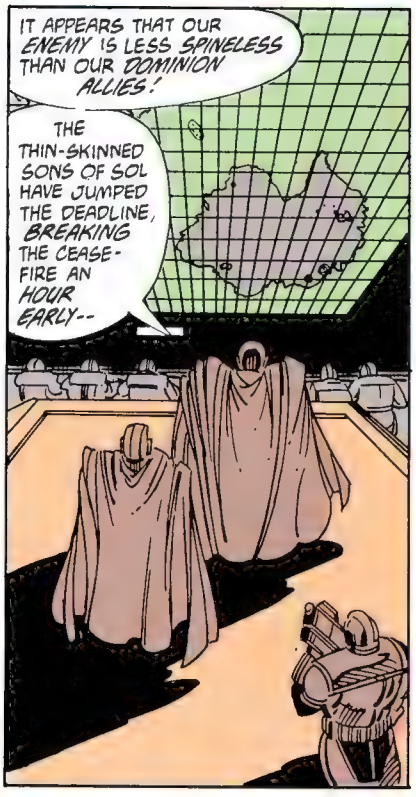

DEMONS OF THE DARK NEBULA-- WHY?!
I AM NOT PRIVY TO COMMAND DECISIONS...
WHO ASKED YOU?! END TRANSMISSION!
KLIK
AH, SILENCE! AT LAST I CAN THINK!
NO, I CAN'T! SILENCE GALLS ME LIKE A CANKER!
I NEED THE CRASH OF BATTLE TO HONE MY CONCENTRATION!
HAR'S MY MEAT, SOLDIER! CATCH MY MEANING?
YES, MY COMMANDER.
DAMNED DOMINATORS ARE PROBABLY VEGETARIANS!
NO WAY THEY COULD UNDERSTAND THE JOYS OF BATTLE--
--OR KHUNDISH CUNNING!
SUMMON MY CRUISER, AND SEE THAT ITS INERTON SHIELDING SHINES!

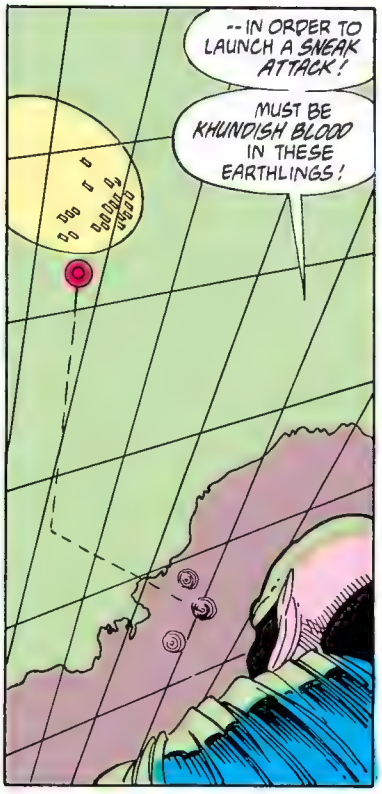

THIS WAS ONCE MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.
THOSE FEW HUMANS MIRACULOUSLY LEFT ALIVE UNDER ITS RUBBLE HAVE RENAMED IT: HELL.
IT IS AMIDST THESE RUINS OF A ONCE-PROUD CITY THAT THE ALIEN ALLIANCE HAS ESTABLISHED ITS COMMAND CENTER.
SOMEBODY WAKE UP DOWN THERE AND GIVE ME A PROGRESS REPORT!


MY APOLOGIES, COMMANDER. I'D PUT THE TROOPS ON REST-STATUS FOR THE DURATION OF THE CEASE-FIRE.
PERHAPS YOU'VE ALLOWED OUR PRISONER A HOME-LEAVE, TOO?
N-NO, SIR. THE TASMANIAN DEVIL STILL AWAITS ANALYSIS BY THE PSIONS.
WHO STILL HAVEN'T ARRIVED?
PERHAPS OUR OWN SCIENTISTS COULD...?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. THERE'D BE NOTHING LEFT OF THE SPECIMEN TO RECORD IN A FINAL REPORT.
WE'LL WAIT ON THE STINKING PSIONS, RATHER THAN SCREW UP THIS OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY A LIVE META-HUMAN.
ZREEP ZREEP
A PRIORITY-1 CALL?
JUST A REMINDER, MY DEAR COMMANDER -- THE CEASE-FIRE ENDS AT 0500 EARTH TIME.
DON'T REMIND ME OF MY BUSINESS, DOMINATOR--
-- AND DON'T CALL ME "DEAR"!
THEN I TAKE IT YOU WILL BE READY?!
SLIME-SUCKING SON OF A SLYGOTH--
-- WE KHUNDS ARE ALWAYS READY!!!
WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR...
VREEP VREEP
NOW WHAT?
WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED!


HOW LONG HAVE WE KNOWN?

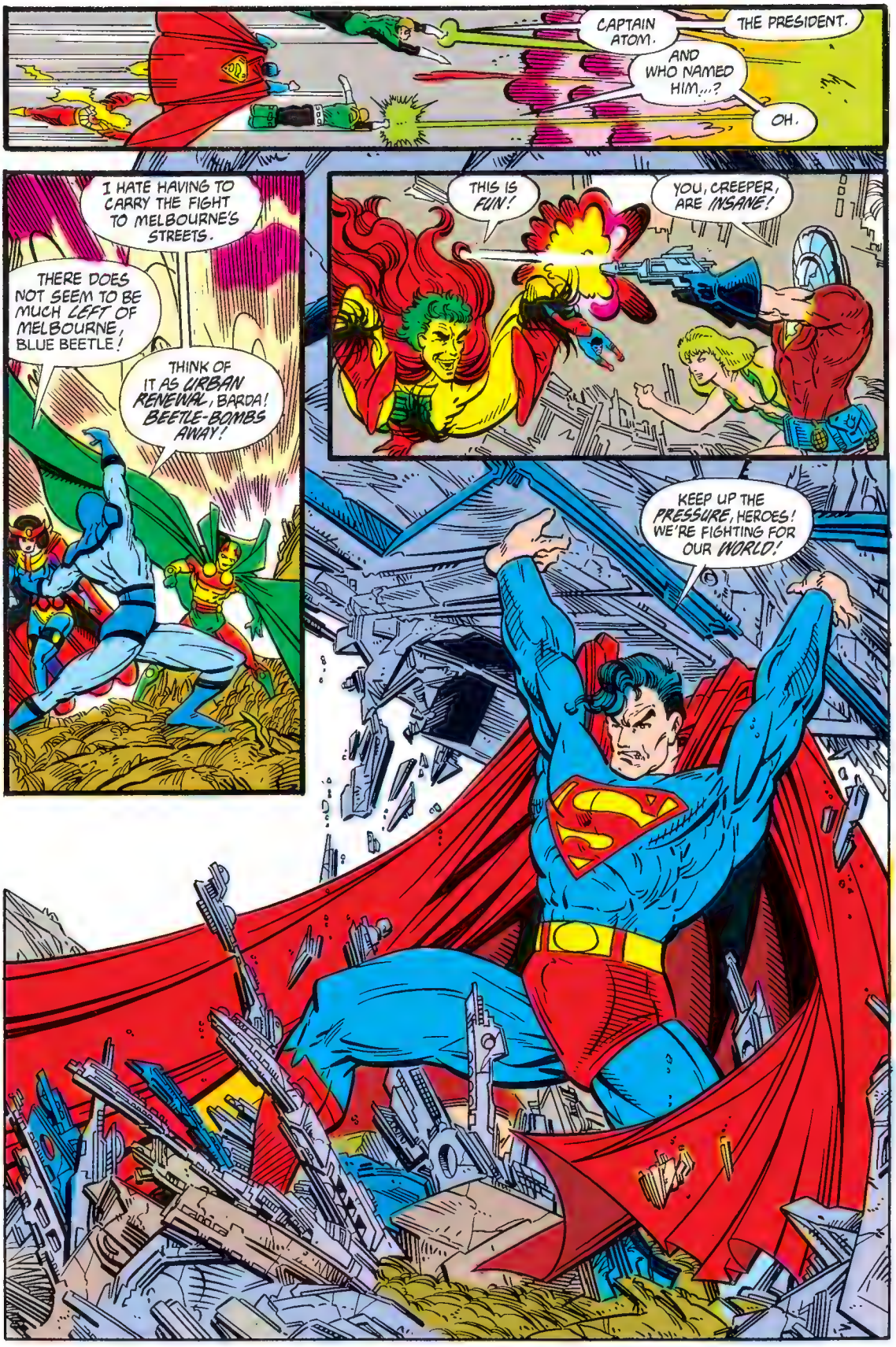

IT JUST BEGAN, COMMANDER.
INCREDIBLE!


IT APPEARS THAT OUR ENEMY IS LESS SPINELESS THAN OUR DOMINION ALLIES!
THE THIN-SKINNED SONS OF SOL HAVE JUMPED THE DEADLINE, BREAKING THE CEASE-FIRE AN HOUR EARLY--

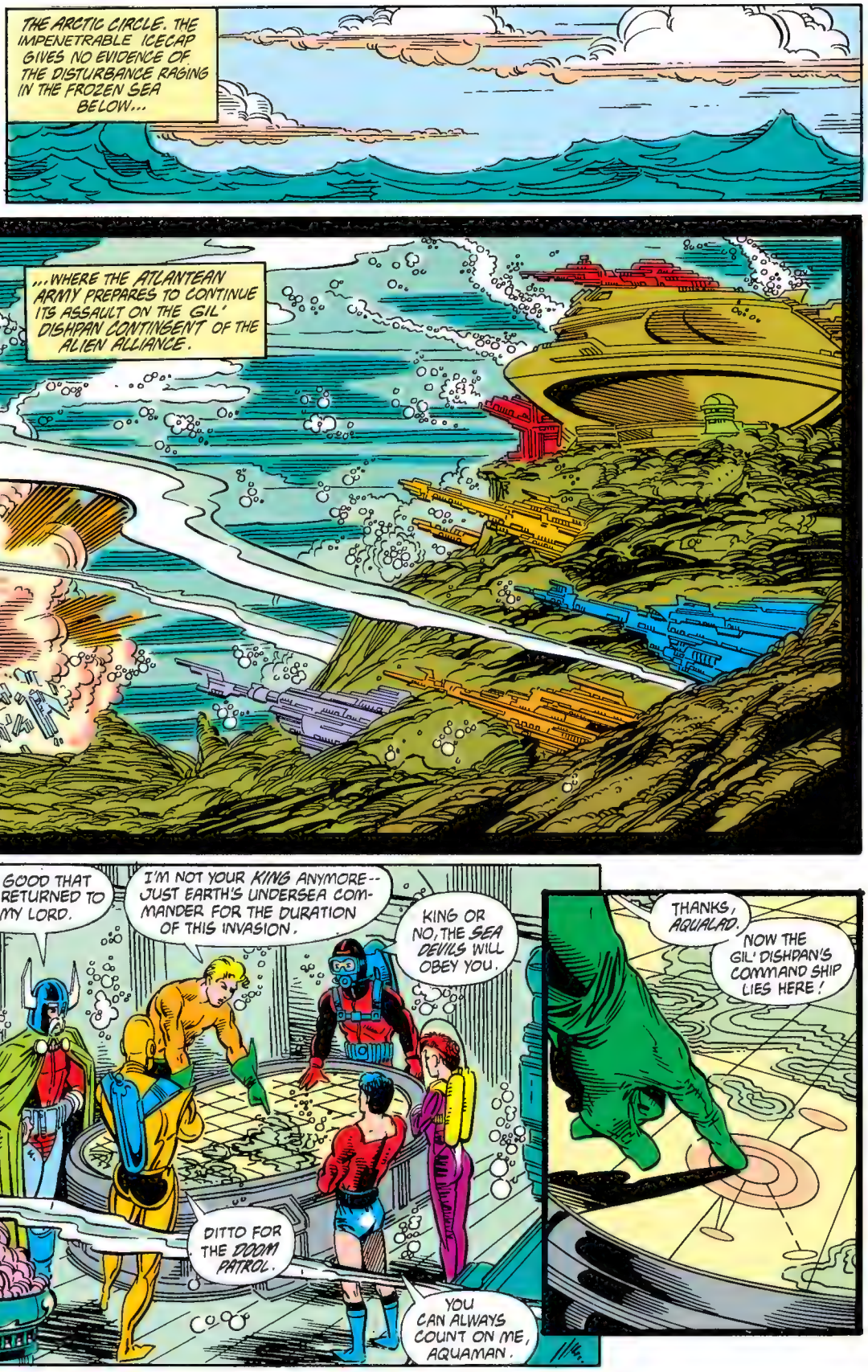

--IN ORDER TO LAUNCH A SNEAK ATTACK!
MUST BE KHUNDISH BLOOD IN THESE EARTHLINGS!

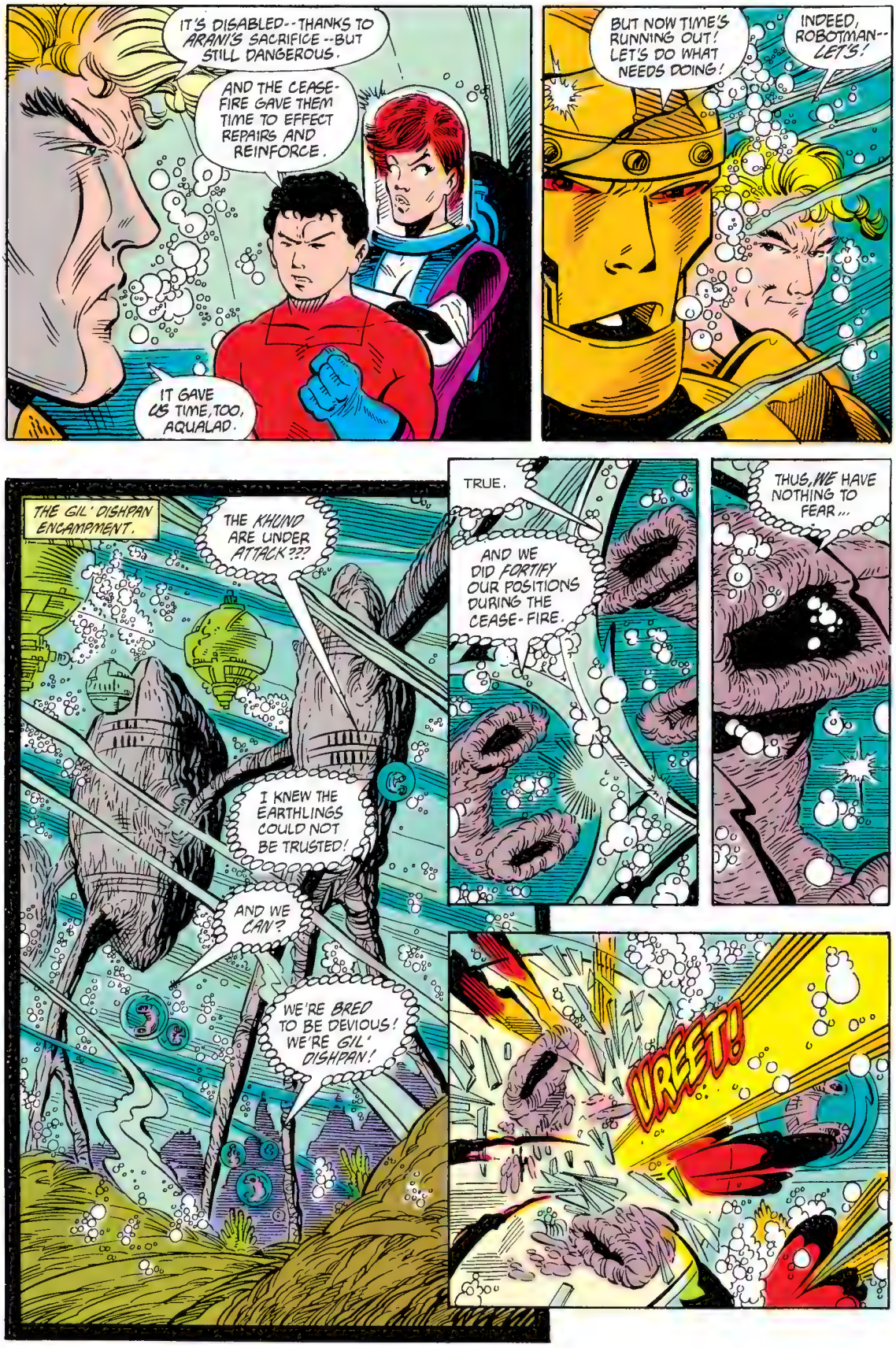
I'LL TIP MY HELMET TO THEM--
--AFTER WE'VE WON THE WAR!
ALL UNITS--RESUME HOSTILITIES!

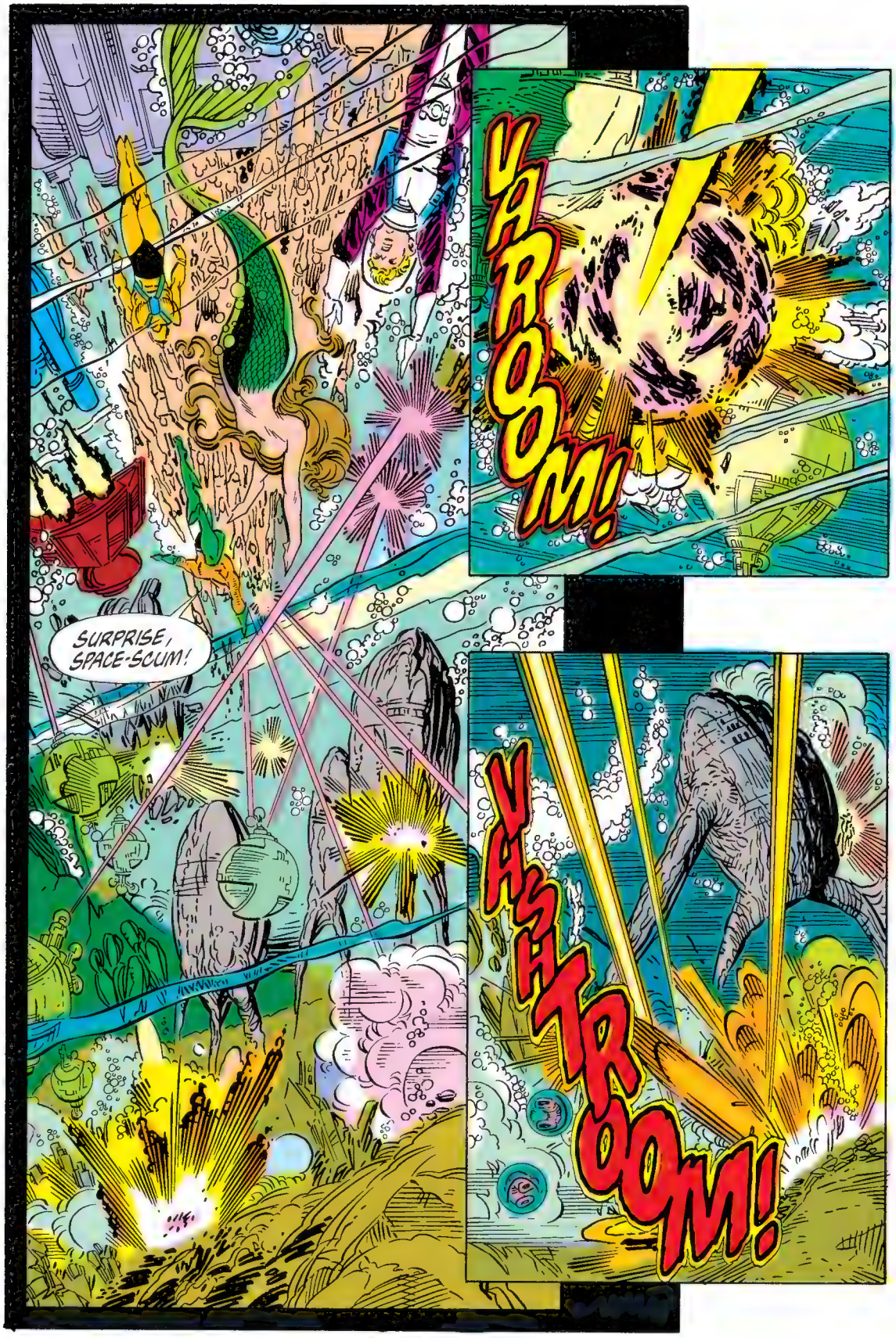
KEEP A TIGHT ATTACK FORMATION, HEROES. WE'RE GOING IN!
CHAPTER 2
TO INVADE AUSTRALIA? GOSH!
WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS: WHO NAMED HIM HEAD-HONCHO?

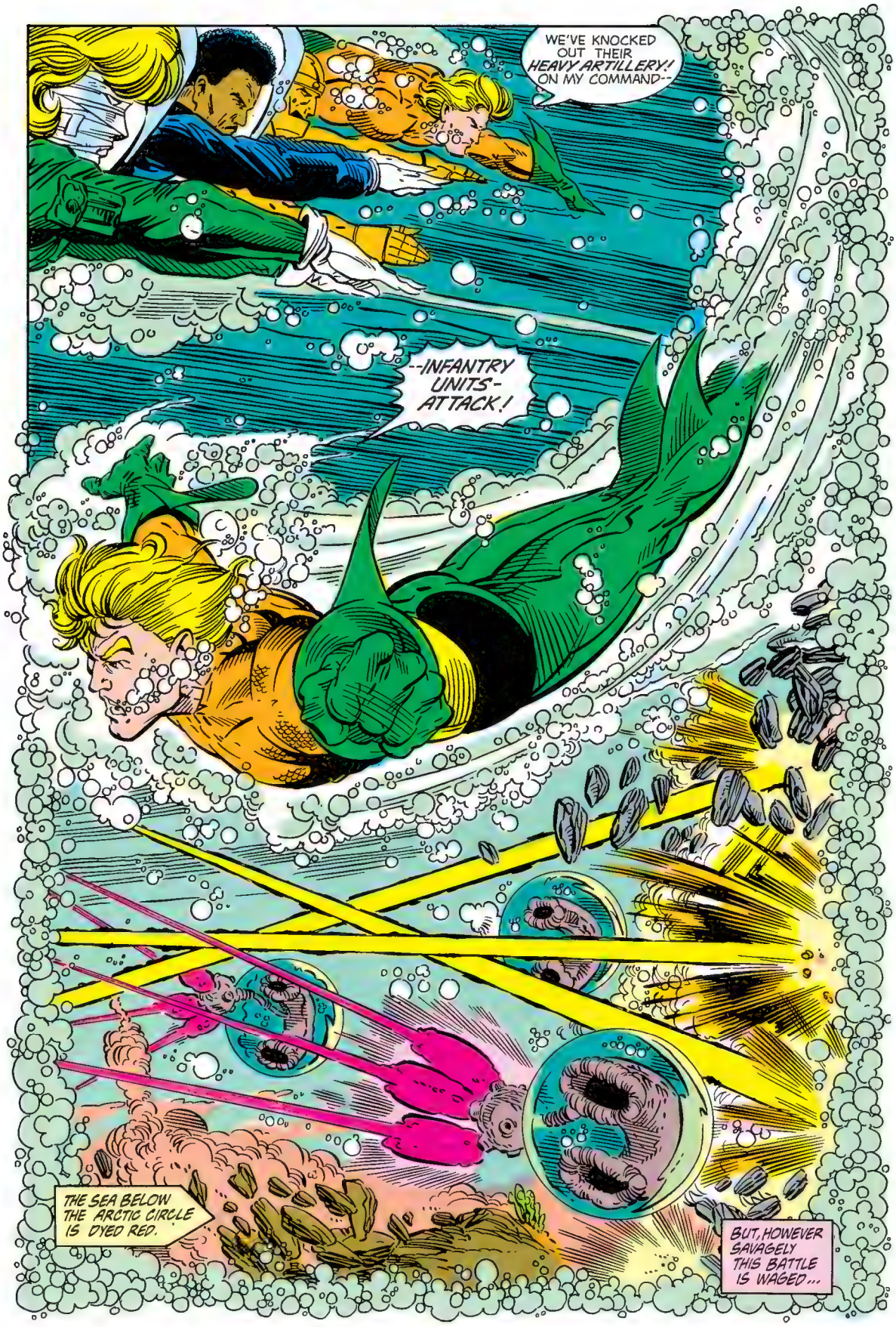

CAPTAIN ATOM.
THE PRESIDENT.
AND WHO NAMED HIM...?
OH.
I HATE HAVING TO CARRY THE FIGHT TO MELBOURNE'S STREETS.
THERE DOES NOT SEEM TO BE MUCH LEFT OF MELBOURNE, BLUE BEETLE!
THINK OF IT AS URBAN RENEWAL, BARDA! BEETLE-BOMBS AWAY!
THIS IS FUN!
YOU, CREEPER, ARE INSANE!
KEEP UP THE PRESSURE, HEROES! WE'RE FIGHTING FOR OUR WORLD!

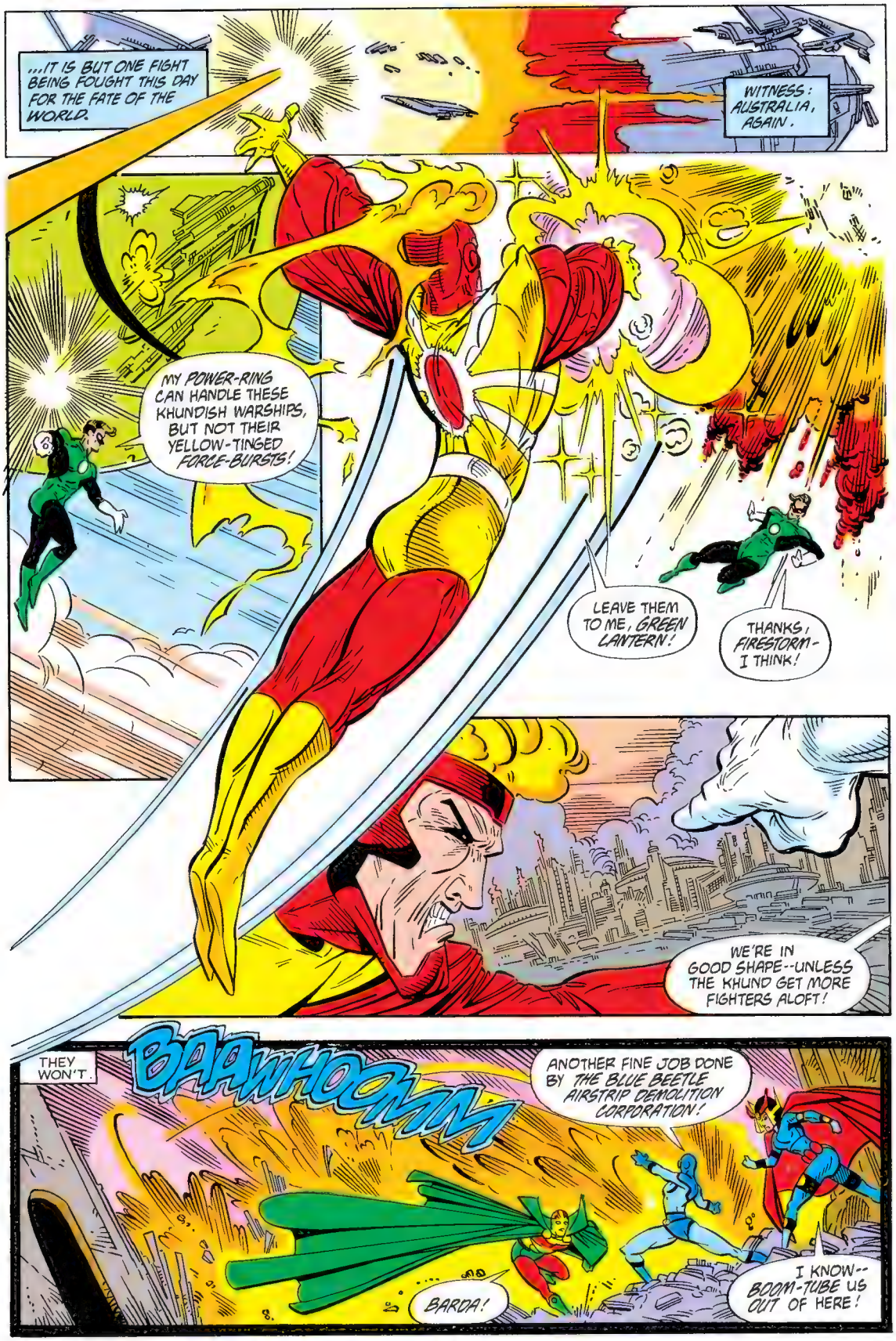
AND FIGHTING QUITE WELL, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
A CURIOUS BREED, COMPELLED TO JEST WHILE ENGAGED IN CONFLICT.
SOMETHING ELSE FOR THE PSIONS TO STUDY.
IF THEY GET THE CHANCE. EARTH'S HEROES ARE DRIVING ON OUR COMMAND CENTER.
WITH SUPERMAN ON POINT!
YOU ALMOST SOUND AS IF YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS, DAXAMITE! ALLOW ME TO REMIND YOU THAT IF THEY BREACH OUR DEFENSES, YOU WILL BE ENDANGERED, TOO.
TRUE. OUR STATUS AS OBSERVERS COULD BE PLACED IN JEOPARDY.
IT NEEDN'T BE! WITH YOUR NEWFOUND POWERS, YOU COULD STOP THE KRYPTONIAN COLD!
YOU SAID WE COULD USE OUR POWERS TO DEFEND OURSELVES!
AGREED.
BUT WE WILL ONLY ENGAGE SUPERMAN.
WHILE WE HANDLE THE REST!

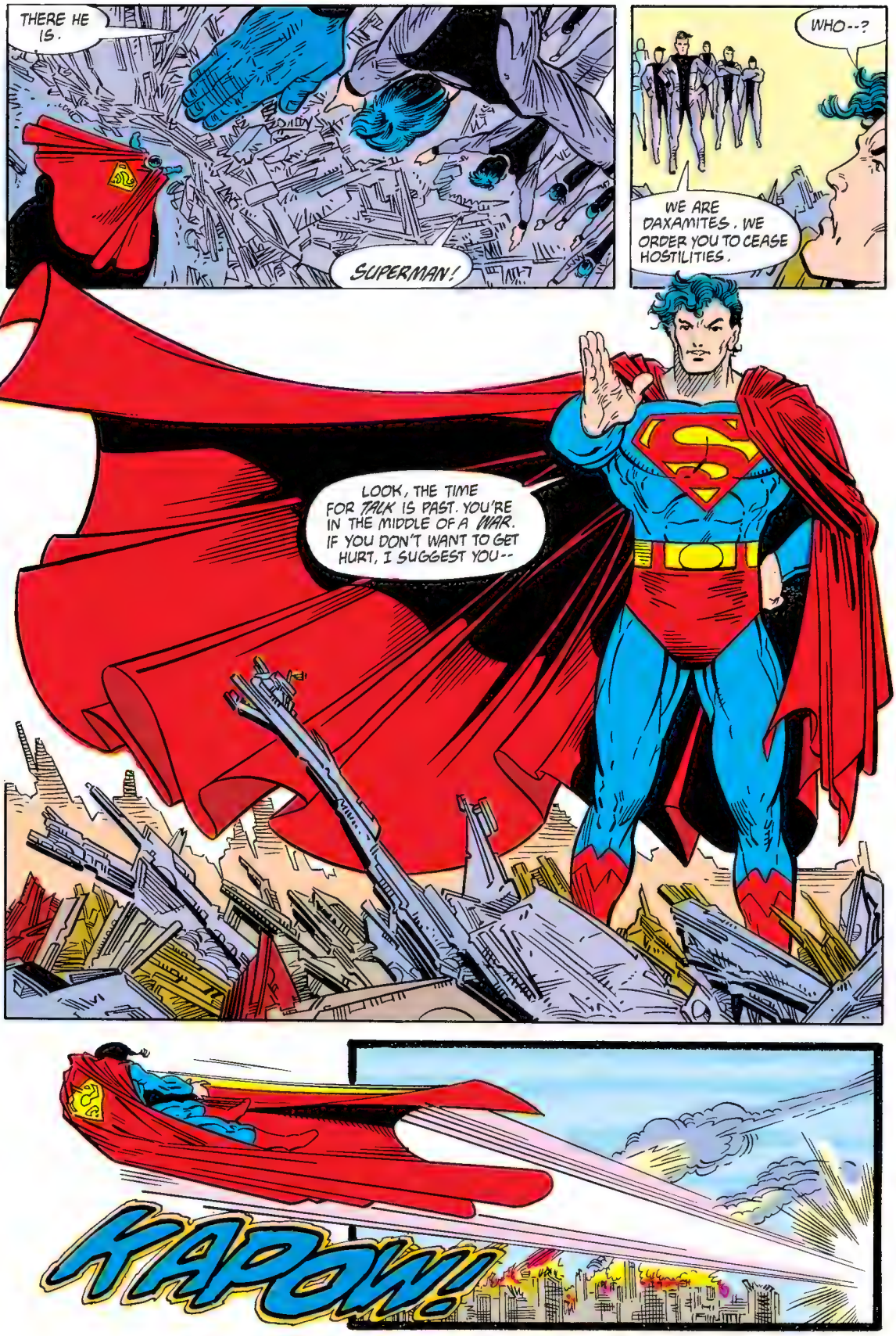

THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. THE IMPENETRABLE ICECAP GIVES NO EVIDENCE OF THE DISTURBANCE RAGING IN THE FROZEN SEA BELOW...
...WHERE THE ATLANTEAN ARMY PREPARES TO CONTINUE ITS ASSAULT ON THE GIL' DISHPAN CONTINGENT OF THE ALIEN ALLIANCE.
IT IS GOOD THAT YOU RETURNED TO US, MY LORD.
I'M NOT YOUR KING ANYMORE-- JUST EARTH'S UNDERSEA COMMANDER FOR THE DURATION OF THIS INVASION.
KING OR NO, THE SEA DEVILS WILL OBEY YOU.
DITTO FOR THE DOOM PATROL.
YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON ME, AQUAMAN.
THANKS, AQUALAD.
NOW THE GIL' DISHPAN'S COMMAND SHIP LIES HERE!

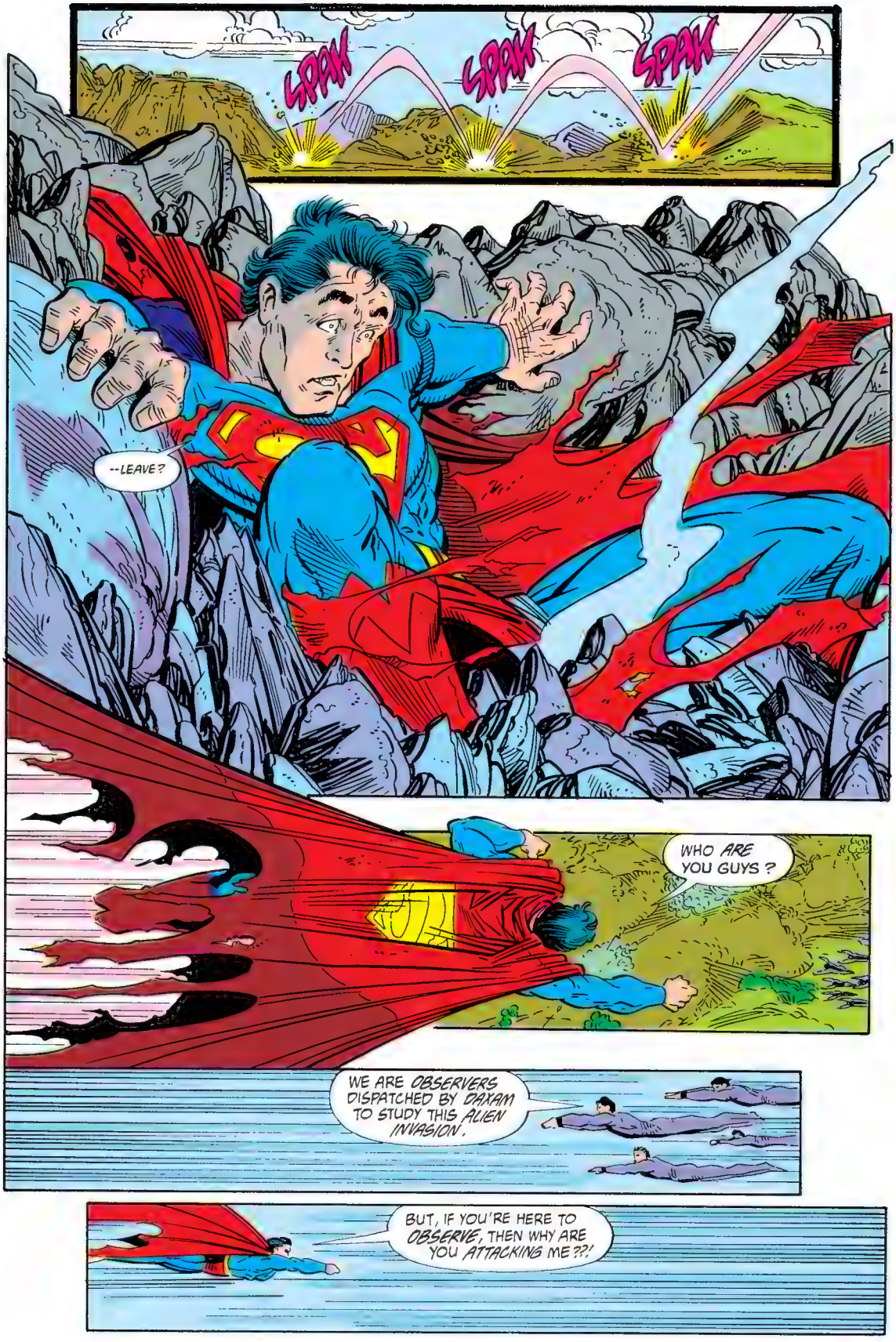

IT'S DISABLED--THANKS TO ARANI'S SACRIFICE--BUT STILL DANGEROUS.
AND THE CEASE-FIRE GAVE THEM TIME TO EFFECT REPAIRS AND REINFORCE.
IT GAVE US TIME, TOO, AQUALAD.
BUT NOW TIME'S RUNNING OUT! LET'S DO WHAT NEEDS DOING!
INDEED, ROBOTMAN--LET'S!
THE GIL'DISHPAN ENCAMPMENT.
THE KHUND ARE UNDER ATTACK???
I KNEW THE EARTHLINGS COULD NOT BE TRUSTED!
AND WE CAN?
WE'RE BRED TO BE DEVIOUS! WE'RE GIL'DISHPAN!
TRUE.
AND WE DID FORTIFY OUR POSITIONS DURING THE CEASE-FIRE.
THUS, WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR...
VREET!


SURPRISE, SPACE-SCUM!
YAROOM!
YASHTROOM!

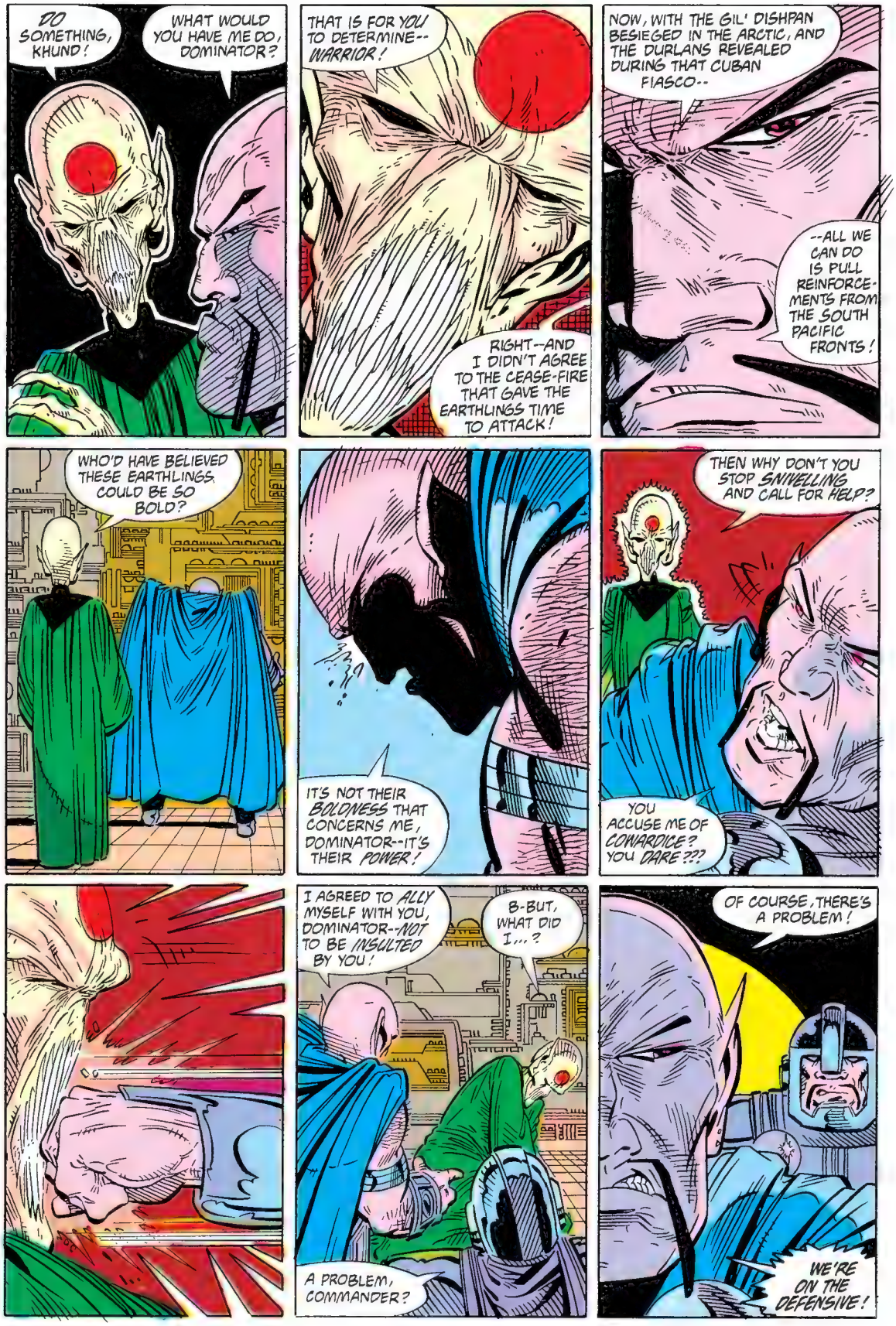

WE'VE KNOCKED OUT THEIR HEAVY ARTILLERY! ON MY COMMAND--
--INFANTRY UNITS- ATTACK!
THE SEA BELOW THE ARCTIC CIRCLE IS DYED RED.
BUT, HOWEVER SAVAGELY THIS BATTLE IS WAGED...

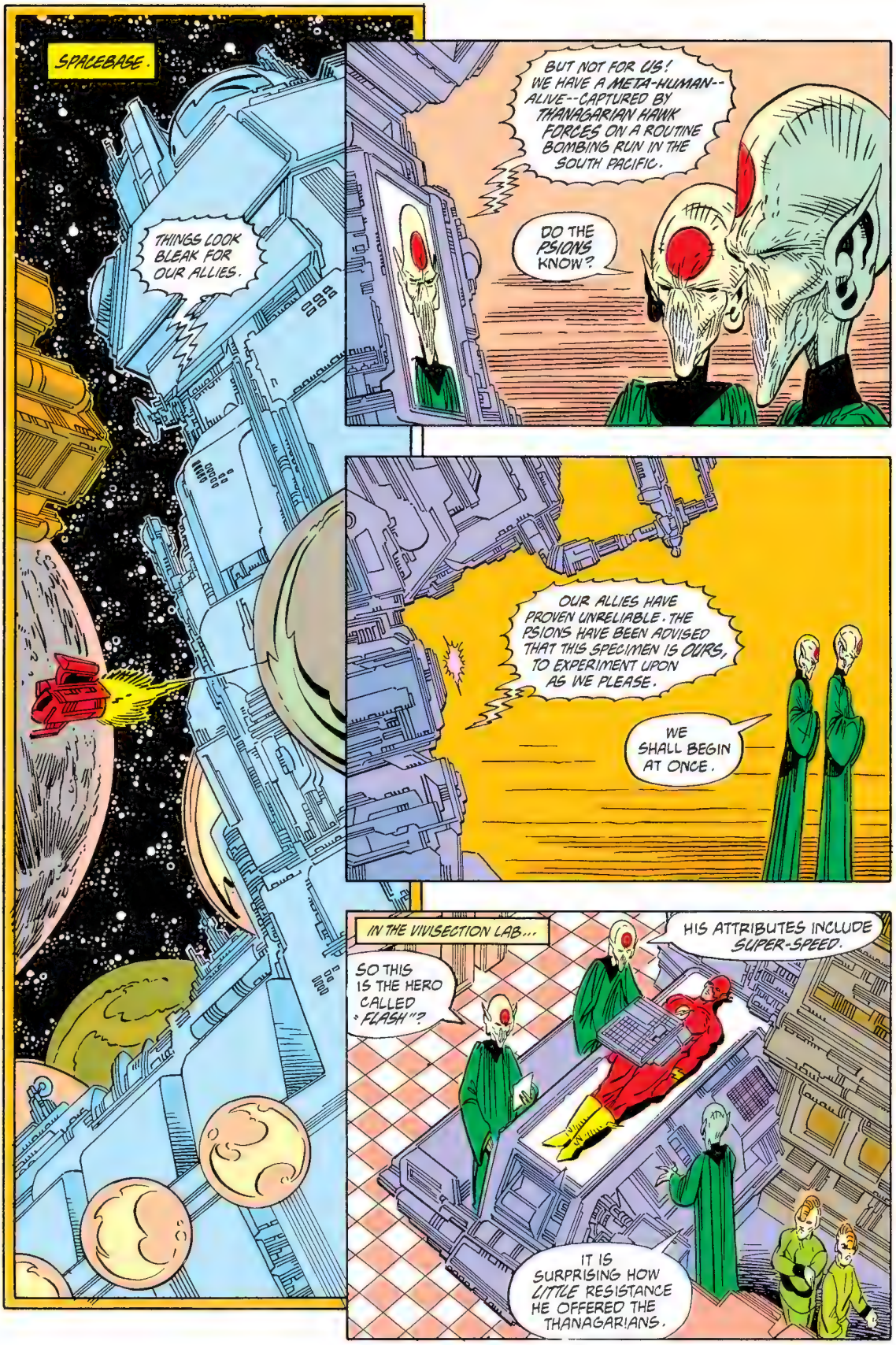

...IT IS BUT ONE FIGHT BEING FOUGHT THIS DAY FOR THE FATE OF THE WORLD.
WITNESS: AUSTRALIA, ASAIN.
MY POWER-RING CAN HANDLE THESE KHUNDISH WARSHIPS, BUT NOT THEIR YELLOW-TINGED FORCE-BURSTS!
LEAVE THEM TO ME, GREEN LANTERN!
THANKS, FIRESTORM--I THINK!
WE'RE IN GOOD SHAPE--UNLESS THE KHUND GET MORE FIGHTERS ALOFT!
THEY WON'T.
BAAWHOOM
ANOTHER FINE JOB DONE BY THE BLUE BEETLE AIRSTRIP DEMOLITION CORPORATION!
BARDA!
I KNOW--BOOM-TUBE US OUT OF HERE!

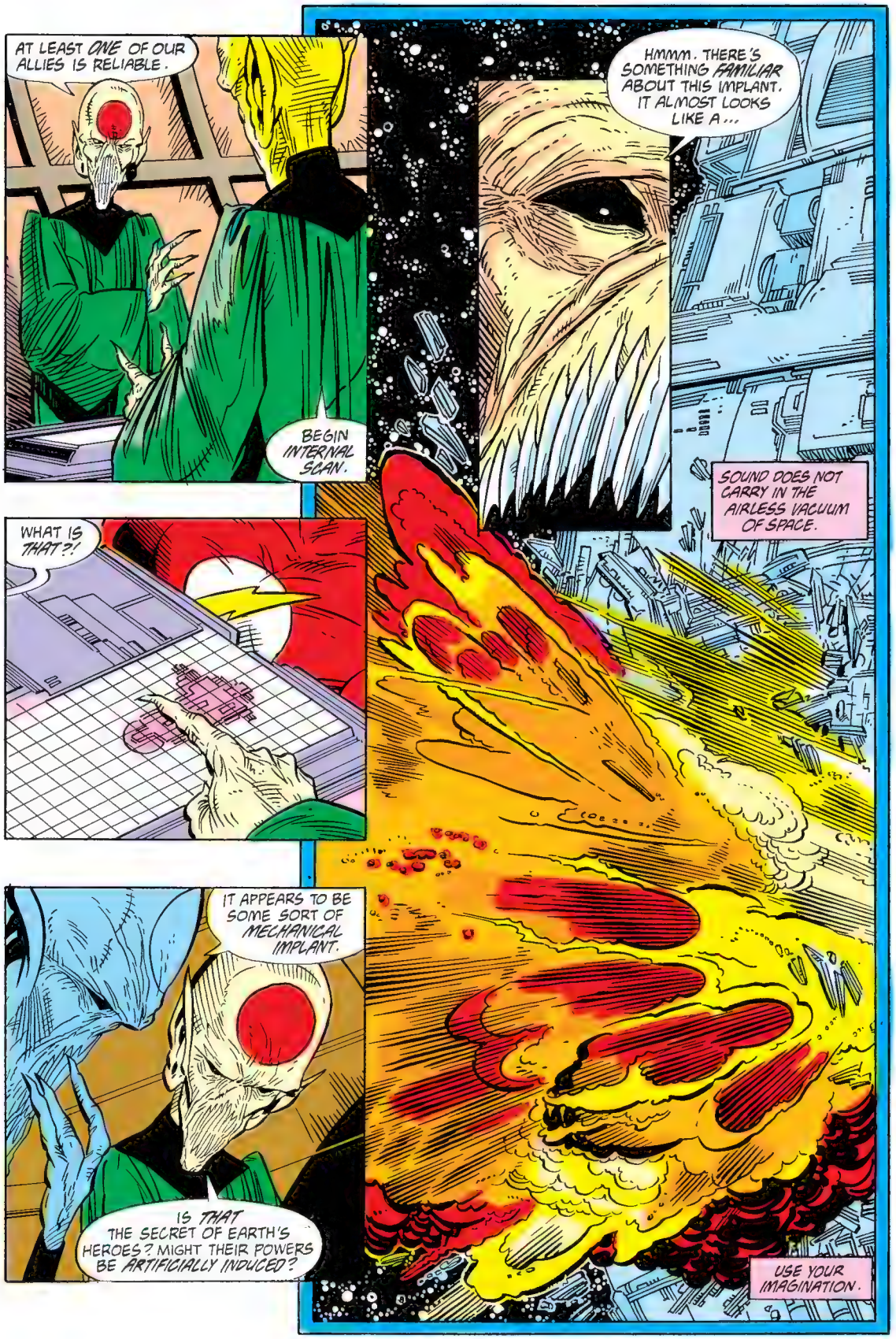

THERE HE IS.
SUPERMAN!
WHO--?
WE ARE DAXAMITES. WE ORDER YOU TO CEASE HOSTILITIES.
LOOK, THE TIME FOR TALK IS PAST. YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A WAR. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET HURT, I SUGGEST YOU--
KAPOW!

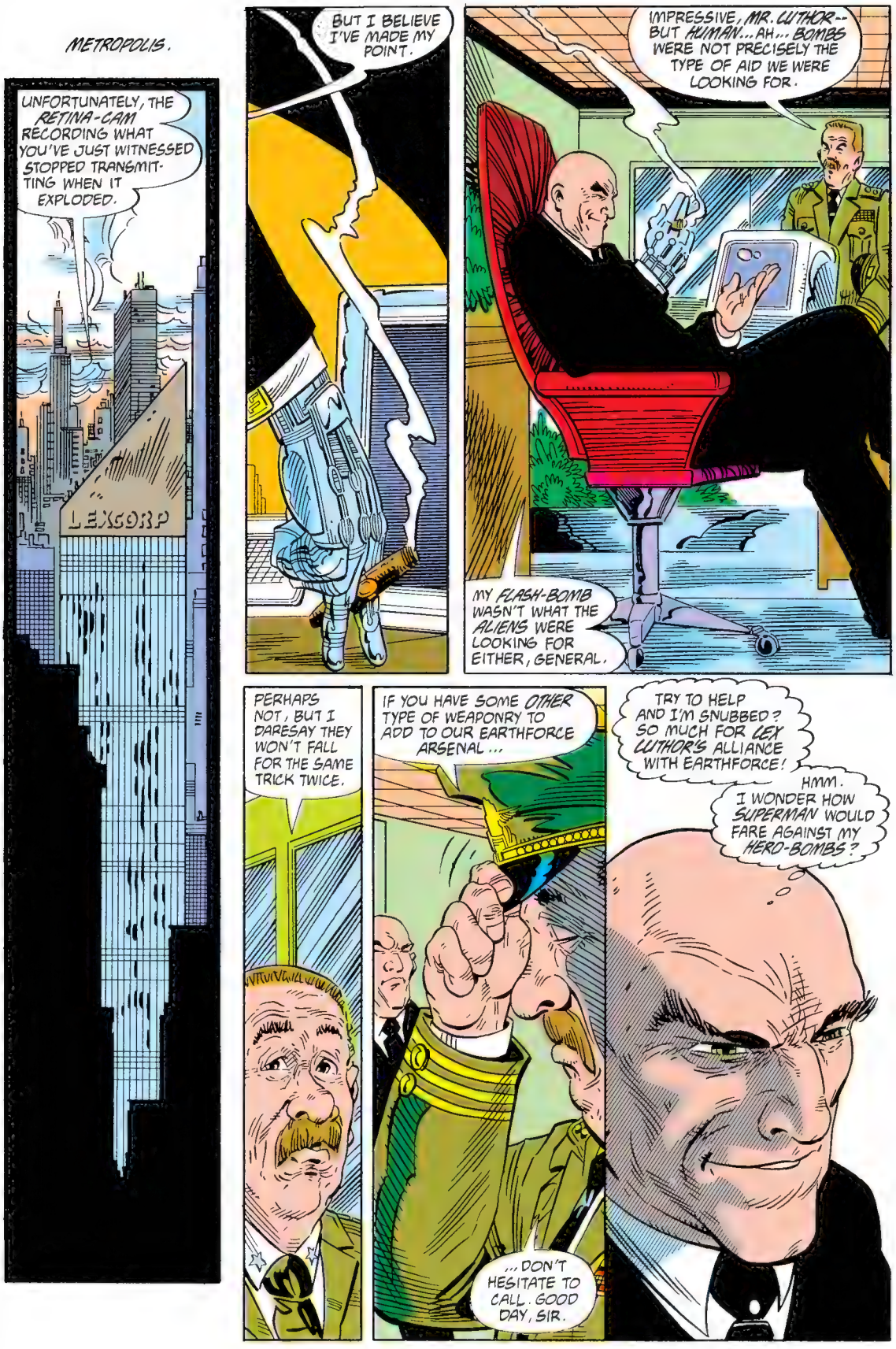

SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
--LEAVE?
WHO ARE YOU GUYS?
WE ARE OBSERVERS DISPATCHED BY DAXAM TO STUDY THIS ALIEN INVASION.
BUT, IF YOU'RE HERE TO OBSERVE, THEN WHY ARE YOU ATTACKING ME??!

BECAUSE YOUR ASSAULT ON THE KHUND COMMAND CENTER ENDANGERS US AS WELL!
ENDANGERS--?! YOU'RE ≡WHUNNF!≡ EASILY AS POWERFUL AS ME!
PERHAPS MORE POWERFUL, THANKS TO SOME AS YET UNEXPLAINED EFFECT EARTH HAS HAD ON OUR BIOSYSTEMS!
SPAKOW!
THEN YOU'RE NOT ALWAYS THIS ≡GNNRKKK!≡ AGGRESSIVE?!
KARUMP!
AS WE SAID--WE ARE OBSERVERS!
RIGHT! I ≡ARRGHH!≡ FORGOT!
BRAK!

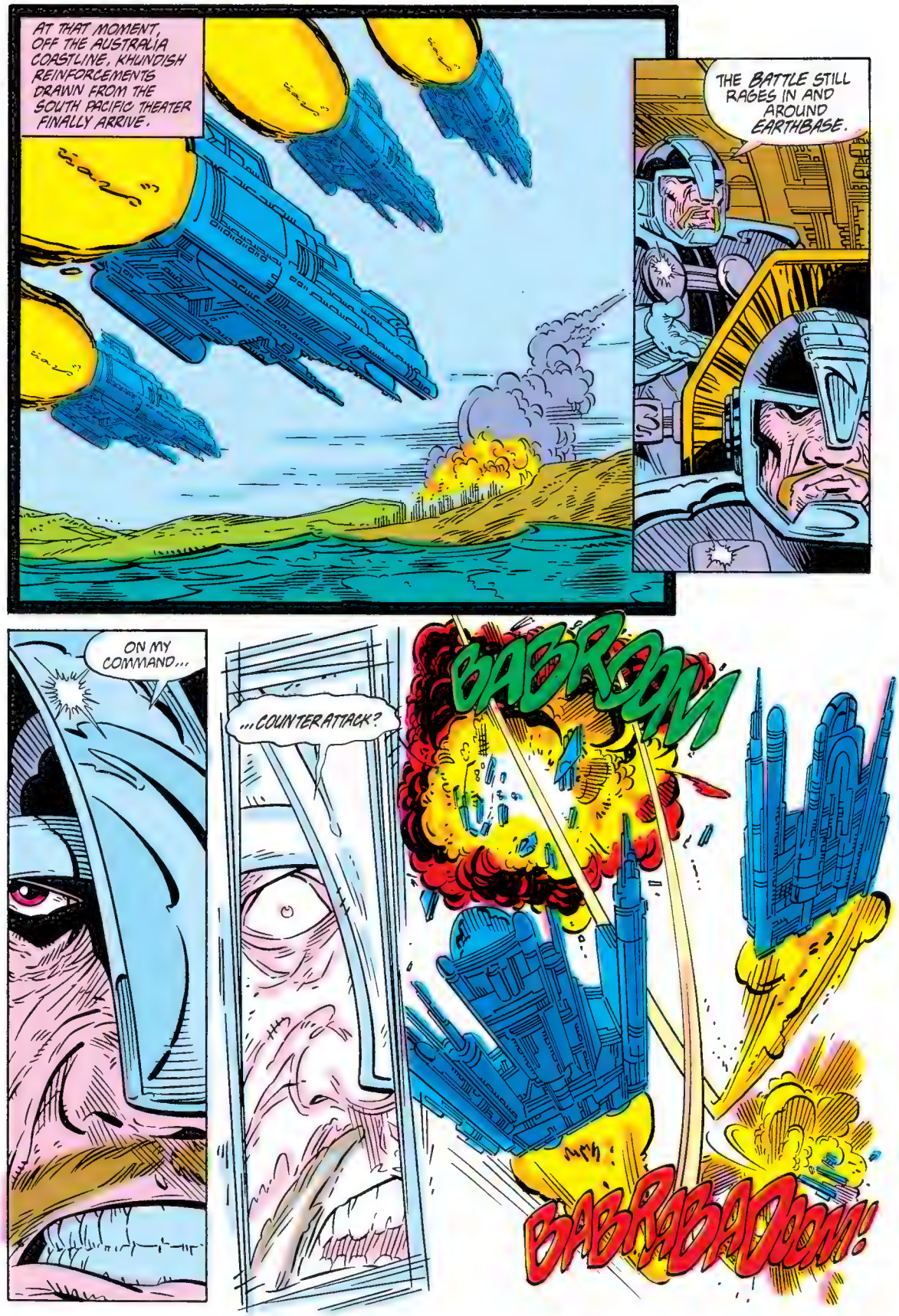

DO SOMETHING, KHUND!
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO, DOMINATOR?
THAT IS FOR YOU TO DETERMINE--WARRIOR!
RIGHT--AND I DIDN'T AGREE TO THE CEASE-FIRE THAT GAVE THE EARTHLINGS TIME TO ATTACK!
NOW, WITH THE GIL' DISHPAN BESIEGED IN THE ARCTIC, AND THE DURLANS REVEALED DURING THAT CUBAN FIASCO--
--ALL WE CAN DO IS PULL REINFORCE-MENTS FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC FRONTS!
WHO'D HAVE BELIEVED THESE EARTHLINGS COULD BE SO BOLD?
IT'S NOT THEIR BOLDNESS THAT CONCERNS ME, DOMINATOR--IT'S THEIR POWER!
THEN WHY DON'T YOU STOP SNIVELLING AND CALL FOR HELP?
YOU ACCUSE ME OF COWARDICE? YOU DARE???
I AGREED TO ALLY MYSELF WITH YOU, DOMINATOR--NOT TO BE INSULTED BY YOU!
B-BUT, WHAT DID I...?
A PROBLEM, COMMANDER?
OF COURSE, THERE'S A PROBLEM!
WE'RE ON THE DEFENSIVE!

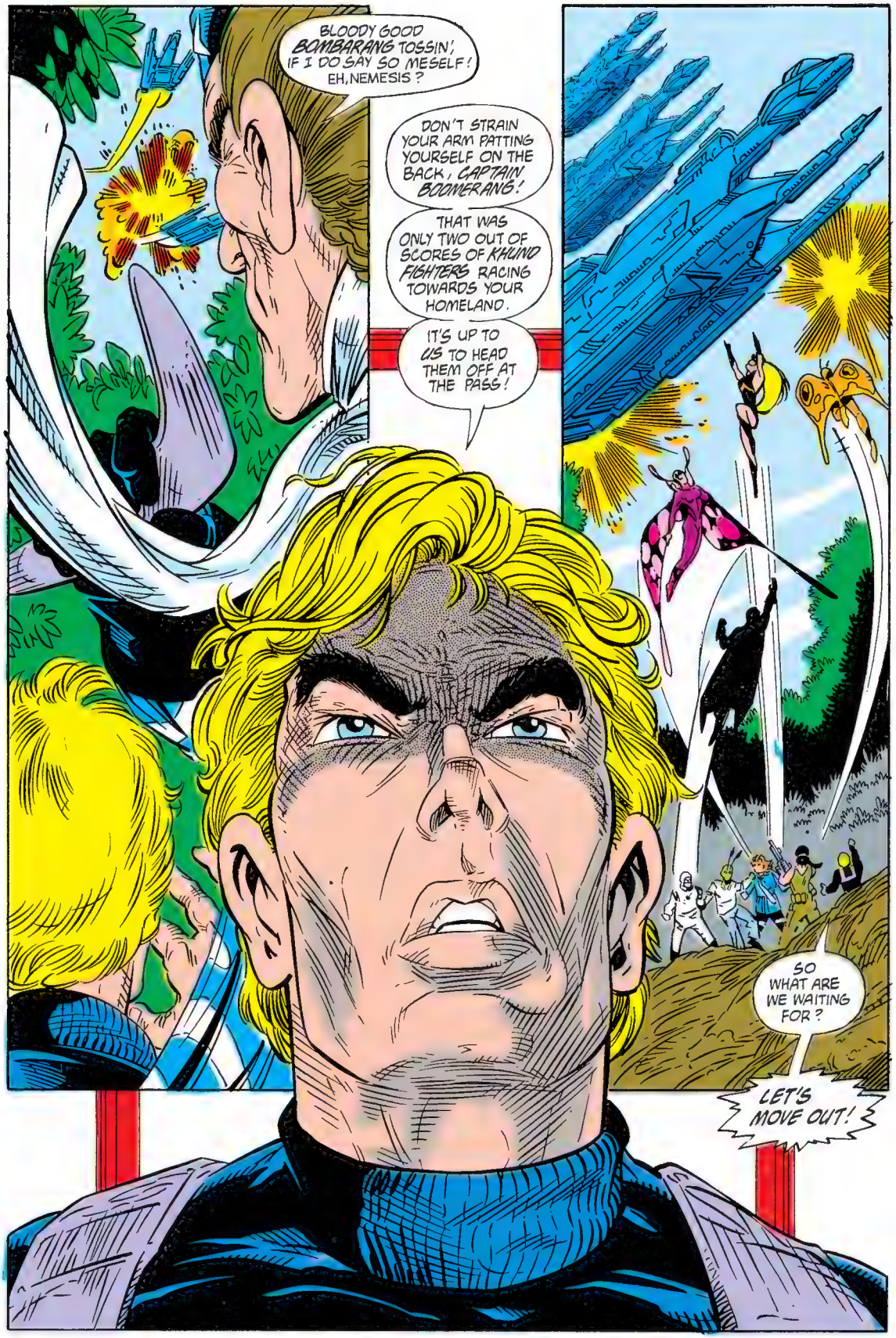

SPACEBASE.
THINGS LOOK BLEAK FOR OUR ALLIES.
BUT NOT FOR US! WE HAVE A META-HUMAN--ALIVE--CAPTURED BY THANAGARIAN HAWK FORCES ON A ROUTINE BOMBING RUN IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.
DO THE PSIONS KNOW?
OUR ALLIES HAVE PROVEN UNRELIABLE. THE PSIONS HAVE BEEN ADVISED THAT THIS SPECIMEN IS OURS, TO EXPERIMENT UPON AS WE PLEASE.
WE SHALL BEGIN AT ONCE.
IN THE VIVISECTION LAB...
SO THIS IS THE HERO CALLED "FLASH"?
HIS ATTRIBUTES INCLUDE SUPER-SPEED.
IT IS SURPRISING HOW LITTLE RESISTANCE HE OFFERED THE THANAGARIANS.

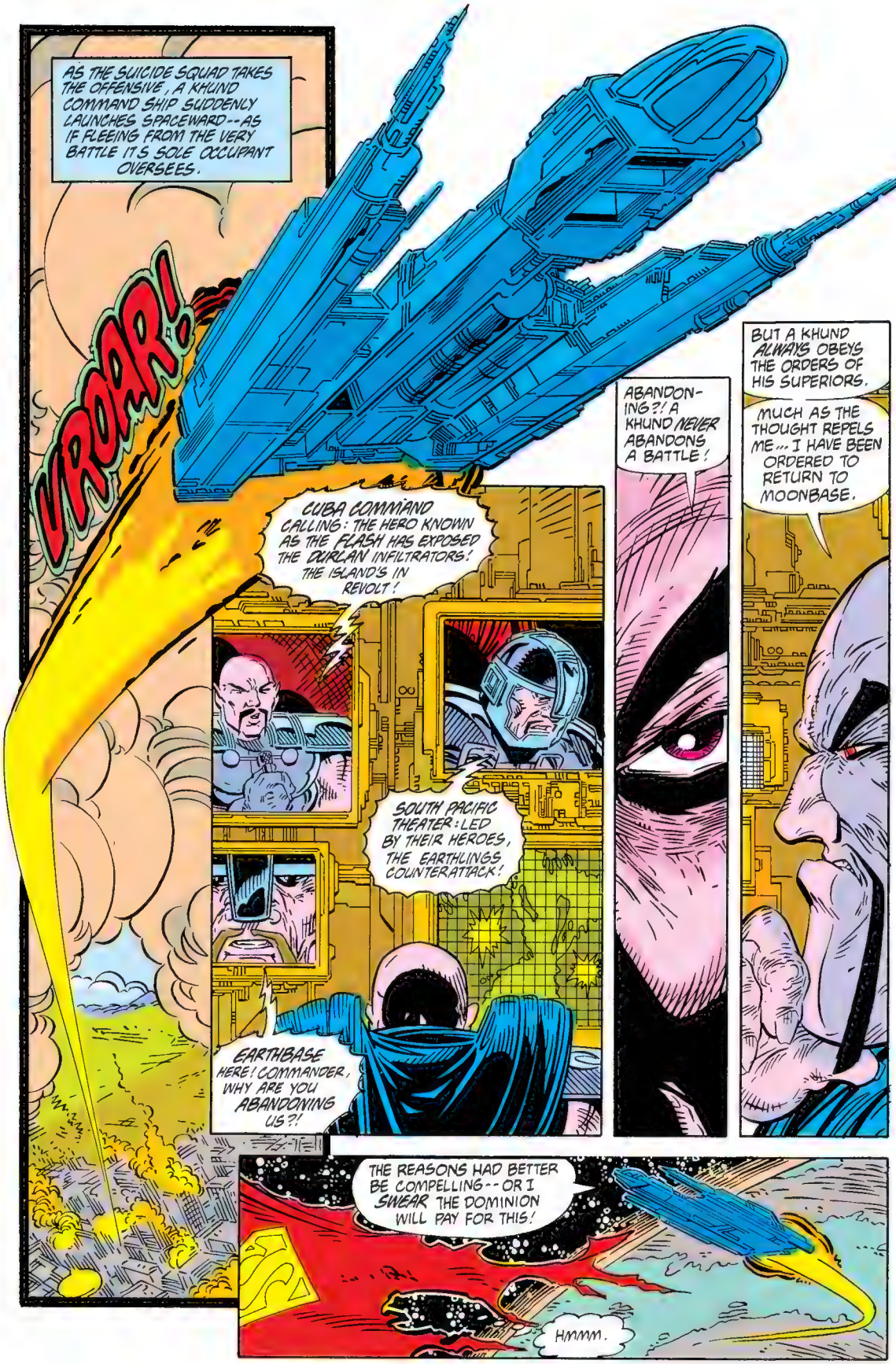

AT LEAST ONE OF OUR ALLIES IS RELIABLE.
BEGIN INTERNAL SCAN.
HMMM. THERE'S SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS IMPLANT. IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE A...
SOUND DOES NOT CARRY IN THE AIRLESS VACUUM OF SPACE.
WHAT IS THAT?!
IT APPEARS TO BE SOME SORT OF MECHANICAL IMPLANT.
IS THAT THE SECRET OF EARTH'S HEROES? MIGHT THEIR POWERS BE ARTIFICIALLY INDUCED?
USE YOUR IMAGINATION.

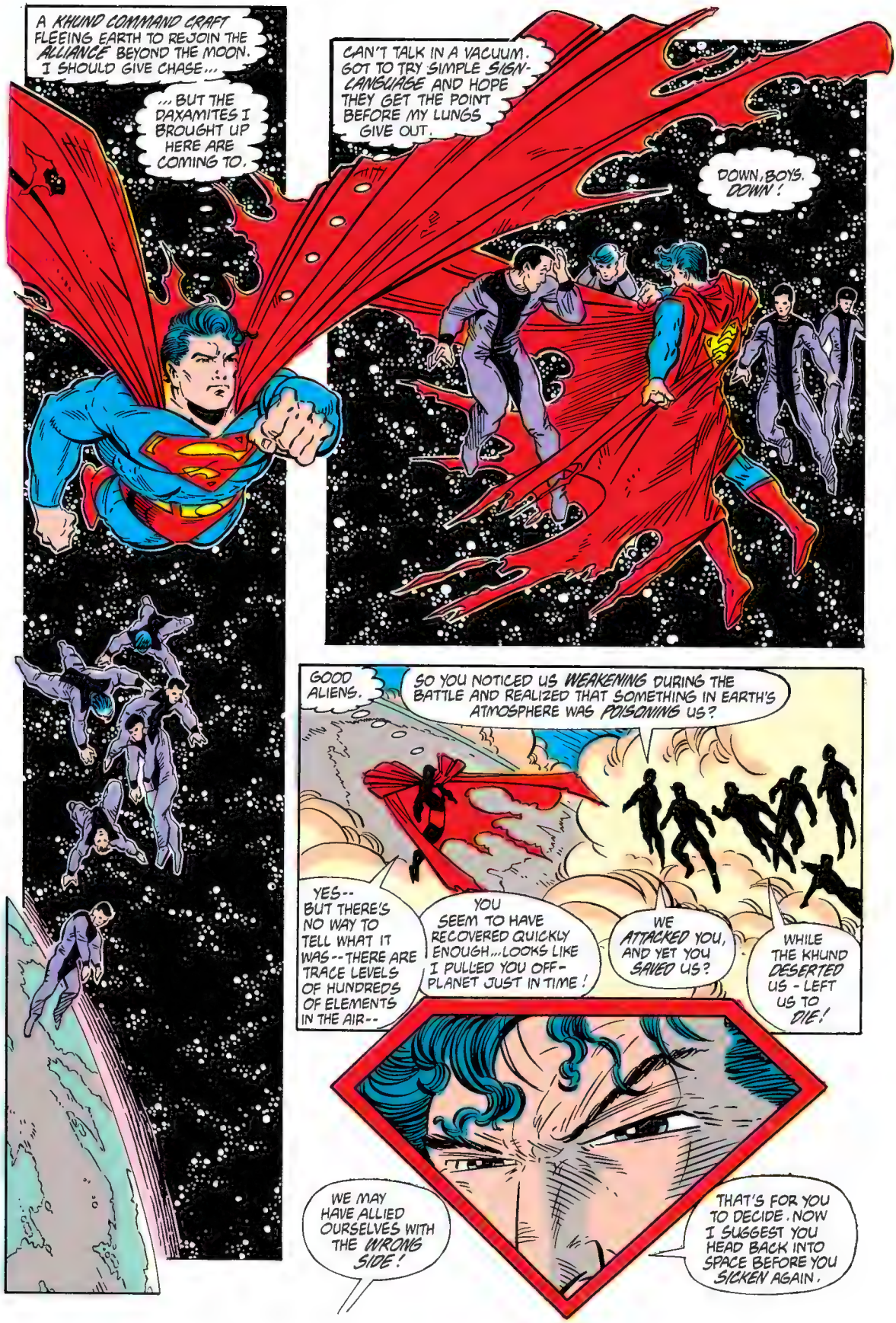

METROPOLIS.
UNFORTUNATELY, THE RETINA-CAM RECORDING WHAT YOU'VE JUST WITNESSED STOPPED TRANSMITTING WHEN IT EXPLODED.
LEXCORP
BUT I BELIEVE I'VE MADE MY POINT.
IMPRESSIVE, MR. LUTHOR-- BUT HUMAN... AH... BOMBS WERE NOT PRECISELY THE TYPE OF AID WE WERE LOOKING FOR.
MY FLASH-BOMB WASN'T WHAT THE ALIENS WERE LOOKING FOR EITHER, GENERAL.
PERHAPS NOT, BUT I DARESAY THEY WON'T FALL FOR THE SAME TRICK TWICE.
IF YOU HAVE SOME OTHER TYPE OF WEAPONRY TO ADD TO OUR EARTHFORCE ARSENAL...
...DON'T HESITATE TO CALL. GOOD DAY, SIR.
TRY TO HELP AND I'M SNUBBED? SO MUCH FOR LEX LUTHOR'S ALLIANCE WITH EARTHFORCE!
HMM. I WONDER HOW SUPERMAN WOULD FARE AGAINST MY HERO-BOMBS?

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE OUTBACK...
SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE...
A FEW MINUTES AGO, I WAS DOWN FOR THE COUNT-- AS THOUGH I WERE UP AGAINST FIVE OF ME...
...BUT NOW, THEY'RE SLOWING DOWN... AS IF SOMETHING WERE SAPPING THEIR ENERGY.
THEY'RE ALMOST PITIFUL TO WATCH.
I'M NOT SURE ANYMORE IF THEY'RE CHASING ME OR, SENSING THEIR DILEMMA, MERELY TRYING TO LEAVE EARTH.
I ONLY KNOW ONE THING-- THEIR POWERS ARE GONE.
AND AT FIFTY THOUSAND FEET...
...THAT CAN BE FATAL!

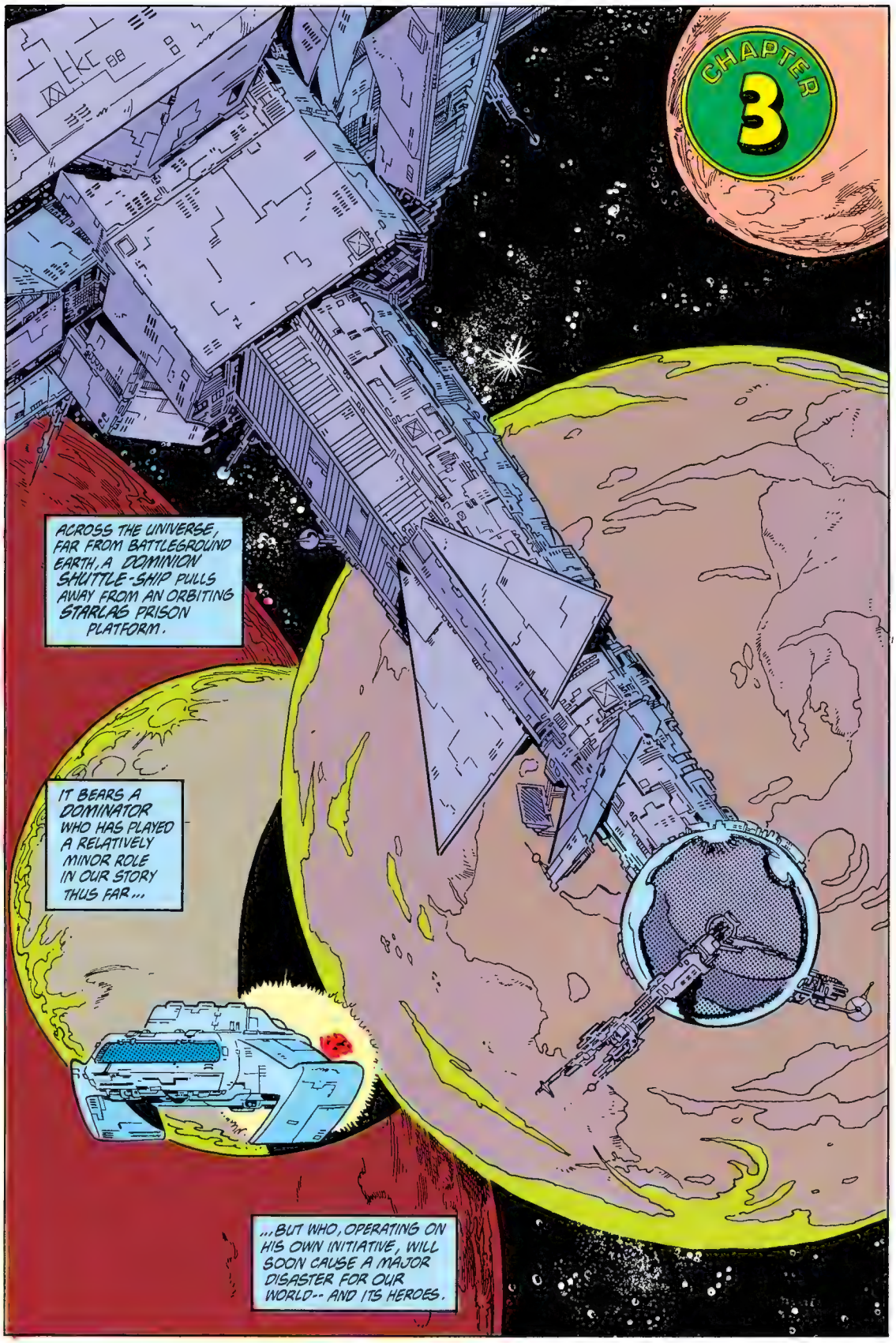

AT THAT MOMENT, OFF THE AUSTRALIA COASTLINE, KHUNDISH REINFORCEMENTS DRAWN FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC THEATER FINALLY ARRIVE.
THE BATTLE STILL RAGES IN AND AROUND EARTHBASE.
ON MY COMMAND...
...COUNTERATTACK?
BABOOM
BABABADOOM!

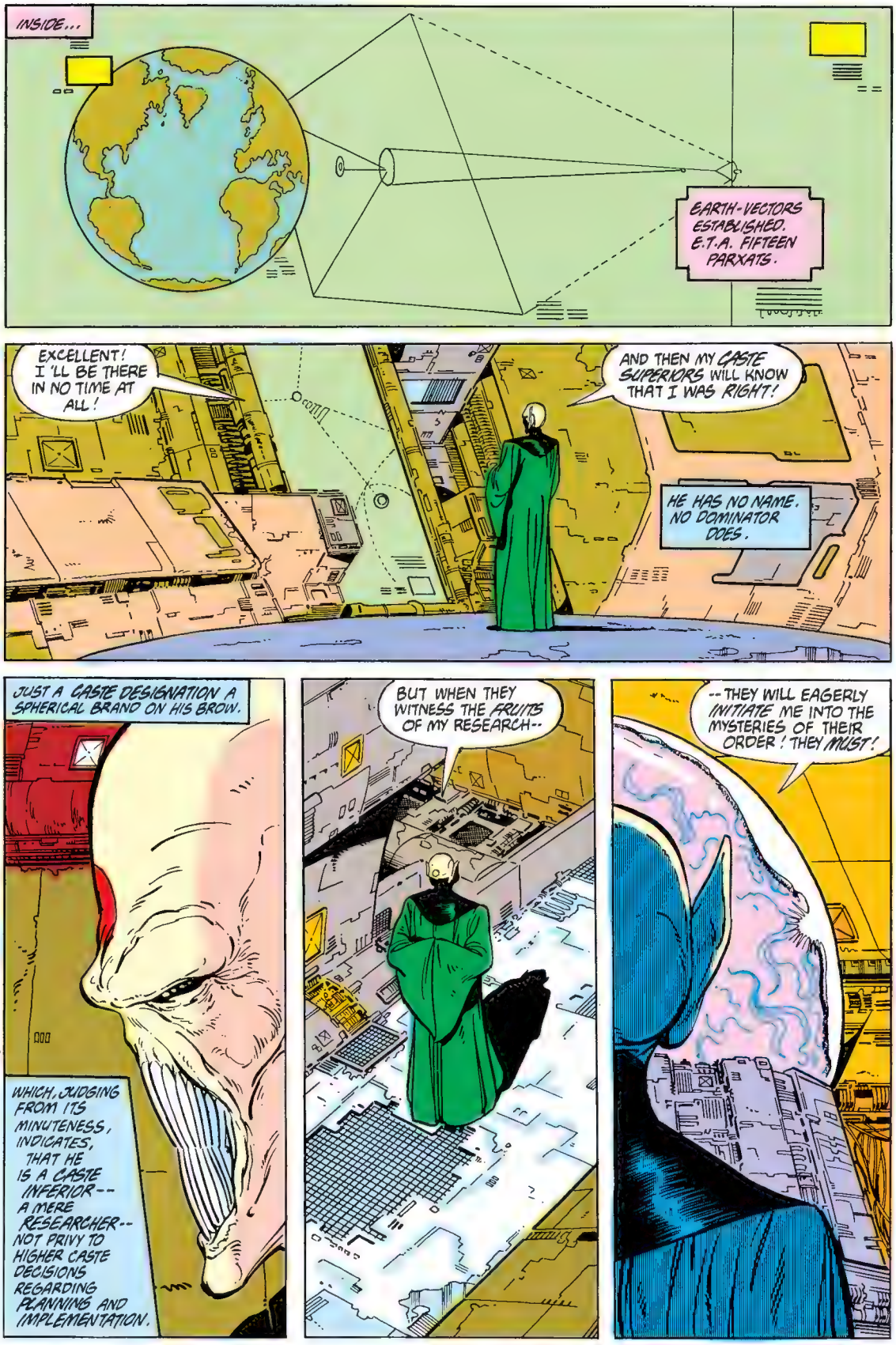

BLOODY GOOD BOMBARANG TOSSIN', IF I DO SAY SO MESELF! EH, NEMESIS?
DON'T STRAIN YOUR ARM PATTING YOURSELF ON THE BACK, CAPTAIN BOOMERANG!
THAT WAS ONLY TWO OUT OF SCORES OF KHUND FIGHTERS RACING TOWARDS YOUR HOMELAND.
IT'S UP TO US TO HEAD THEM OFF AT THE PASS!
SO WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
LET'S MOVE OUT!

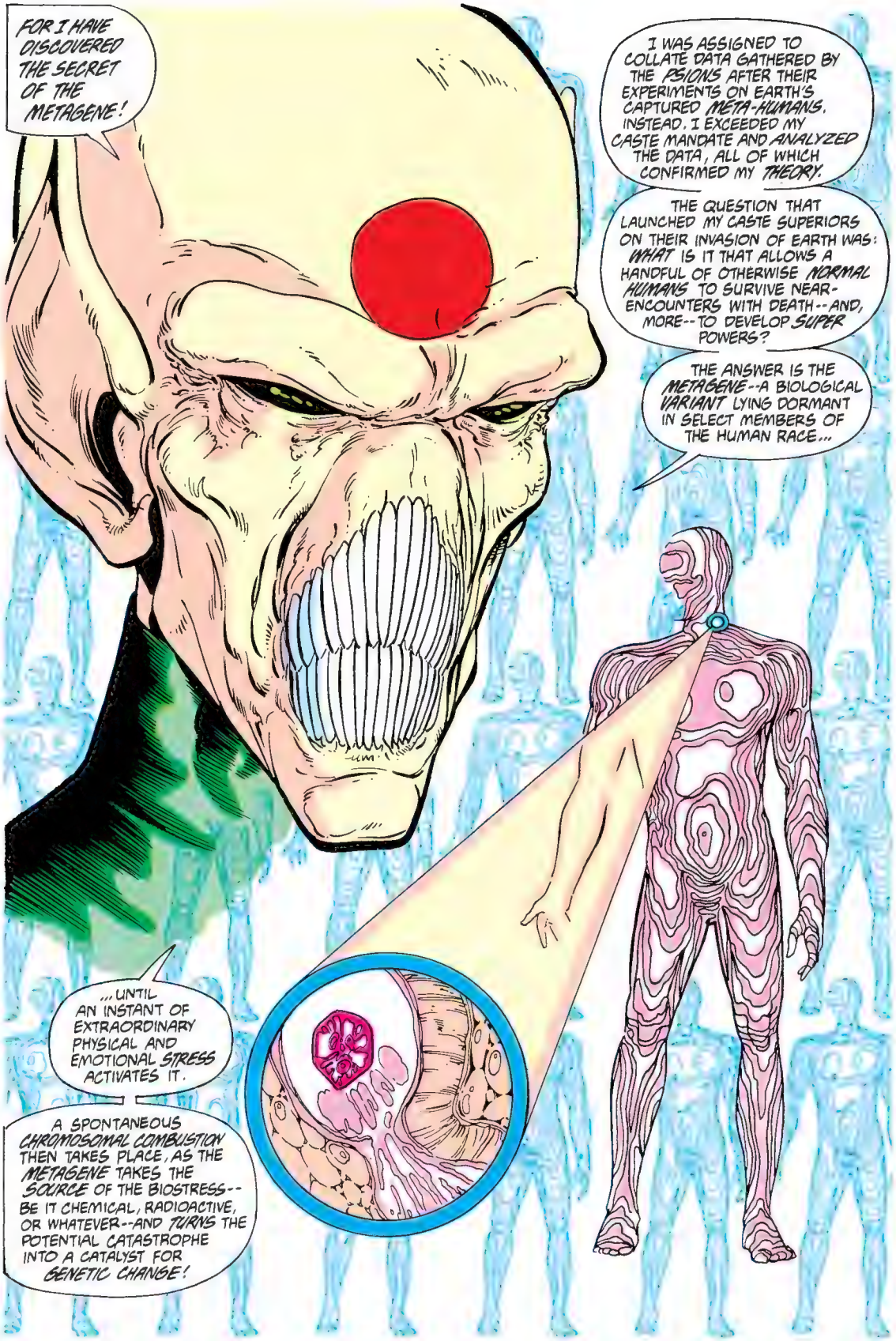

AS THE SUICIDE SQUAD TAKES THE OFFENSIVE, A KHUND COMMAND SHIP SUDDENLY LAUNCHES SPACEWARD--AS IF FLEEING FROM THE VERY BATTLE IT'S SOLE OCCUPANT OVERSEES.
VROAR!
CUBA COMMAND CALLING: THE HERO KNOWN AS THE FLASH HAS EXPOSED THE DURLAN INFILTRATORS! THE ISLAND'S IN REVOLT!
SOUTH PACIFIC THEATER: LED BY THEIR HEROES, THE EARTHLINGS COUNTERATTACK!
EARTHBASE HERE! COMMANDER, WHY ARE YOU ABANDONING US?!
ABANDON-ING?! A KHUND NEVER ABANDONS A BATTLE!
BUT A KHUND ALWAYS OBEYS THE ORDERS OF HIS SUPERIORS.
MUCH AS THE THOUGHT REPELS ME... I HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO RETURN TO MOONBASE.
THE REASONS HAD BETTER BE COMPELLING--OR I SWEAR THE DOMINION WILL PAY FOR THIS!
HMMM.


A KHUND COMMAND CRAFT FLEEING EARTH TO REJOIN THE ALLIANCE BEYOND THE MOON. I SHOULD GIVE CHASE...
...BUT THE DAXAMITES I BROUGHT UP HERE ARE COMING TO.
CAN'T TALK IN A VACUUM. GOT TO TRY SIMPLE SIGN-LANGUAGE AND HOPE THEY GET THE POINT BEFORE MY LUNGS GIVE OUT.
DOWN, BOYS. DOWN!
GOOD ALIENS.
SO YOU NOTICED US WEAKENING DURING THE BATTLE AND REALIZED THAT SOMETHING IN EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE WAS POISONING US?
YES-- BUT THERE'S NO WAY TO TELL WHAT IT WAS--THERE ARE TRACE LEVELS OF HUNDREDS OF ELEMENTS IN THE AIR--
YOU SEEM TO HAVE RECOVERED QUICKLY ENOUGH...LOOKS LIKE I PULLED YOU OFF-PLANET JUST IN TIME!
WE ATTACKED YOU, AND YET YOU SAVED US?
WHILE THE KHUND DESERTED US - LEFT US TO DIE!
WE MAY HAVE ALLIED OURSELVES WITH THE WRONG SIDE!
THAT'S FOR YOU TO DECIDE. NOW I SUGGEST YOU HEAD BACK INTO SPACE BEFORE YOU SICKEN AGAIN.

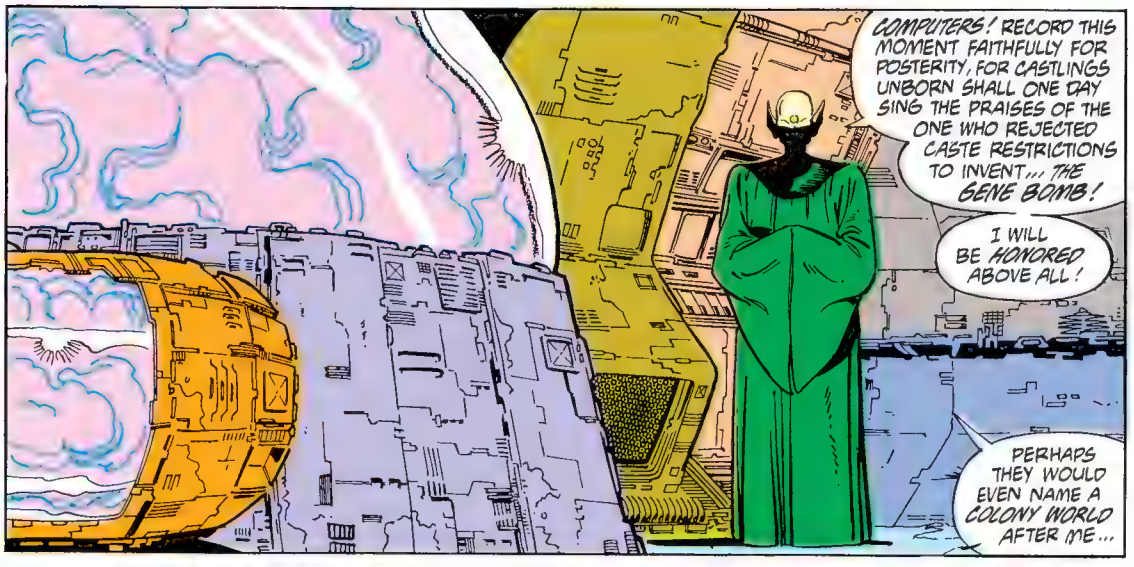
EARTH COMMAND.
WE'VE ROUTED THE ALIENS ON CUBA AND WE'RE HOLDING OUR OWN IN AUSTRALIA.
MORE GOOD NEWS FROM THE ARCTIC -- AQUAMAN'S FORCES HAVE CLAIMED TOTAL VICTORY!
BUT THE BAD NEWS IS THAT THE SOUTH PACIFIC SITUATION IS STILL STALEMATED, AND WE'RE BEING PUSHED BACK BY THE OKAARANS ON THE SINO-SOVIET FRONT.
WHILE EARTH BEARS THE SCARS OF THIS INVASION, THE ALIENS GO UNSCATHED.
WE'VE GOT TO UP THE ANTE -- MAKE THEM SEE THERE'S A PRICE TO PAY FOR THIS WAR.
AS SOON AS WE CAN SPARE THE PERSONNEL, I SUGGEST AN ASSAULT ON THE ALLIANCE MOTHER-SHIP!
WE CAN SPARE 'EM NOW, ATOM.
THE KHUND HAVE ABANDONED AUSTRALIA!

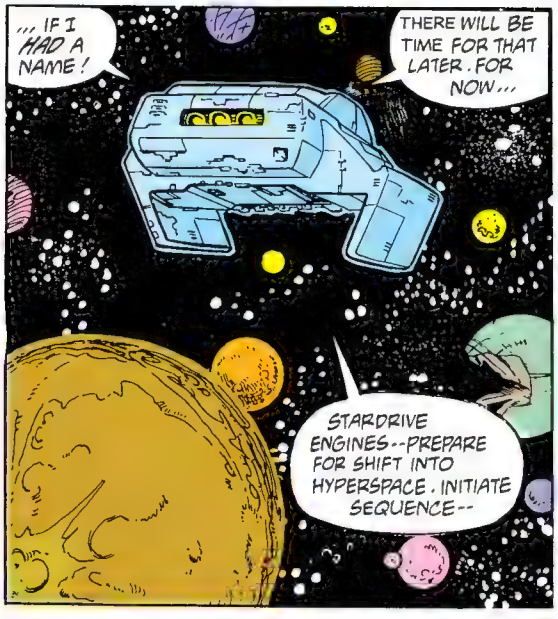

CHAPTER 3
ACROSS THE UNIVERSE, FAR FROM BATTLEGROUND EARTH, A DOMINION SHUTTLE-SHIP PULLS AWAY FROM AN ORBITING STARLAG PRISON PLATFORM.
IT BEARS A DOMINATOR WHO HAS PLAYED A RELATIVELY MINOR ROLE IN OUR STORY THUS FAR...
...BUT WHO, OPERATING ON HIS OWN INITIATIVE, WILL SOON CAUSE A MAJOR DISASTER FOR OUR WORLD-- AND ITS HEROES.

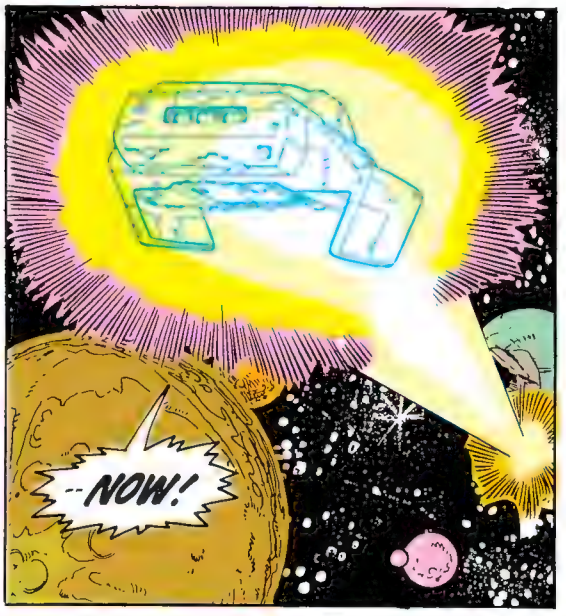

INSIDE...
EARTH-VECTORS ESTABLISHED. E.T.A. FIFTEEN PARXATS.
EXCELLENT! I'LL BE THERE IN NO TIME AT ALL!
AND THEN MY CASTE SUPERIORS WILL KNOW THAT I WAS RIGHT!
HE HAS NO NAME. NO DOMINATOR DOES.
JUST A CASTE DESIGNATION A SPHERICAL BRAND ON HIS BROW.
WHICH, JUDGING FROM ITS MINUTENESS, INDICATES, THAT HE IS A CASTE INFERIOR-- A MERE RESEARCHER-- NOT PRIVY TO HIGHER CASTE DECISIONS REGARDING PLANNING AND IMPLEMENTATION.
BUT WHEN THEY WITNESS THE FRUITS OF MY RESEARCH--
--THEY WILL EAGERLY INITIATE ME INTO THE MYSTERIES OF THEIR ORDER! THEY MUST!


FOR I HAVE DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF THE METAGENE!
I WAS ASSIGNED TO COLLATE DATA GATHERED BY THE PSIONS AFTER THEIR EXPERIMENTS ON EARTH'S CAPTURED META-HUMANS. INSTEAD, I EXCEEDED MY CASTE MANDATE AND ANALYZED THE DATA, ALL OF WHICH CONFIRMED MY THEORY.
THE QUESTION THAT LAUNCHED MY CASTE SUPERIORS ON THEIR INVASION OF EARTH WAS: WHAT IS IT THAT ALLOWS A HANDFUL OF OTHERWISE NORMAL HUMANS TO SURVIVE NEAR-ENCOUNTERS WITH DEATH--AND, MORE--TO DEVELOP SUPER POWERS?
THE ANSWER IS THE METAGENE--A BIOLOGICAL VARIANT LYING DORMANT IN SELECT MEMBERS OF THE HUMAN RACE...
...UNTIL AN INSTANT OF EXTRAORDINARY PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL STRESS ACTIVATES IT.
A SPONTANEOUS CHROMOSOMAL COMBUSTION THEN TAKES PLACE, AS THE METAGENE TAKES THE SOURCE OF THE BIOSTRESS--BE IT CHEMICAL, RADIOACTIVE, OR WHATEVER--AND TURNS THE POTENTIAL CATASTROPHE INTO A CATALYST FOR GENETIC CHANGE!

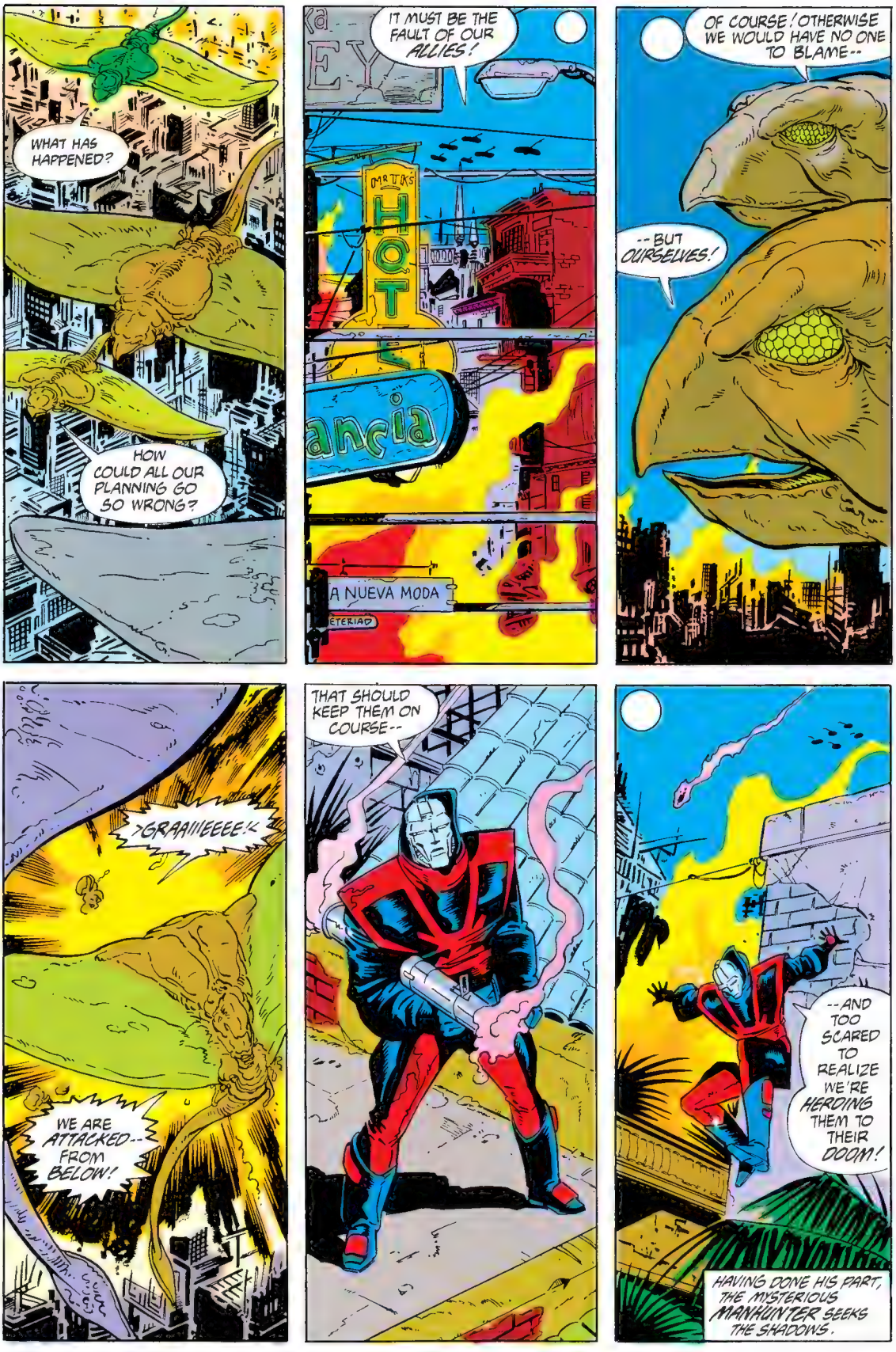
YES, I ALONE HAVE DISCOVERED THE METAGENE THAT TURNS HUMANS INTO SUPER-HEROES--
-- AND I ALONE HAVE DISCOVERED HOW TO NEGATE IT!!!


COMPUTERS! RECORD THIS MOMENT FAITHFULLY FOR POSTERITY, FOR CASTLINGS UNBORN SHALL ONE DAY SING THE PRAISES OF THE ONE WHO REJECTED CASTE RESTRICTIONS TO INVENT... THE GENE BOMB!
I WILL BE HONORED ABOVE ALL!
PERHAPS THEY WOULD EVEN NAME A COLONY WORLD AFTER ME...


... IF I HAD A NAME!
THERE WILL BE TIME FOR THAT LATER. FOR NOW...
STARDRIVE ENGINES--PREPARE FOR SHIFT INTO HYPERSPACE. INITIATE SEQUENCE--

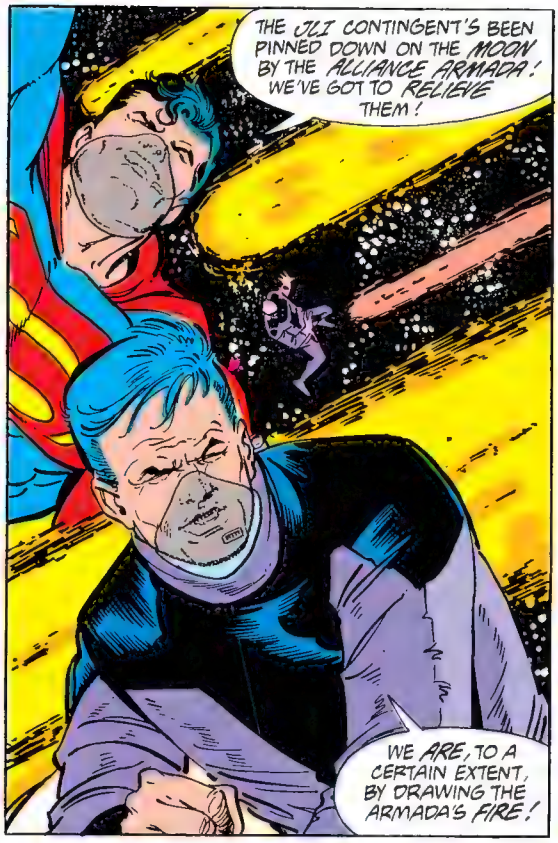

--NOW!

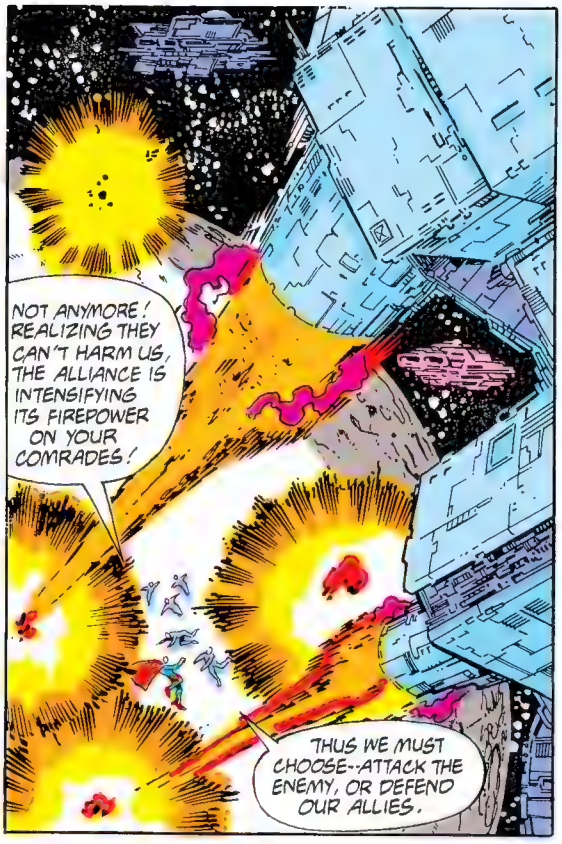
CUBA.
AND IT'S A HOT NIGHT IN HAVANA.
THERE'S NO RESISTANCE TO THE MOB STORMING THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE.
BUT, THEN, AT THIS STAGE, I DIDN'T THINK THERE WOULD BE.
THE DURLANS WHO DECEIVED THE POPULACE DISGUISED AS CASTRO AND HIS CABINET HAVE BEEN UNMASKED BY MANHUNTER AND MYSELF. *
NOW ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE MOP-UP!
FLASH #21 -ANDY
THE FLASH!
INFERNAL MEDDLER!!
YOU CAN CALL ME BY EITHER NAME, SHAPE-SHIFTERS!
BUT YOUR NAME'S MUD FROM HERE ON!
WE MUST FLEE!
HEADS UP, FELLAS.
HERE THEY COME!

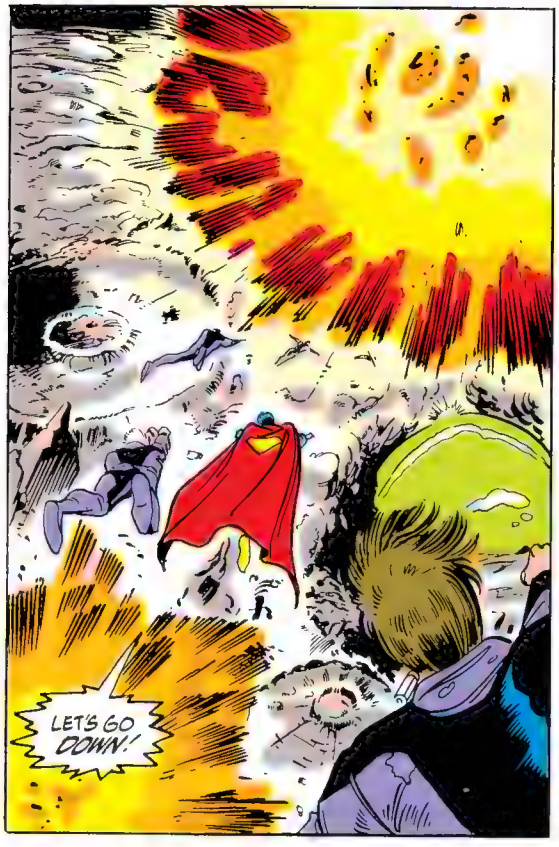

WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
HOW COULD ALL OUR PLANNING GO SO WRONG?
IT MUST BE THE FAULT OF OUR ALLIES!
MR TK'S
HOT
A NUEVA MODA
OF COURSE! OTHERWISE WE WOULD HAVE NO ONE TO BLAME--
--BUT OURSELVES!
>GRAAIIIEEEE!<
WE ARE ATTACKED-- FROM BELOW!
THAT SHOULD KEEP THEM ON COURSE--
--AND TOO SCARED TO REALIZE WE'RE HERDING THEM TO THEIR DOOM!
HAVING DONE HIS PART, THE MYSTERIOUS MANHUNTER SEEKS THE SHADOWS.

HAVANA HARBOR...
WHO DO THEY THINK THEY'RE FOOLING? IF THAT'S AN ORDINARY FREIGHTER, WELL THEN, I'M JUST AN ORDINARY AMERICAN FATHER.
NO...THAT'S THE DURLAN BASE OF OPERATION, DONE UP IN ALL ITS SHAPE-SHIFTING GLORY. AND WHILE I MAY BE THE FLASH'S DAD...
...I'M ALSO A MANHUNTER... WITH A DEBT TO MANKIND THAT'S FINALLY COME DUE.
I ONLY WISH THERE WERE SOME OTHER WAY...
AHHH, THERE IT GOES... THE ENEMY REVEALS ITS TRUE COLORS.
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS IT.
TOO BAD THE RADIO CONTROLLER HASN'T THE RANGE TO PUT ME AT A SAFE DISTANCE...
YEAH, TOO BAD.
GOOD BYE, WALLY.
DETONATE
KSK

IF IT COULD BE HEARD IN SPACE, THE SOUND ACCOMPANYING THE CONFLAGRATION THAT DESTROYS HAVANA HARBOR WOULD FIND ITS PARALLEL AROUND THE MOON, AS SUPERMAN AND HIS NEW DAXAM ALLIES ARE MERCILESSLY FIRED UPON BY THE ALLIANCE ARMADA.


THE JLI CONTINGENT'S BEEN PINNED DOWN ON THE MOON BY THE ALLIANCE ARMADA! WE'VE GOT TO RELIEVE THEM!
WE ARE, TO A CERTAIN EXTENT, BY DRAWING THE ARMADA'S FIRE!


NOT ANYMORE! REALIZING THEY CAN'T HARM US, THE ALLIANCE IS INTENSIFYING ITS FIREPOWER ON YOUR COMRADES!
THUS WE MUST CHOOSE--ATTACK THE ENEMY, OR DEFEND OUR ALLIES.

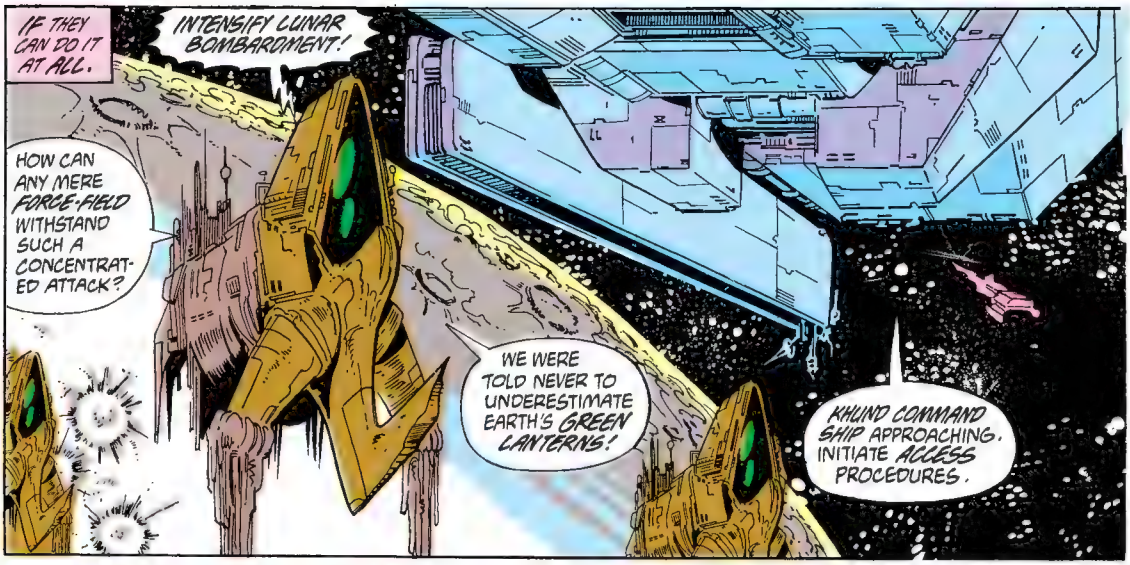

LET'S GO DOWN!

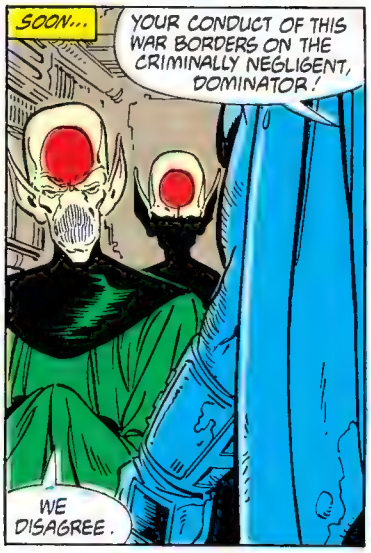
ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOON STANDS A STRANGE, SHIMMERING GREEN DOME--
--A PROTECTIVE POWER-RING SPHERE CREATED BY GREEN LANTERN TO SHELTER THE JLI.
WHO'S THAT WITH SUPERMAN, J'ONN J'ONZZ?
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT, FIRESTORM.
LANTERN, LET DOWN THE SHIELD--WE'VE GOT COMPANY!

AND SOON...
WELCOME ABOARD, DAXAMITES.
YOU'RE CRAZY IF YOU TRUST THOSE GUYS!
THEY'RE STINKIN' ALIENS - SMELLIN' UP MY AIRSPACE.
GUY, SUPERMAN AND I ARE ALSO ALIENS.
SO!?
THE SITUATION'S SERIOUS, J'ONN. THE ALIENS' SENSORS ARE LOCKED ON YOUR POSITION. THE DAXAMITES AND I CAN'T TAKE OUT THEIR BIG GUNS FAST ENOUGH TO INSURE YOUR SAFETY.
WE CAN'T STAY DUG IN DOWN HERE FOREVER. GO. DO WHAT YOU MUST.
YOU ARE THE SECOND ALIEN WE HAVE ENCOUNTERED WILLING TO SACRIFICE HIS LIFE FOR THE FUTURE OF EARTH. SURELY WE CAN DO NO LESS.
BULL! THEY'LL KNIFE US IN THE BACK JUST LIKE THEY BETRAYED THE ALLIANCE!
WE SIX NEVER SERVED THE ALLIANCE.
WE WERE DISPATCHED BY OUR HOMEWORLD SOLELY AS OBSERVERS.
SIX, HUH? GEEZ, YOU CAN'T EVEN COUNT! I ONLY SEE FIVE!
OUR MISSING COMPANION HAD UNFINISHED BUSINESS AT EARTHBASE!
AUSTRALIA?
BUT ONCE BACK IN OUR ATMOSPHERE -- HE'LL DIE!
YES...
-TRANSMISSION ACKNOWLEDGED SITUATION UNDERSTOOD - REQUEST GRANTED
... BUT THE ONLY COMMUNICATOR CAPABLE OF BEAMING A MESSAGE TO DAXAM IS AT EARTHBASE.
-TRANSMISSION ACKNOWLEDGED- SITUATION UNDERSTOOD- REQUEST GRANTED
"IT WAS HIS WAY OF MAKING AMENDS FOR THE SORROW WE HAVE CAUSED YOUR PLANET."

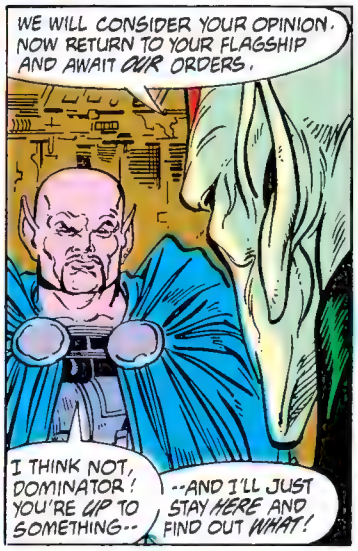
MOSCOW...
...DOES BELIEVE IN TEARS.
LIKE MODERN DAY STORMTROOPERS, THE OKAARAN INVADERS HAVE SWEPT THROUGH THE CITY, CAUSING DEVASTATION ON A SCALE NOT SEEN SINCE THE LAST WORLD WAR.
CONVENTIONAL TERRESTRIAL MILITARY TECHNOLOGY PROVES FUTILE AGAINST THIS CRUSHING ASSAULT MOUNTED BY THE WEAPONSMITHS OF THE ALLIANCE.
OUR DEFENSES ARE SORELY PRESSED, BRONZE TIGER.
IF BY THAT YOU MEAN WE'RE GETTING OUR BUTTS HANDED TO US, YEAH, RAM-- YOU'RE RIGHT!
ARE YOU TWO PAID TO COMMENT ON THIS BATTLE-- OR FIGHT IT?
SORRY, GLOSS, WE ARE COMING!
HEY, LADY, IN RESPONSE TO YOUR QUESTION: I AIN'T GETTIN' PAID AT ALL!
WHAT A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING!

IT IS ALSO AN EXTREMELY POOR WAY TO DIE.
SHADE--SEEK COVER!
YOUR ENERGY-SELF OFFERS LITTLE DEFENSE AGAINST THIS OKAARAN BOMBARDMENT!
YOU'VE SOLD ME, RR!
EARTH COMMAND.
REPORTS FROM MOSCOW SOUND BLEAK.
BUT AT LEAST THERE'S HOPE. CUBA'S BEEN CLEANSED OF THE SHAPE-SHIFTING DURLANS...
AN' MY GROUP IS KEEPIN' HOPE ALIVE DOWN UNDER!
MUCH TO YER SURPRISE, HUH, ATOM?
NO ONE WAS SLIGHTING YOUR TROOPS' CONTRIBUTION, MS. WALLER.
WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER, REMEMBER?
ARE WE?
TELL THAT TO THE BIG BOYS WHO DECIDED TO SPLIT JUST WHEN WE NEED THEIR POWER MOST!
SUPERMAN AND THE JLI ARE DOING THEIR BIT IN SPACE.
AND WE'D BETTER ALL PRAY THEY DO IT WELL!


IF THEY CAN DO IT AT ALL.
INTENSIFY LUNAR BOMBARDMENT!
HOW CAN ANY MERE FORCE-FIELD WITHSTAND SUCH A CONCENTRATED ATTACK?
WE WERE TOLD NEVER TO UNDERESTIMATE EARTH'S GREEN LANTERNS!
KHUND COMMAND SHIP APPROACHING. INITIATE ACCESS PROCEDURES.


SOON...
YOUR CONDUCT OF THIS WAR BORDERS ON THE CRIMINALLY NEGLIGENT, DOMINATOR!
WE DISAGREE.

I DIDN'T COME HERE TO DEBATE TACTICS!
BECAUSE OF YOUR CEASE-FIRE WE'RE ON THE DEFENSIVE!
WE'VE GOT TO REGAIN THE INITIATIVE!


WE WILL CONSIDER YOUR OPINION. NOW RETURN TO YOUR FLAGSHIP AND AWAIT OUR ORDERS.
I THINK NOT, DOMINATOR! YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING--
--AND I'LL JUST STAY HERE AND FIND OUT WHAT!

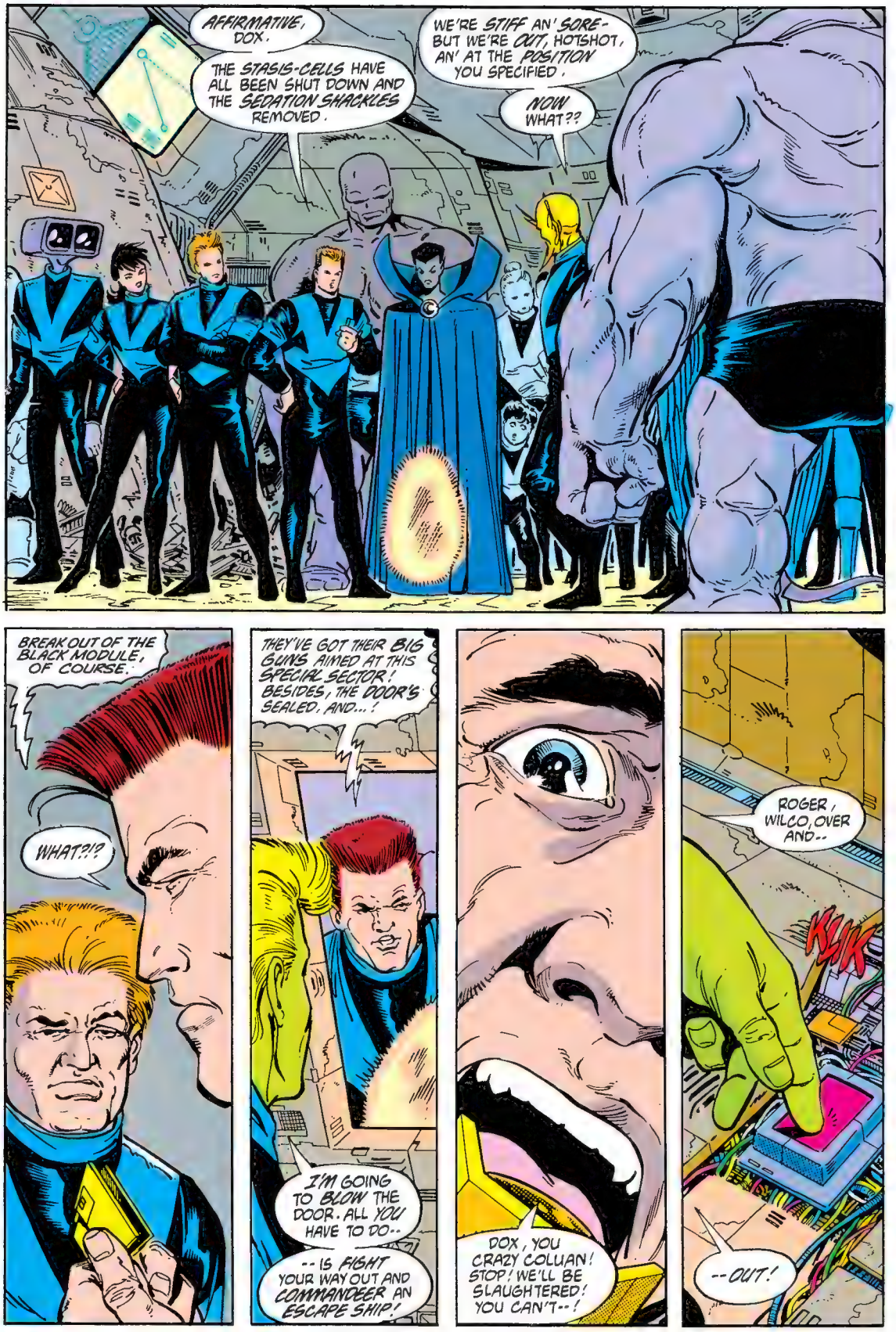
REALLY, KHUND-- HAS THIS TEMPORARY SETBACK INDUCED PARANOIA?
WE ARE ALLIES--AFTER THE SAME GOAL--OR HAD YOU FORGOTTEN?
THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, WHEN IT'S MY TROOPS GETTING BEATEN DOWN THERE!

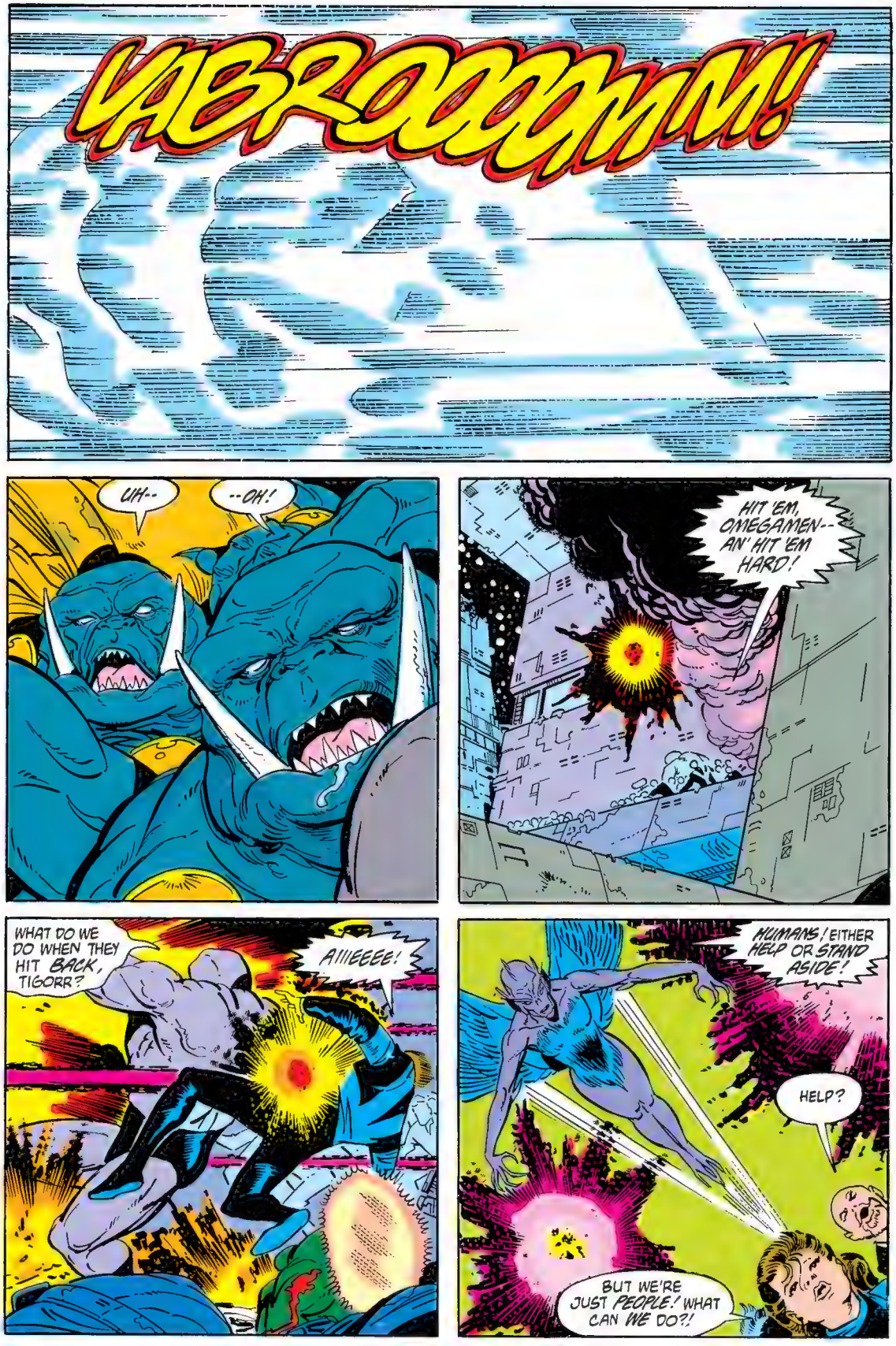
I SAY WE JUST SEND THE FLEET IN AND ERADICATE THE DAMNED PLANET--NOW!

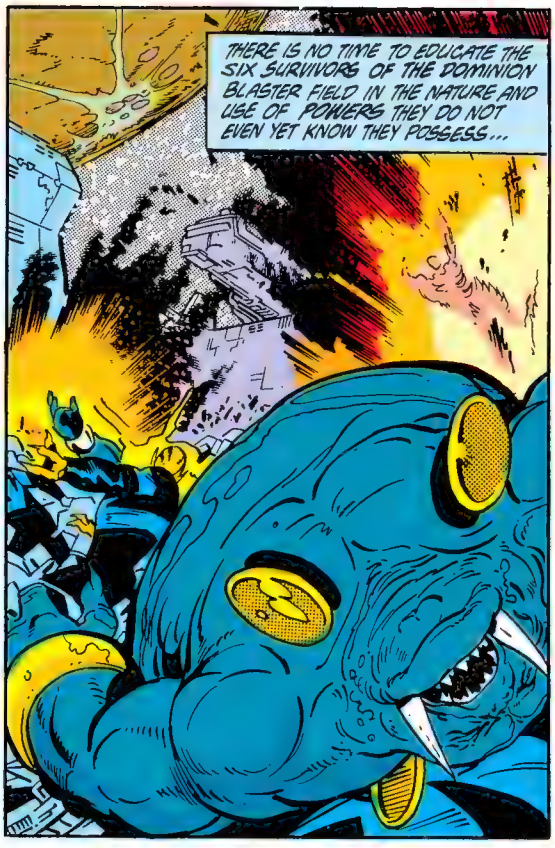
TRUST US, KHUND. YOU ONLY SEE THE WAR. WE SEE THE BIG PICTURE. WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING.

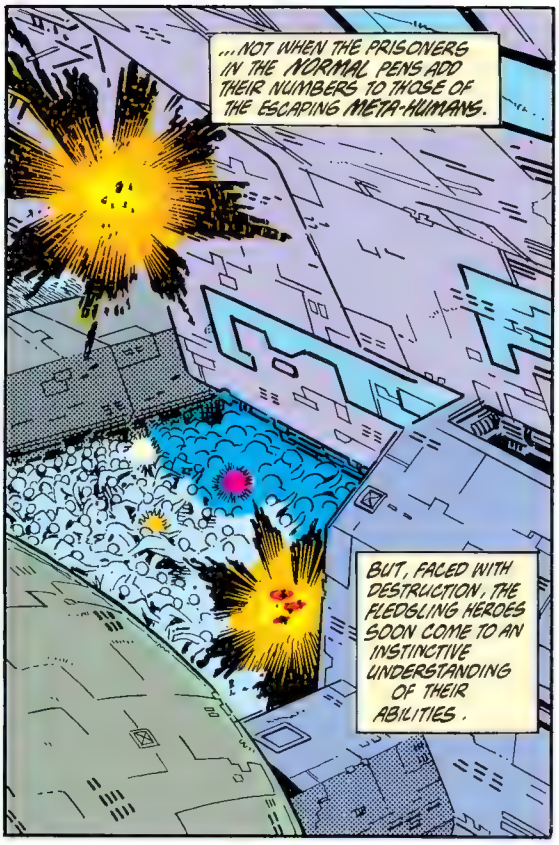
BUT THERE ARE EVENTS TRANSPIRING OF WHICH EVEN THE FARSIGHTED DOMINATORS ARE AS YET UNAWARE.
CASE IN POINT: STARLAG.
RIOT!!!
THE NORMALS HAVE SUDDENLY GONE INSANE!
PACIFY THEM!
VREET!
VREET!
WHAT COULDA SET 'EM OFF?
NOT THAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE NORMALS-- IT'S THEM META-HUMANS INCARCERATED IN THE BLACK MODULE THAT'RE GONNA BE TROUBLE!
HURRY WITH THAT TORCH! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THEY'RE SEALED IN!
AND STILL THE RIOT RAGES...
I DUNNO WHAT THE NORMALS HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH BY THIS DISTURBANCE--

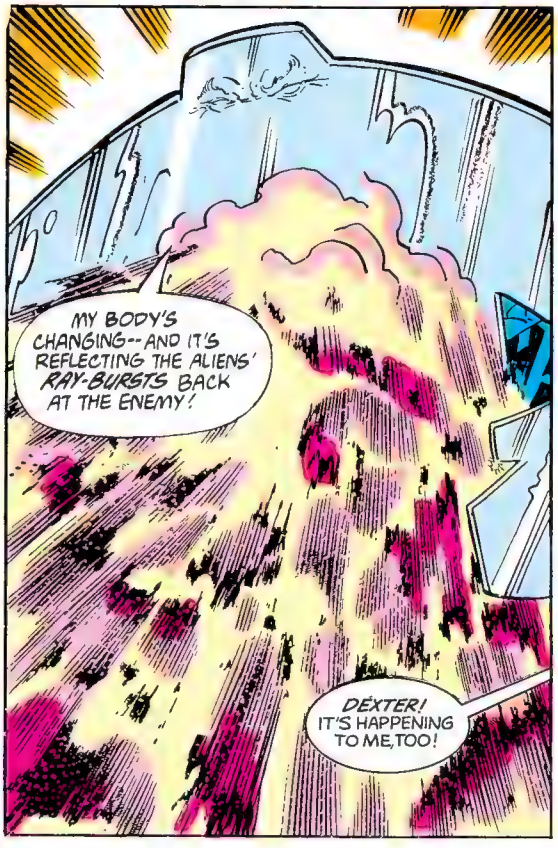
--BUT AS WARDEN OF STARLAB, I SWEAR THEY'LL PAY FOR IT WITH THEIR MISERABLE LIVES!
SOMEONE WILL CERTAINLY PAY--
--BUT THE ALLIANCE'S BILL HAS BEEN LONG OVERDUE!
YOU DID WELL, DURLAN-- SLIPPING THOSE AGGRESSION DRUGS INTO THE NORMALS' FOODSTORES.
IT WAS YOUR PLAN, DOX--THOUGH I FAIL TO SEE WHAT IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED...
...SAVE THAT WE ARE NOW TRAPPED IN THE BLACK MODULE.
RELAX! THE CITADELLIANS CAN'T GET IN, CAN THEY?
NO. NOR CAN WE GET OUT.
BUT THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW THAT WE'RE HERE, AND THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT! THEY EXPECTED A BREAK-OUT...NOT A BREAK-IN!
AND I OWE ITS SUCCESS--TO YOU!
I WAS JUST REPAYING A DEBT, COLUAN.
WELL, IT'S NOT A BAD START, BUT WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT LATER. IN THE MEANTIME--
--LET'S SEE HOW MY RELUCTANT PARTNER IS DOING!
IMAGES COME INTO FOCUS AS DOX SCANS THE BLACK MODULE'S CELLBLOCKS.
YOU SET US FREE ONLY T' TELL US WE'RE TRAPPED IN HERE?!!
WHAT KIND OF ESCAPE PLAN IS THAT?!
SAY, THIS ISN'T MY SHOW...!
CORRECT--IT'S MINE! HAVE YOU FREED THE OTHER PRISONERS YET?

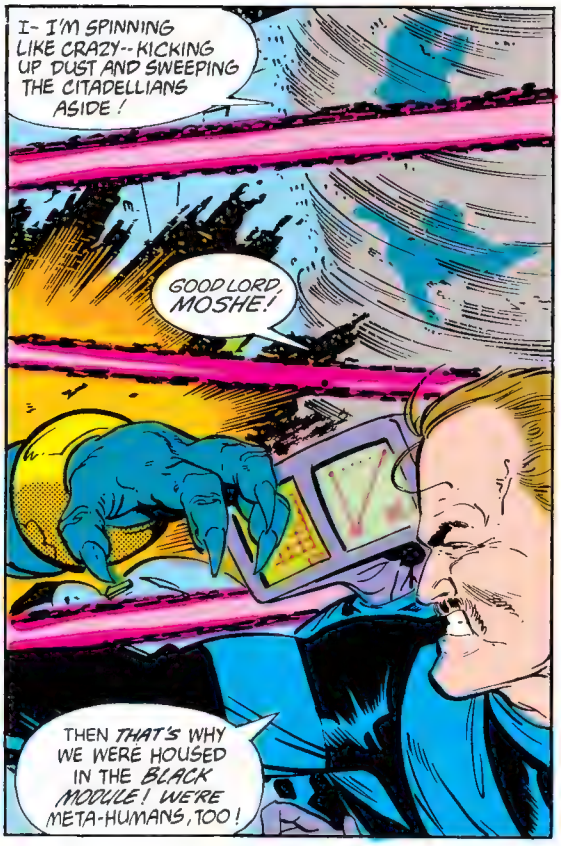

AFFIRMATIVE, DOX.
THE STASIS-CELLS HAVE ALL BEEN SHUT DOWN AND THE SEDATION SHACKLES REMOVED.
WE'RE STIFF AN' SORE- BUT WE'RE OUT, HOTSHOT, AN' AT THE POSITION YOU SPECIFIED.
NOW WHAT??
BREAK OUT OF THE BLACK MODULE, OF COURSE.
WHAT?!?
THEY'VE GOT THEIR BIG GUNS AIMED AT THIS SPECIAL SECTOR! BESIDES, THE DOOR'S SEALED, AND...!
I'M GOING TO BLOW THE DOOR. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO--
-- IS FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT AND COMMANDEER AN ESCAPE SHIP!
DOX, YOU CRAZY COLUAN! STOP! WE'LL BE SLAUGHTERED! YOU CAN'T--!
ROGER, WILCO, OVER AND--
KLIK
--OUT!

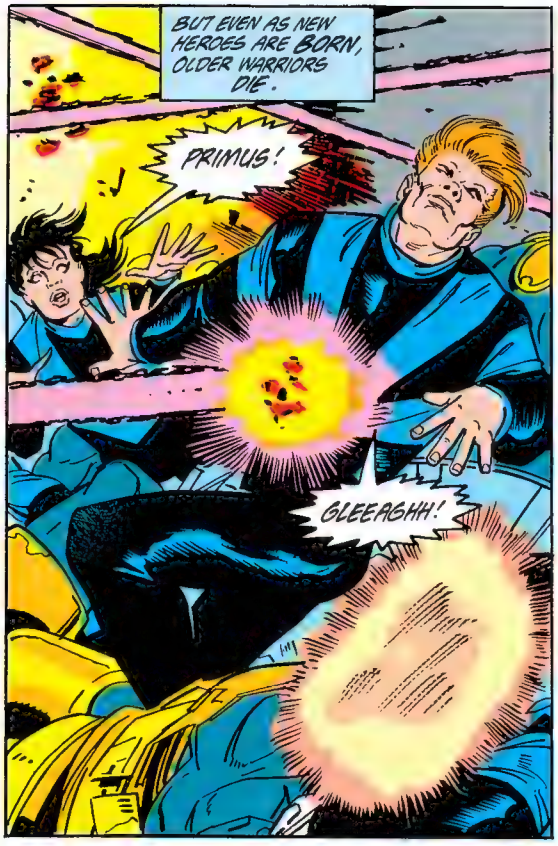

VAEROOOMM!
UH--
--OH!
HIT 'EM, OMEGAMEN-- AN' HIT 'EM HARD!
WHAT DO WE DO WHEN THEY HIT BACK, TIGORR?
AIIIEEEE!
HUMANS! EITHER HELP OR STAND ASIDE!
HELP?
BUT WE'RE JUST PEOPLE! WHAT CAN WE DO?!

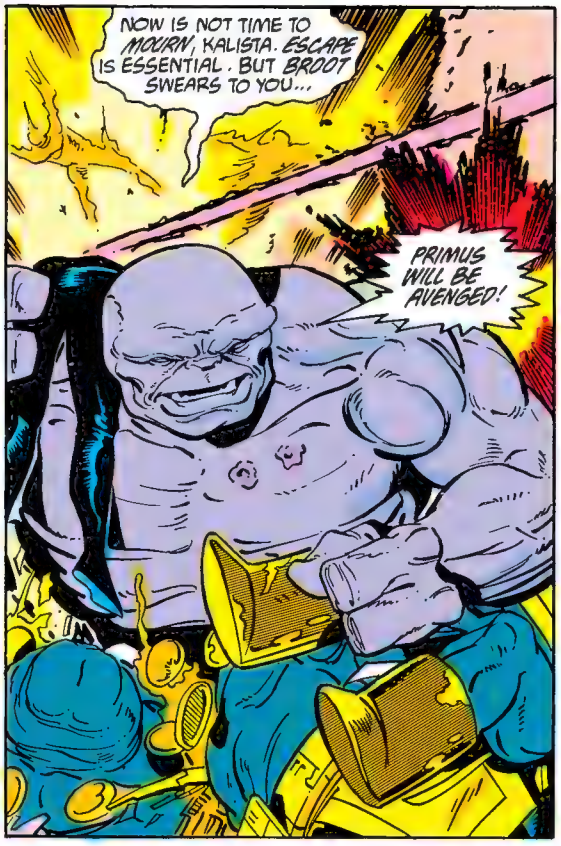

THERE IS NO TIME TO EDUCATE THE SIX SURVIVORS OF THE DOMINION BLASTER FIELD IN THE NATURE AND USE OF POWERS THEY DO NOT EVEN YET KNOW THEY POSSESS...


...NOT WHEN THE PRISONERS IN THE NORMAL PENS ADD THEIR NUMBERS TO THOSE OF THE ESCAPING META-HUMANS.
BUT, FACED WITH DESTRUCTION, THE FLEDGLING HEROES SOON COME TO AN INSTINCTIVE UNDERSTANDING OF THEIR ABILITIES.

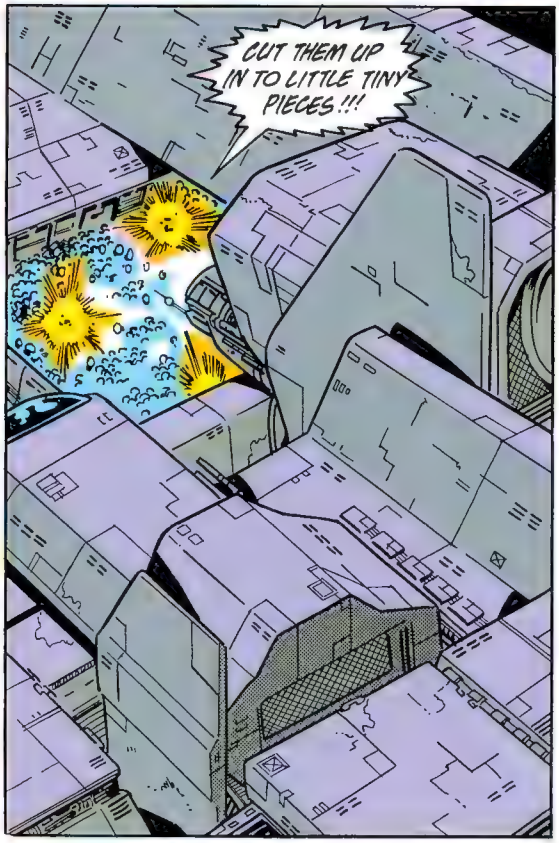

MY BODY'S CHANGING--AND IT'S REFLECTING THE ALIENS' RAY-BURSTS BACK AT THE ENEMY!
DEXTER! IT'S HAPPENING TO ME,TOO!

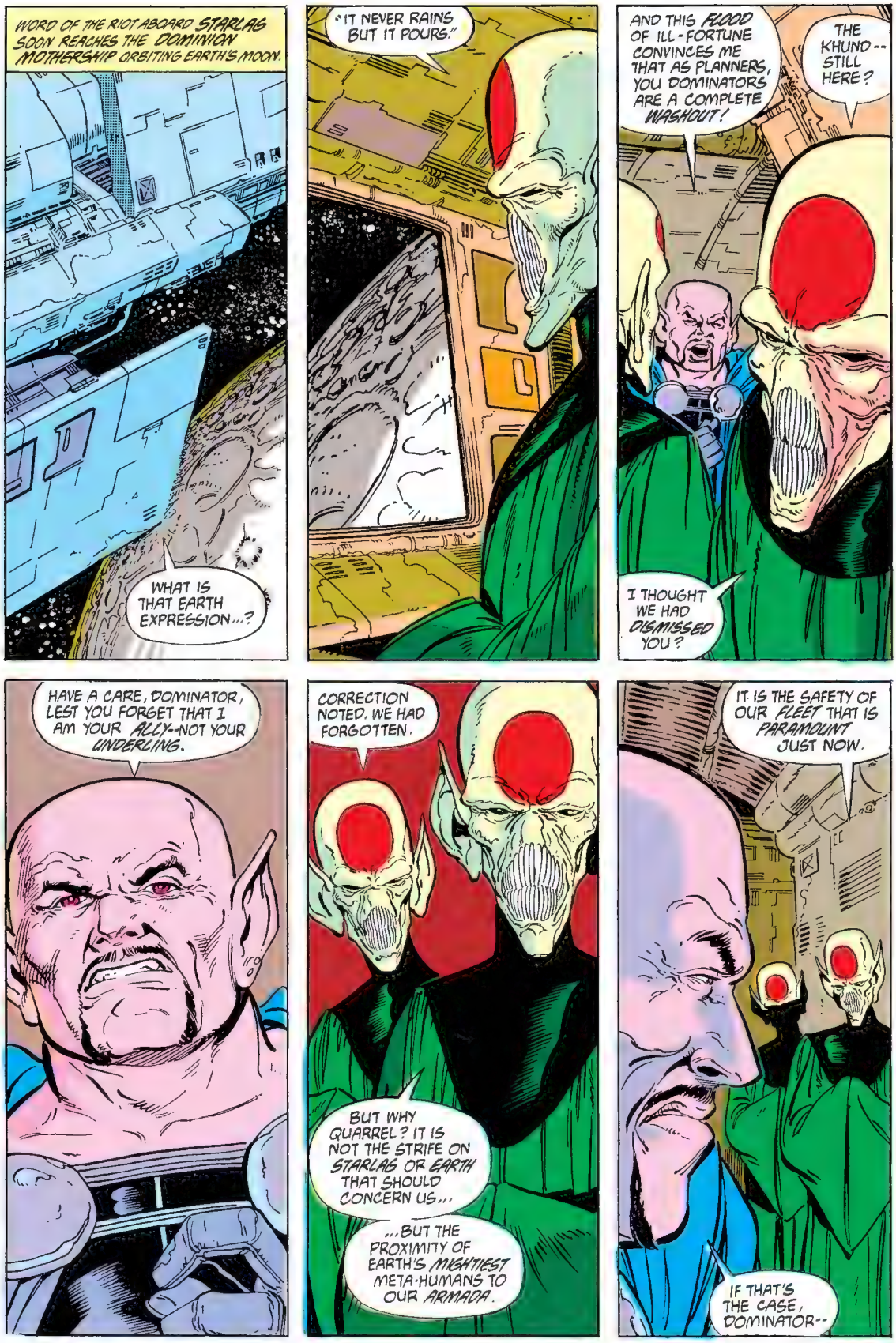

I- I'M SPINNING LIKE CRAZY--KICKING UP DUST AND SWEEPING THE CITADELLIANS ASIDE!
GOOD LORD, MOSHE!
THEN THAT'S WHY WE WERE HOUSED IN THE BLACK MODULE! WE'RE META-HUMANS,TOO!


BUT EVEN AS NEW HEROES ARE BORN, OLDER WARRIORS DIE.
PRIMUS!
GLEEAGHH!

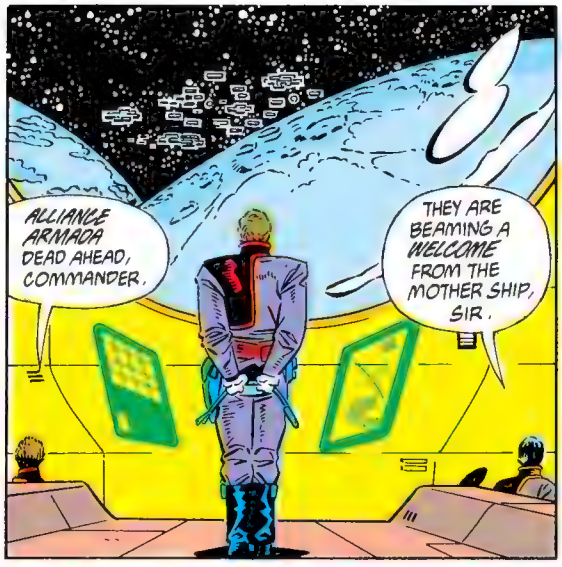

NOW IS NOT TIME TO MOURN, KALISTA. ESCAPE IS ESSENTIAL. BUT BROOT SWEARS TO YOU...
PRIMUS WILL BE AVENGED!

THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE SHUTTLES!
CUT THEM OFF! CUT THEM DOWN!

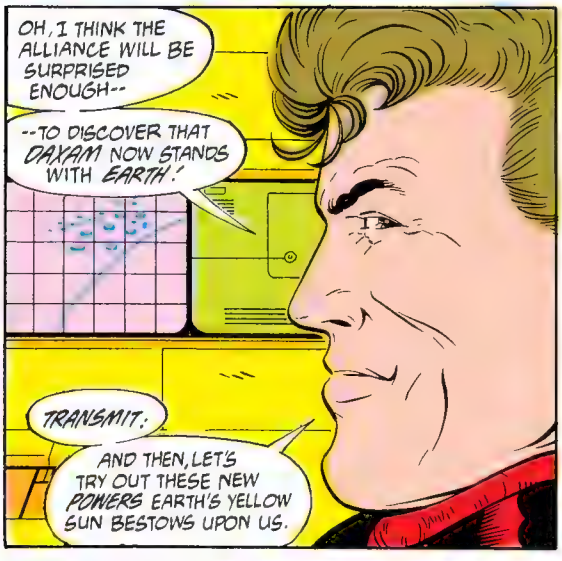

CUT THEM UP IN TO LITTLE TINY PIECES!!!

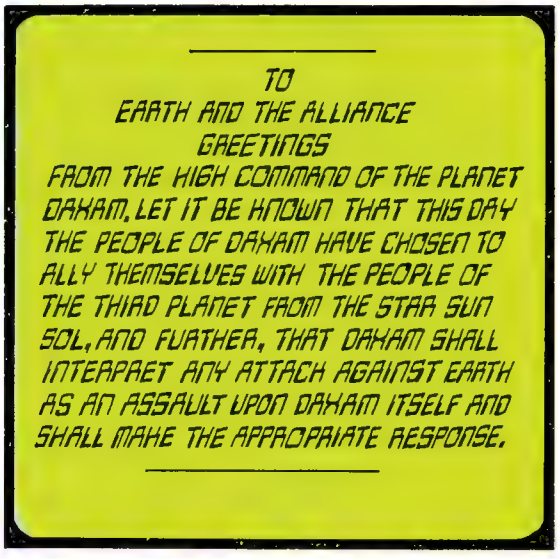

WORD OF THE RIOT ABOARD STARLAG SOON REACHES THE DOMINION MOTHERSHIP ORBITING EARTH'S MOON.
WHAT IS THAT EARTH EXPRESSION...?
"IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS."
AND THIS FLOOD OF ILL-FORTUNE CONVINCES ME THAT AS PLANNERS, YOU DOMINATORS ARE A COMPLETE WASHOUT!
THE KHUND-- STILL HERE?
I THOUGHT WE HAD DISMISSED YOU?
HAVE A CARE, DOMINATOR, LEST YOU FORGET THAT I AM YOUR ALLY--NOT YOUR UNDERLING.
CORRECTION NOTED. WE HAD FORGOTTEN.
BUT WHY QUARREL? IT IS NOT THE STRIFE ON STARLAG OR EARTH THAT SHOULD CONCERN US...
...BUT THE PROXIMITY OF EARTH'S MIGHTIEST META-HUMANS TO OUR ARMADA.
IT IS THE SAFETY OF OUR FLEET THAT IS PARAMOUNT JUST NOW.
IF THAT'S THE CASE, DOMINATOR--

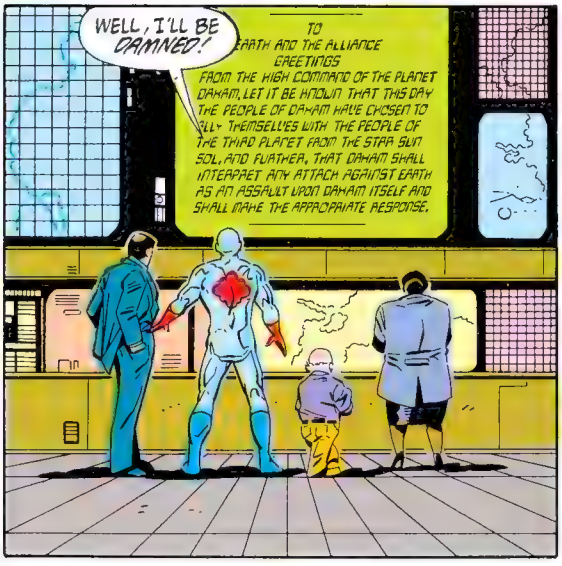
CHAPTER 4
--OUR PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED--
--BECAUSE HERE COME THE DAXAMITES!

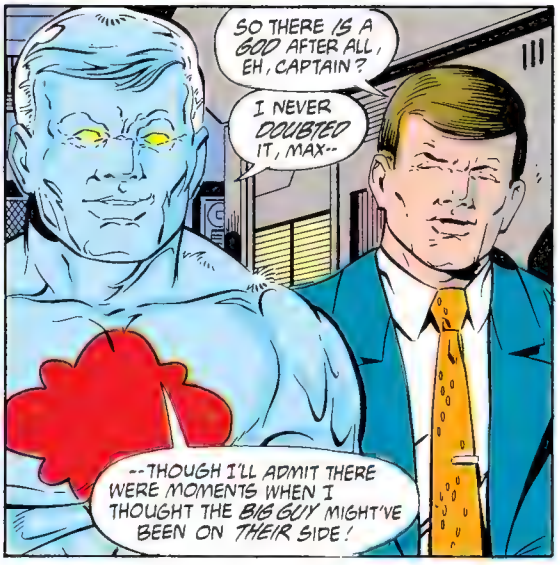

ALLIANCE ARMADA DEAD AHEAD, COMMANDER.
THEY ARE BEAMING A WELCOME FROM THE MOTHER SHIP, SIR.

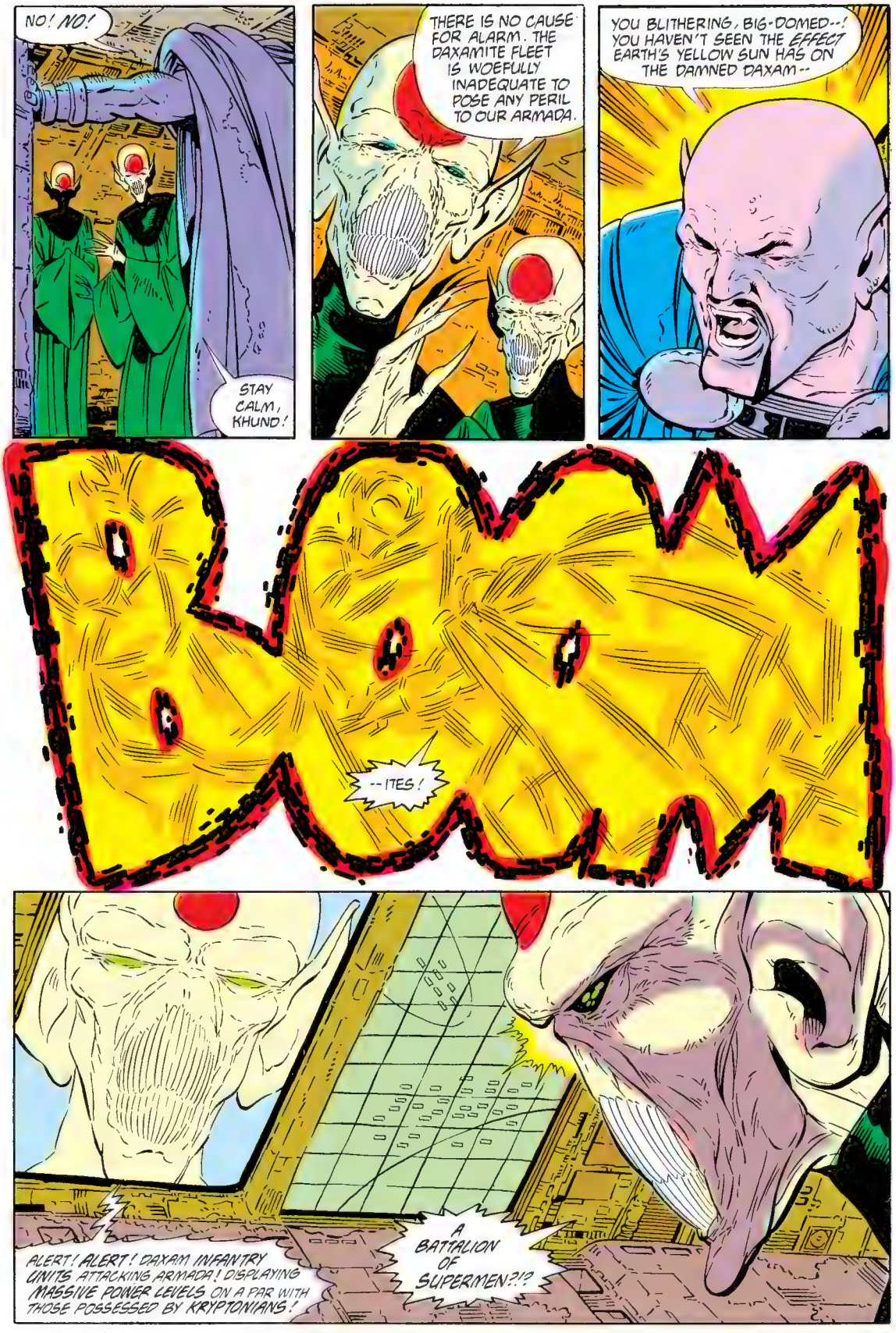
GET ME AN OPEN FREQUENCY. I WISH TO SEND A MESSAGE OF SUPPORT--TO EARTH.
IT WILL BE INTERCEPTED BY THE ALLIANCE, SIR...
...COSTING US THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.


OH, I THINK THE ALLIANCE WILL BE SURPRISED ENOUGH--
--TO DISCOVER THAT DAXAM NOW STANDS WITH EARTH!
TRANSMIT.
AND THEN, LET'S TRY OUT THESE NEW POWERS EARTH'S YELLOW SUN BESTOWS UPON US.


TO
EARTH AND THE ALLIANCE
GREETINGS
FROM THE HIGH COMMAND OF THE PLANET DAXAM, LET IT BE KNOWN THAT THIS DAY THE PEOPLE OF DAXAM HAVE CHOSEN TO ALLY THEMSELVES WITH THE PEOPLE OF THE THIRD PLANET FROM THE STAR SUN SOL, AND FURTHER, THAT DAXAM SHALL INTERPRET ANY ATTACK AGAINST EARTH AS AN ASSAULT UPON DAXAM ITSELF AND SHALL MAKE THE APPROPRIATE RESPONSE.

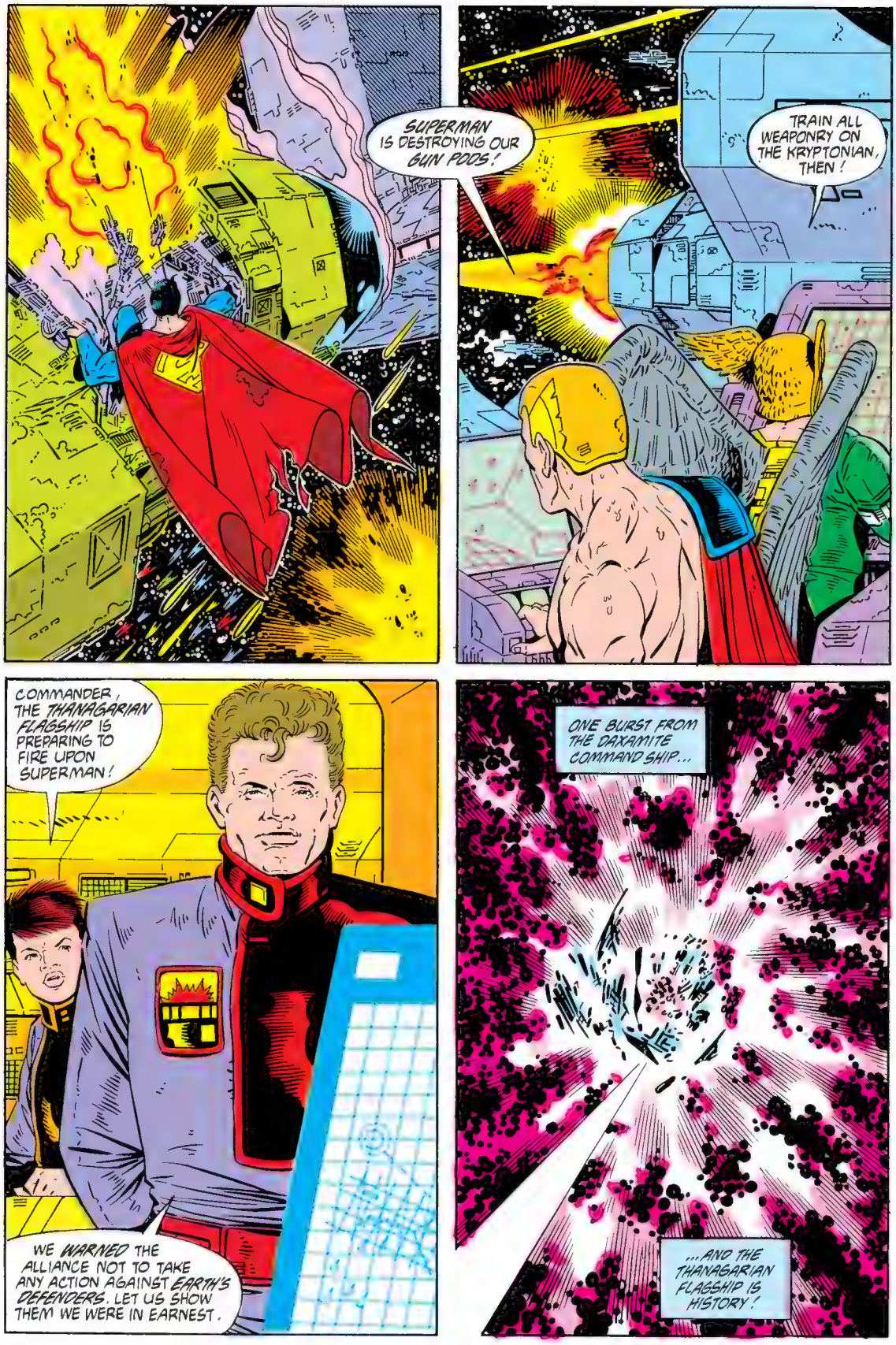

WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED!
TO
EARTH AND THE ALLIANCE
GREETINGS
FROM THE HIGH COMMAND OF THE PLANET DAXAM, LET IT BE KNOWN THAT THIS DAY THE PEOPLE OF DAXAM HAVE CHOSEN TO ALLY THEMSELVES WITH THE PEOPLE OF THE THIRD PLANET FROM THE STAR SUN SOL, AND FURTHER, THAT DAXAM SHALL INTERPRET ANY ATTACK AGAINST EARTH AS AN ASSAULT UPON DAXAM ITSELF AND SHALL MAKE THE APPROPRIATE RESPONSE.


SO THERE IS A GOD AFTER ALL, EH, CAPTAIN?
I NEVER DOUBTED IT, MAX--
--THOUGH I'LL ADMIT THERE WERE MOMENTS WHEN I THOUGHT THE BIG GUY MIGHT'VE BEEN ON THEIR SIDE!

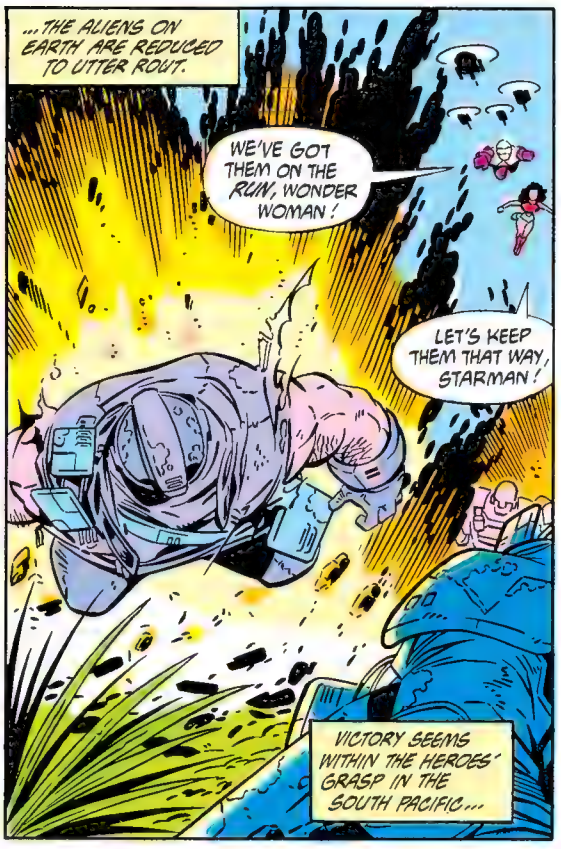

NO! NO!
STAY CALM, KHUND!
THERE IS NO CAUSE FOR ALARM. THE DAXAMITE FLEET IS WOEFULLY INADEQUATE TO POSE ANY PERIL TO OUR ARMADA.
YOU BLITHERING, BIG-DOMED--! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE EFFECT EARTH'S YELLOW SUN HAS ON THE DAMNED DAXAM--
BLAM
--ITES!
ALERT! ALERT! DAXAM INFANTRY UNITS ATTACKING ARMADA! DISPLAYING MASSIVE POWER LEVELS ON A PAR WITH THOSE POSSESSED BY KRYPTONIANS!
A BATTALION OF SUPERMEN?!?

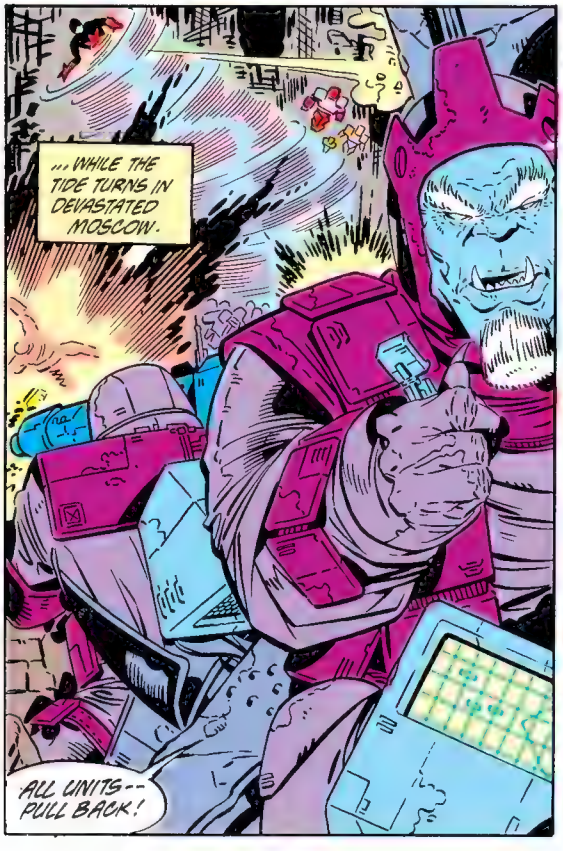
IN YOUR EARTHLY VERNACULAR, MY FRIENDS, I BELIEVE YOU WOULD SAY THAT THE CAVALRY HAS ARRIVED.
DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY NOW, GUY?
AH, I TRUSTED 'EM ALL ALONG!
BUT RATHER THAN STANDIN' AROUND AN' TRYIN' T' THINK OF WAYS T' THANK 'EM--
--I SAY... LET'S BUST SOME HEADS!

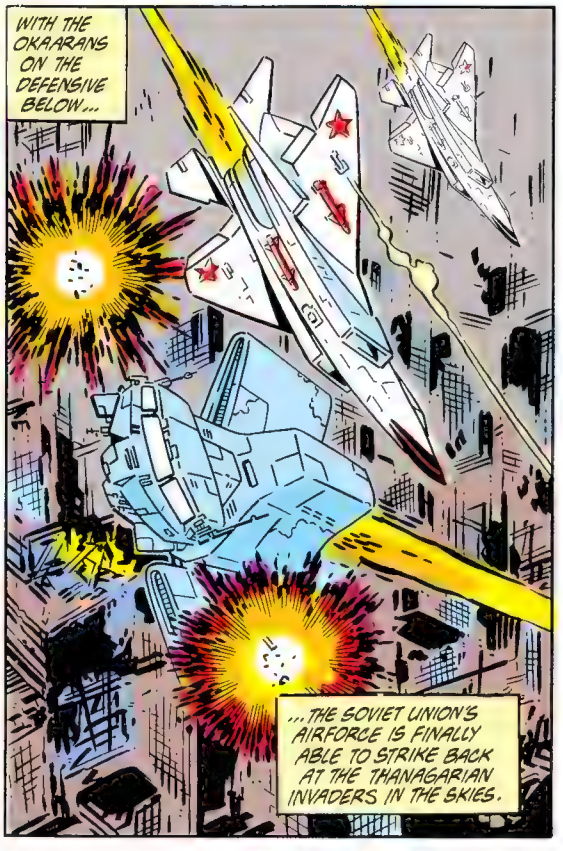
AND SO THE BATTLE IN SPACE IS JOINED...
...WITH A COMBINED EARTH/DAXAM ASSAULT ON THE HEART OF THE ALIEN ARMADA!


SUPERMAN IS DESTROYING OUR GUN PODS!
TRAIN ALL WEAPONRY ON THE KRYPTONIAN, THEN!
COMMANDER, THE THANAGARIAN FLAGSHIP IS PREPARING TO FIRE UPON SUPERMAN!
WE WARNED THE ALLIANCE NOT TO TAKE ANY ACTION AGAINST EARTH'S DEFENDERS. LET US SHOW THEM WE WERE IN EARNEST.
ONE BURST FROM THE DAXAMITE COMMAND SHIP...
...AND THE THANAGARIAN FLAGSHIP IS HISTORY!

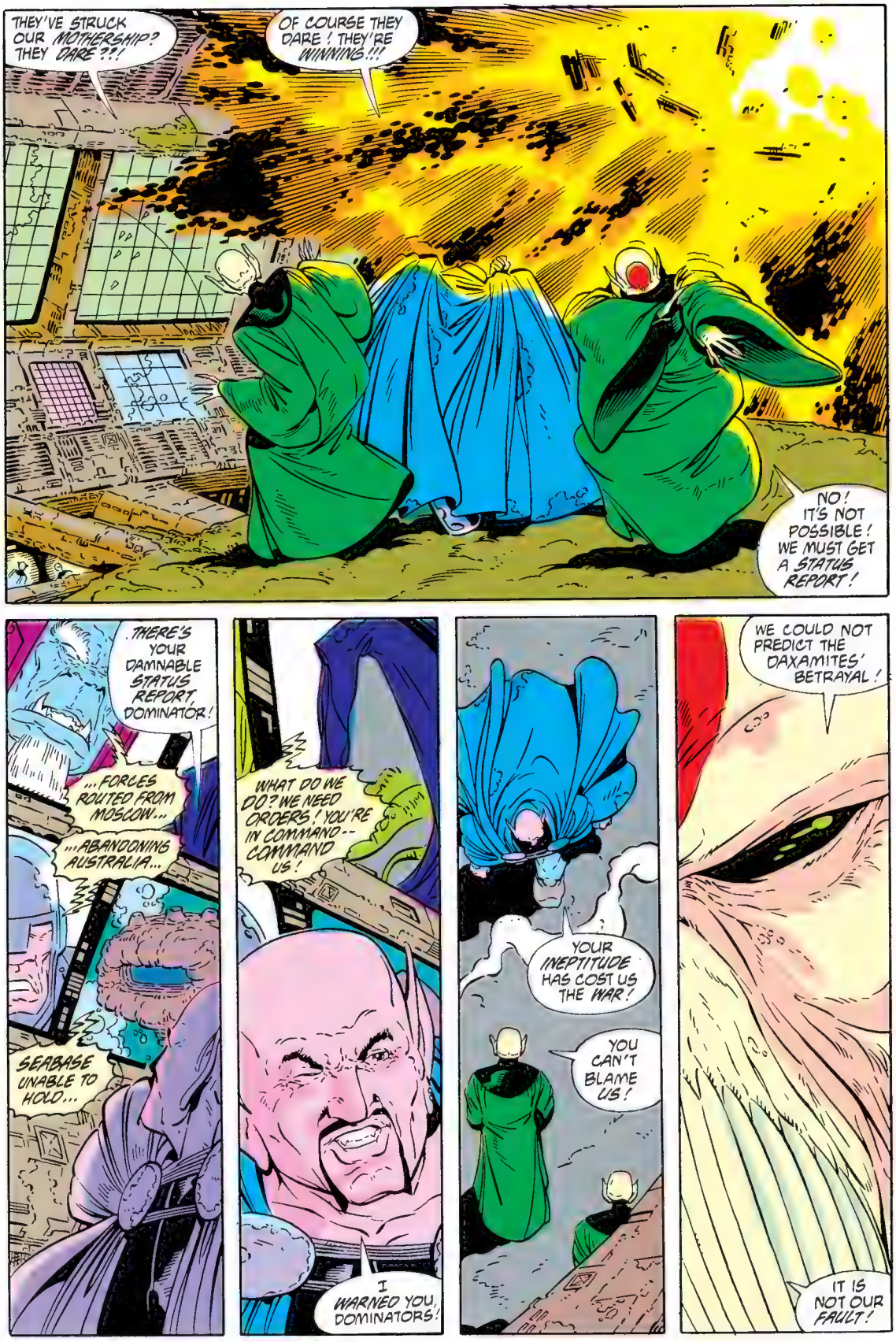
I'VE GOT TO ADMIT, G.L.--WINNING IS MUCH, MUCH NICER THAN LOSING!
I COULDN'T AGREE MORE, FIRESTORM!
AS THE ARMADA STAGGERS IN SPACE...

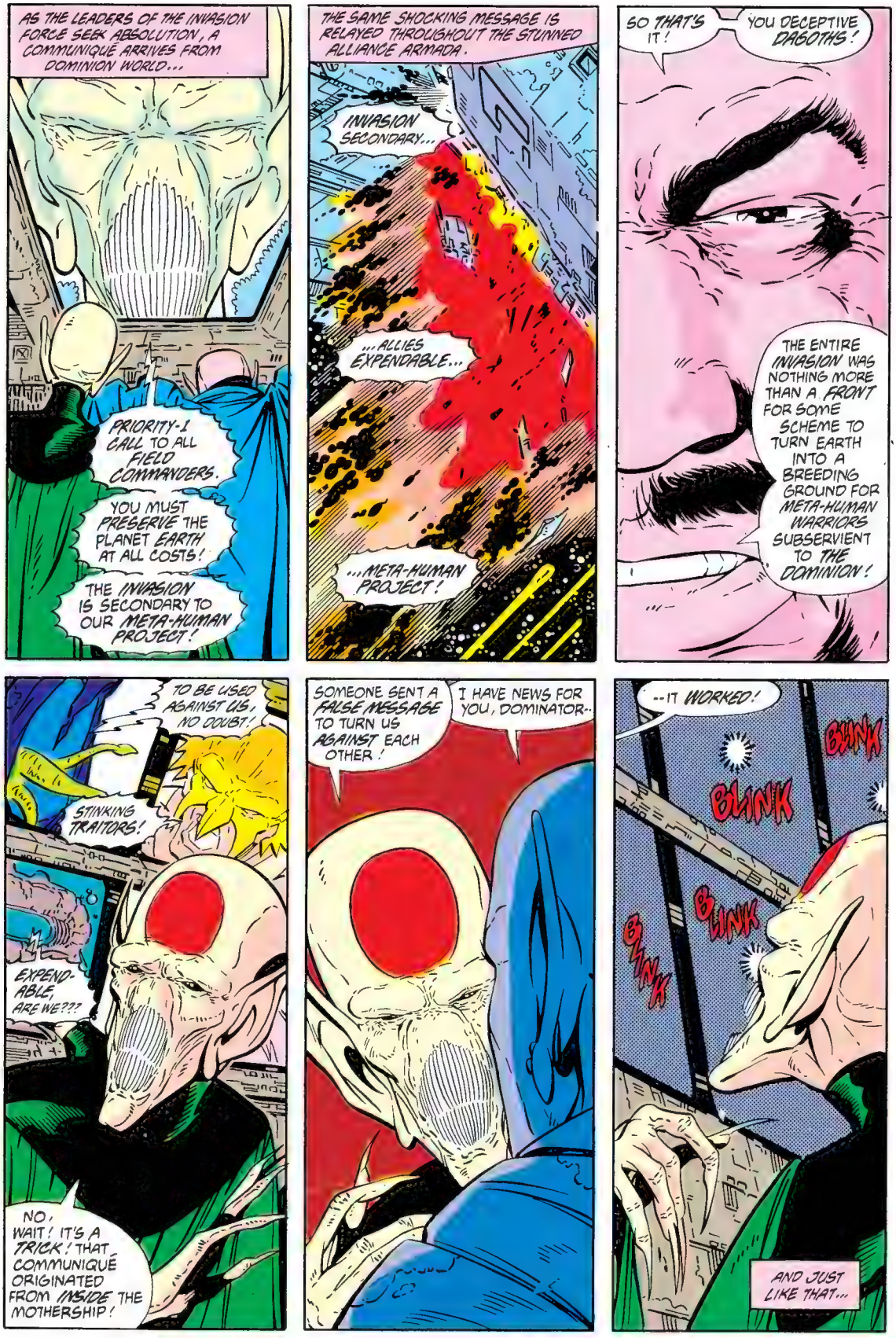

...THE ALIENS ON EARTH ARE REDUCED TO UTTER ROUT.
WE'VE GOT THEM ON THE RUN, WONDER WOMAN!
LET'S KEEP THEM THAT WAY, STARMAN!
VICTORY SEEMS WITHIN THE HEROES' GRASP IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...

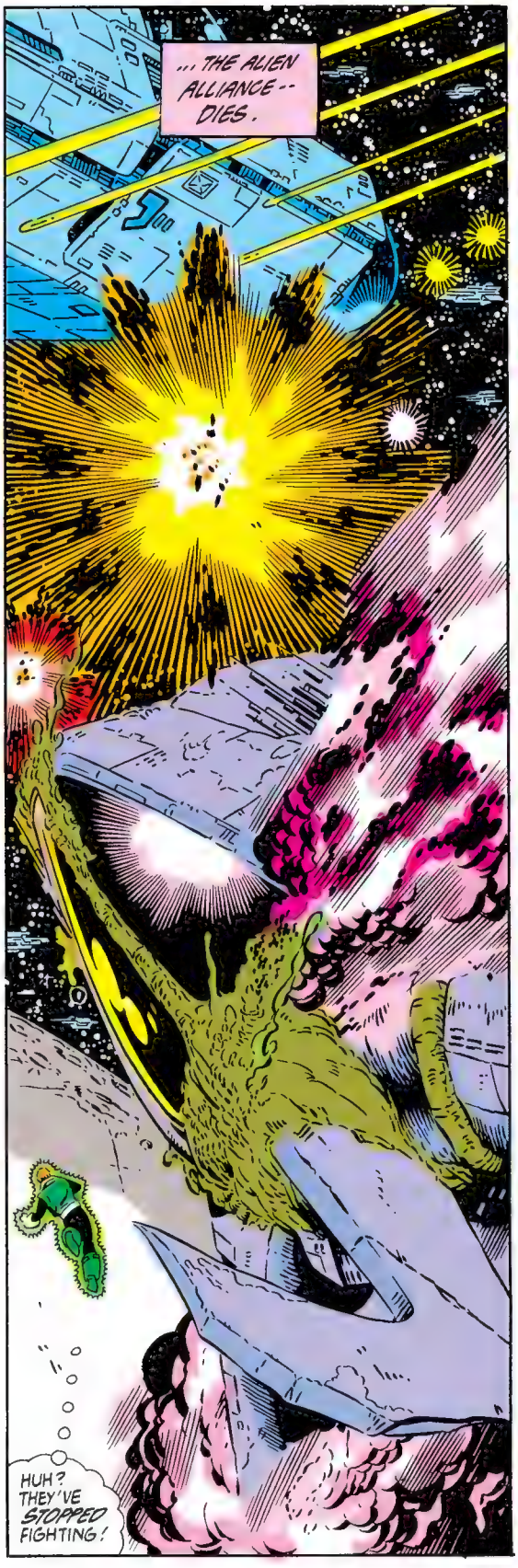

...WHILE THE TIDE TURNS IN DEVASTATED MOSCOW.
ALL UNITS--PULL BACK!


WITH THE OKAARANS ON THE DEFENSIVE BELOW...
...THE SOVIET UNION'S AIRFORCE IS FINALLY ABLE TO STRIKE BACK AT THE THANAGARIAN INVADERS IN THE SKIES.

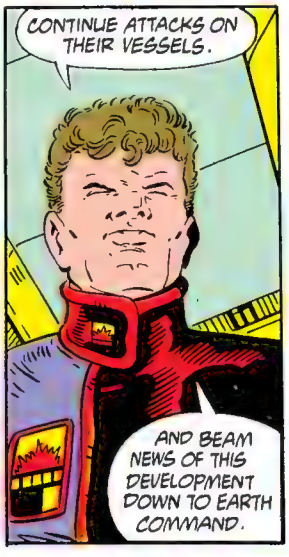
DOWN UNDER, TOO, COMES OUT FROM UNDER.
THAT'S EARTH: 1 ALIENS: 0
NEVER FORGET THAT YOU HAD AN ASSIST FROM EARTH'S VILLAINS, BLACK ORCHID!
YOU WON'T LET ME FORGET, NIGHTSHADE!
AS THE ENEMY, ALL BUT INVINCIBLE MERE MOMENTS BEFORE, STARTS TO STAGGER, HOPE FOR THE PLANET'S SURVIVAL WAXES ON EARTH-- AND ABOVE IT!

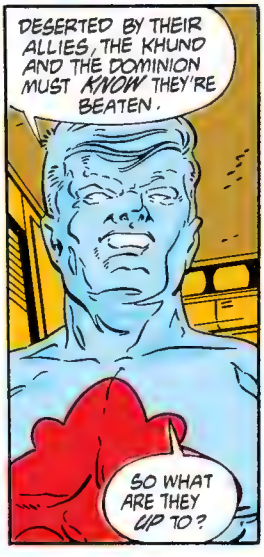

THEY'VE STRUCK OUR MOTHERSHIP? THEY DARE ?!!
OF COURSE THEY DARE ! THEY'RE WINNING !!!
NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE ! WE MUST GET A STATUS REPORT !
THERE'S YOUR DAMNABLE STATUS REPORT, DOMINATOR!
...FORCES ROUTED FROM MOSCOW...
...ABANDONING AUSTRALIA...
SEABASE UNABLE TO HOLD...
WHAT DO WE DO? WE NEED ORDERS ! YOU'RE IN COMMAND -- COMMAND US !
I WARNED YOU, DOMINATORS!
YOUR INEPTITUDE HAS COST US THE WAR!
YOU CAN'T BLAME US !
WE COULD NOT PREDICT THE DAXAMITES' BETRAYAL !
IT IS NOT OUR FAULT !


AS THE LEADERS OF THE INVASION FORCE SEEK ABSOLUTION, A COMMUNIQUÉ ARRIVES FROM DOMINION WORLD...
PRIORITY-1 CALL TO ALL FIELD COMMANDERS.
YOU MUST PRESERVE THE PLANET EARTH AT ALL COSTS!
THE INVASION IS SECONDARY TO OUR META-HUMAN PROJECT!
THE SAME SHOCKING MESSAGE IS RELAYED THROUGHOUT THE STUNNED ALLIANCE ARMADA.
INVASION SECONDARY...
...ALLIES EXPENDABLE...
...META-HUMAN PROJECT!
SO THAT'S IT!
YOU DECEPTIVE DAGOTHS!
THE ENTIRE INVASION WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A FRONT FOR SOME SCHEME TO TURN EARTH INTO A BREEDING GROUND FOR META-HUMAN WARRIORS SUBSERVIENT TO THE DOMINION!
TO BE USED AGAINST US, NO DOUBT!
STINKING TRAITORS!
EXPEND-ABLE, ARE WE???
NO, WAIT! IT'S A TRICK! THAT COMMUNIQUÉ ORIGINATED FROM INSIDE THE MOTHERSHIP!
SOMEONE SENT A FALSE MESSAGE TO TURN US AGAINST EACH OTHER!
I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU, DOMINATOR...
--IT WORKED!
BLINK
BLINK
BLINK
BLINK
AND JUST LIKE THAT...

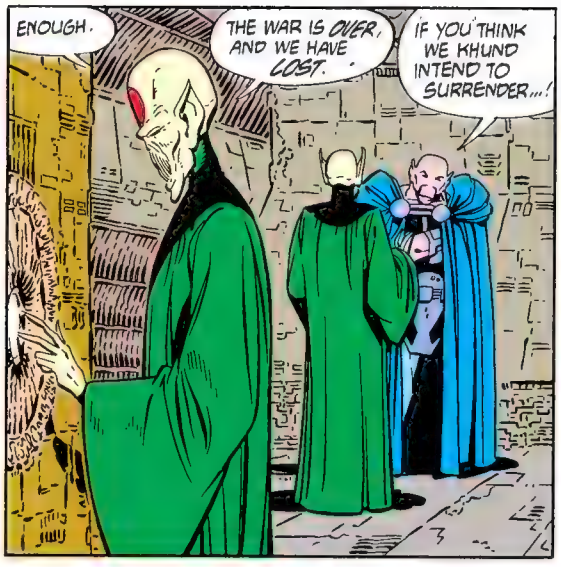

... THE ALIEN ALLIANCE -- DIES.
HUH? THEY'VE STOPPED FIGHTING!

COMMANDER, WE ARE RECEIVING COMMUNIQUÉS FROM THE DURLAN, OKAMRAN AND GIL'DISHPAN COMMANDERS SIGNALLING A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES.
EXCELLENT.
BUT STILL NO SURRENDER-SIGNAL FROM THE KHUND OR THE DOMINION?

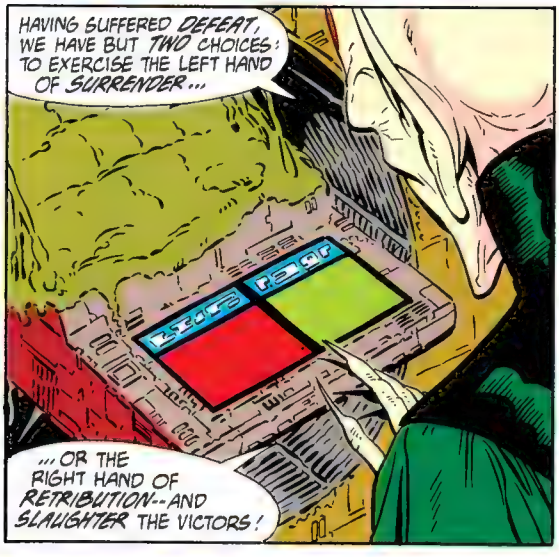

CONTINUE ATTACKS ON THEIR VESSELS.
AND BEAM NEWS OF THIS DEVELOPMENT DOWN TO EARTH COMMAND.

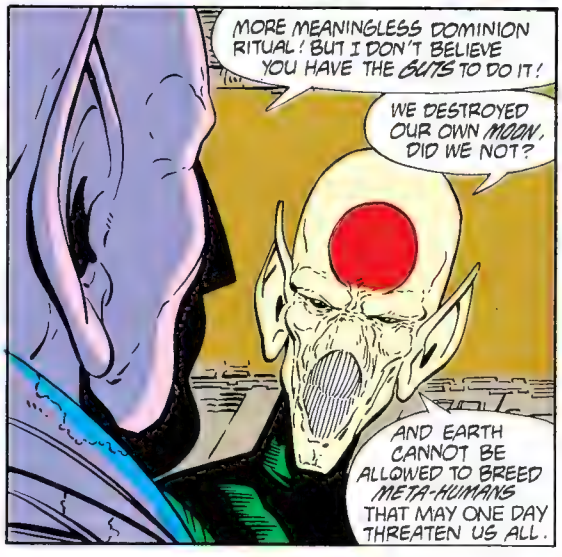

DESERTED BY THEIR ALLIES, THE KHUND AND THE DOMINION MUST KNOW THEY'RE BEATEN.
SO WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?

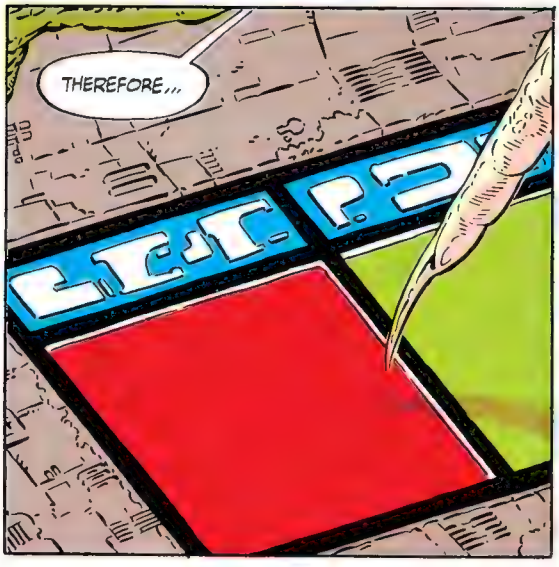
I DON'T KNOW, CAPTAIN, BUT YOU CAN BET IT WON'T BE PLEASANT.


ENOUGH.
THE WAR IS OVER, AND WE HAVE LOST.
IF YOU THINK WE KHUND INTEND TO SURRENDER...!

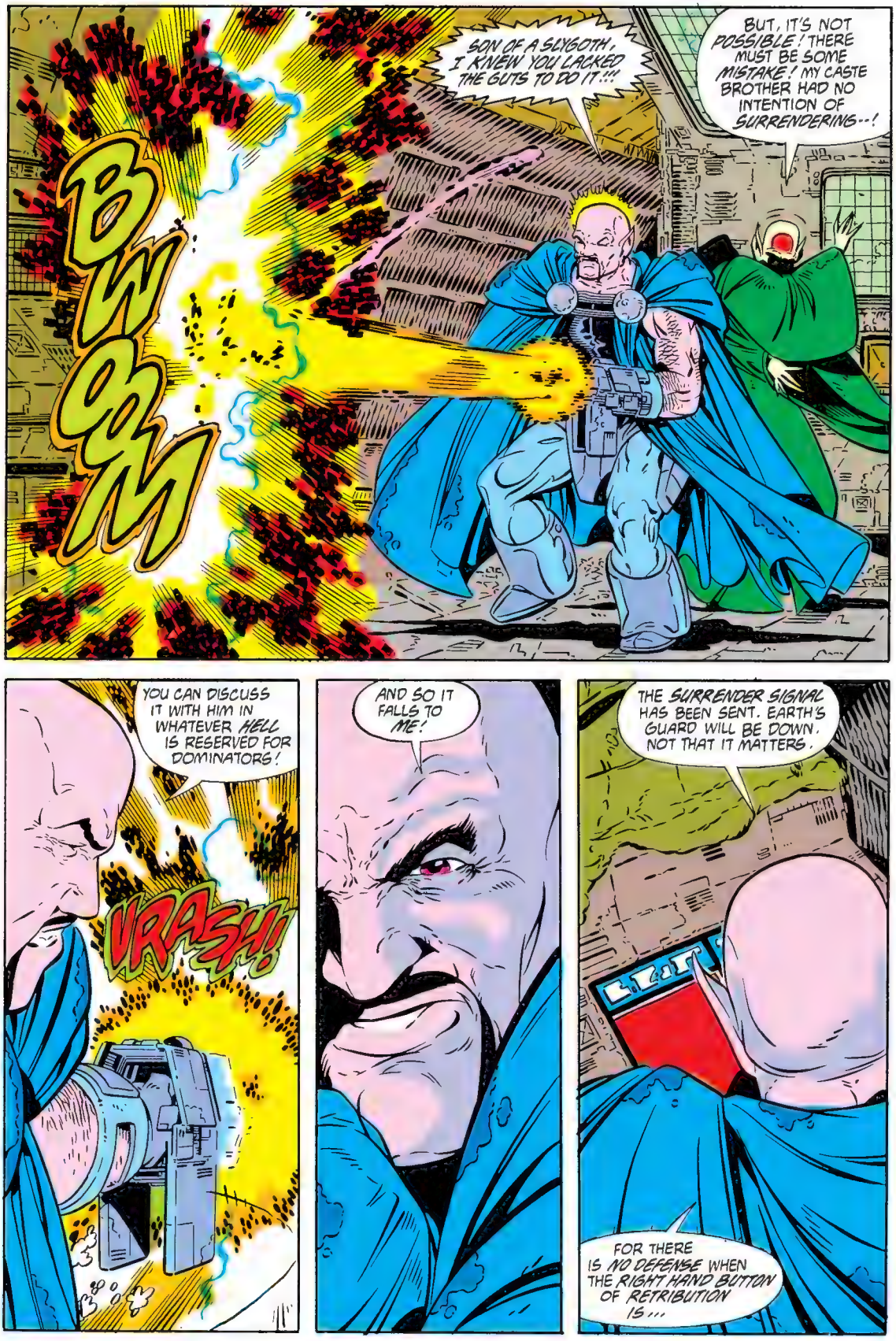
I DOUBT THERE WILL BE ANYONE TO ACCEPT YOUR SURRENDER, KHUND.
WHAT? BUT I THOUGHT--?
I TOLD YOU--THAT COMMUNIQUÉ WAS A TRICK.

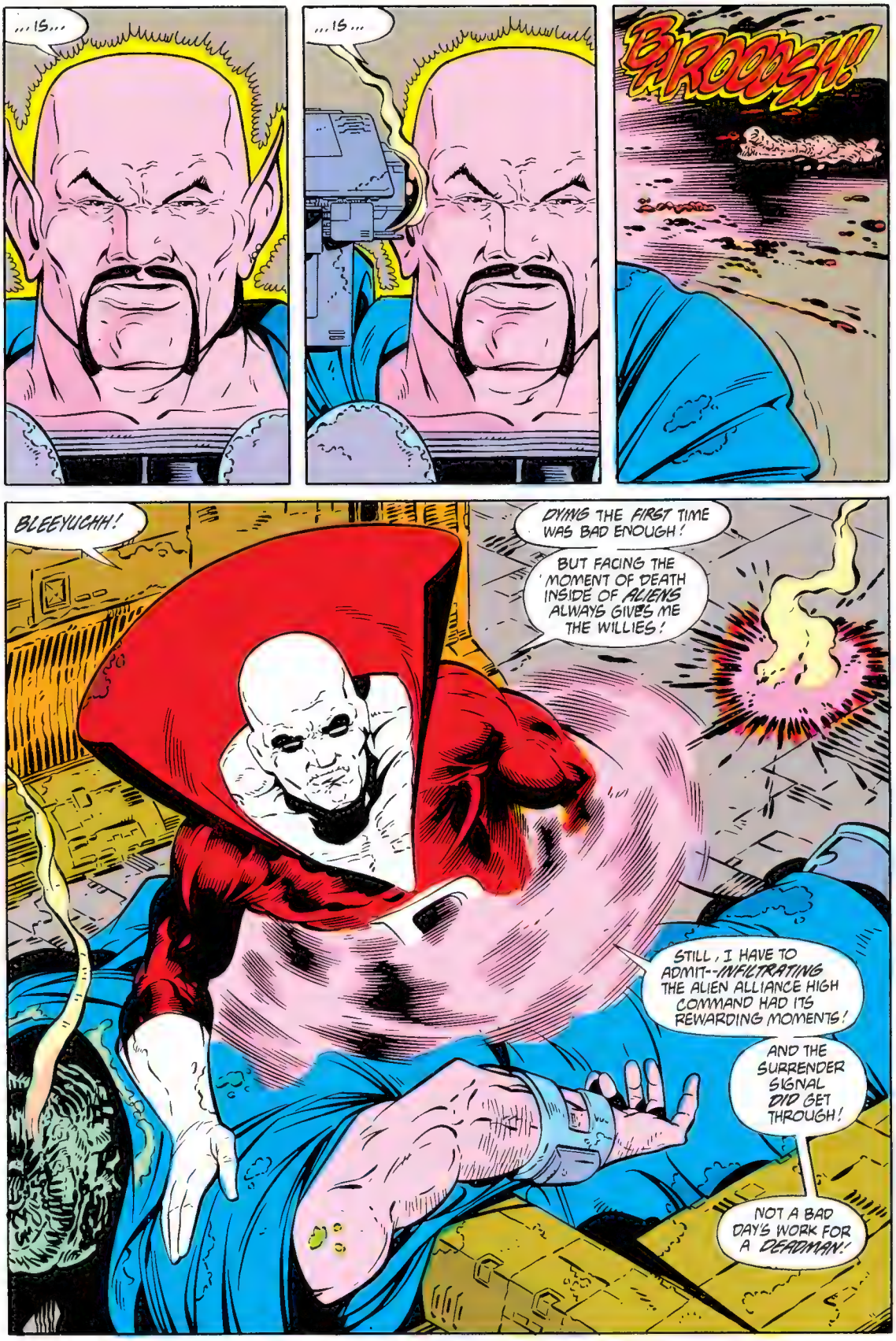

HAVING SUFFERED DEFEAT, WE HAVE BUT TWO CHOICES: TO EXERCISE THE LEFT HAND OF SURRENDER...
...OR THE RIGHT HAND OF RETRIBUTION--AND SLAUGHTER THE VICTORS!

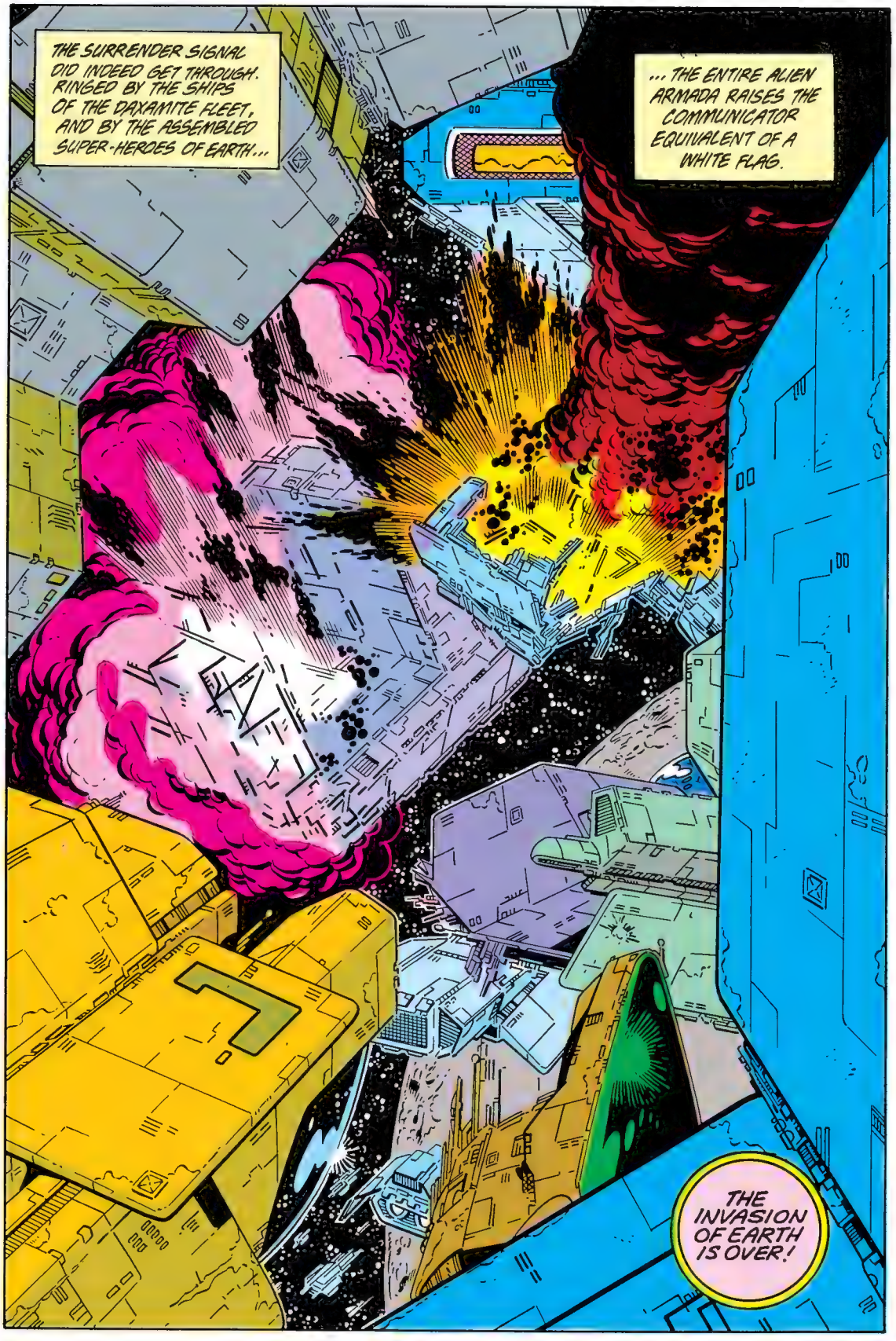

MORE MEANINGLESS DOMINION RITUAL! BUT I DON'T BELIEVE YOU HAVE THE GUTS TO DO IT!
WE DESTROYED OUR OWN MOON, DID WE NOT?
AND EARTH CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO BREED META-HUMANS THAT MAY ONE DAY THREATEN US ALL.

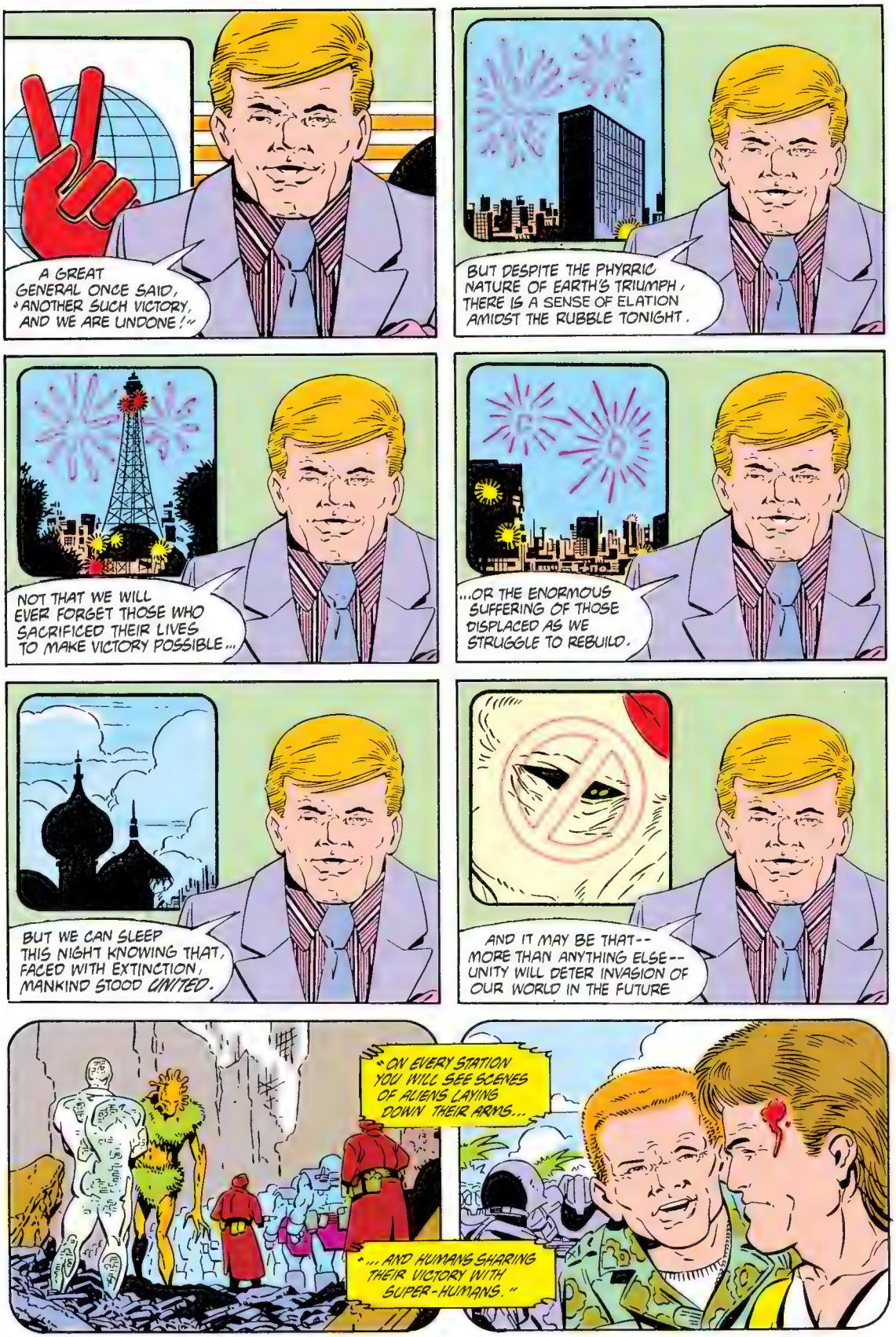

THEREFORE...

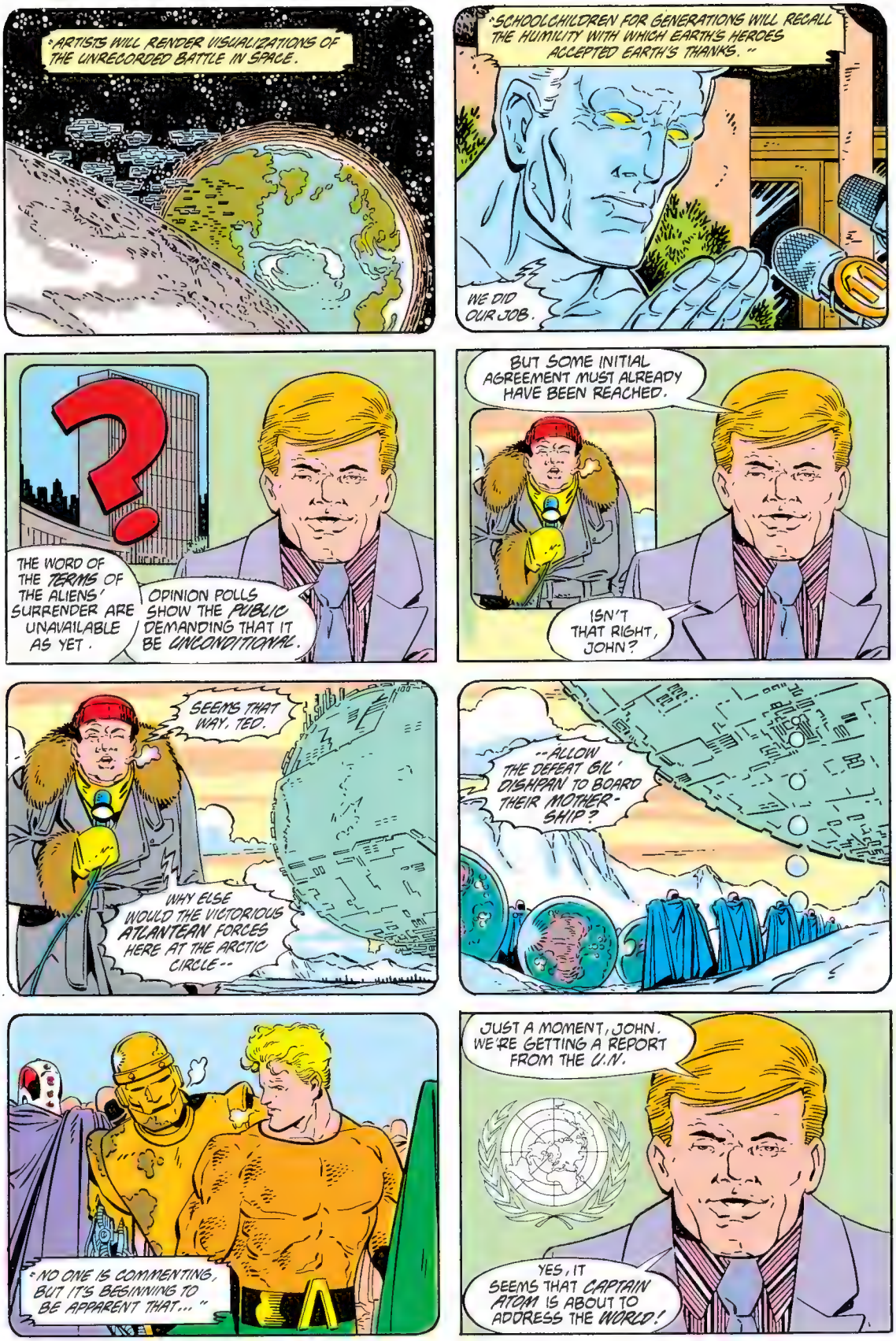
KLIK

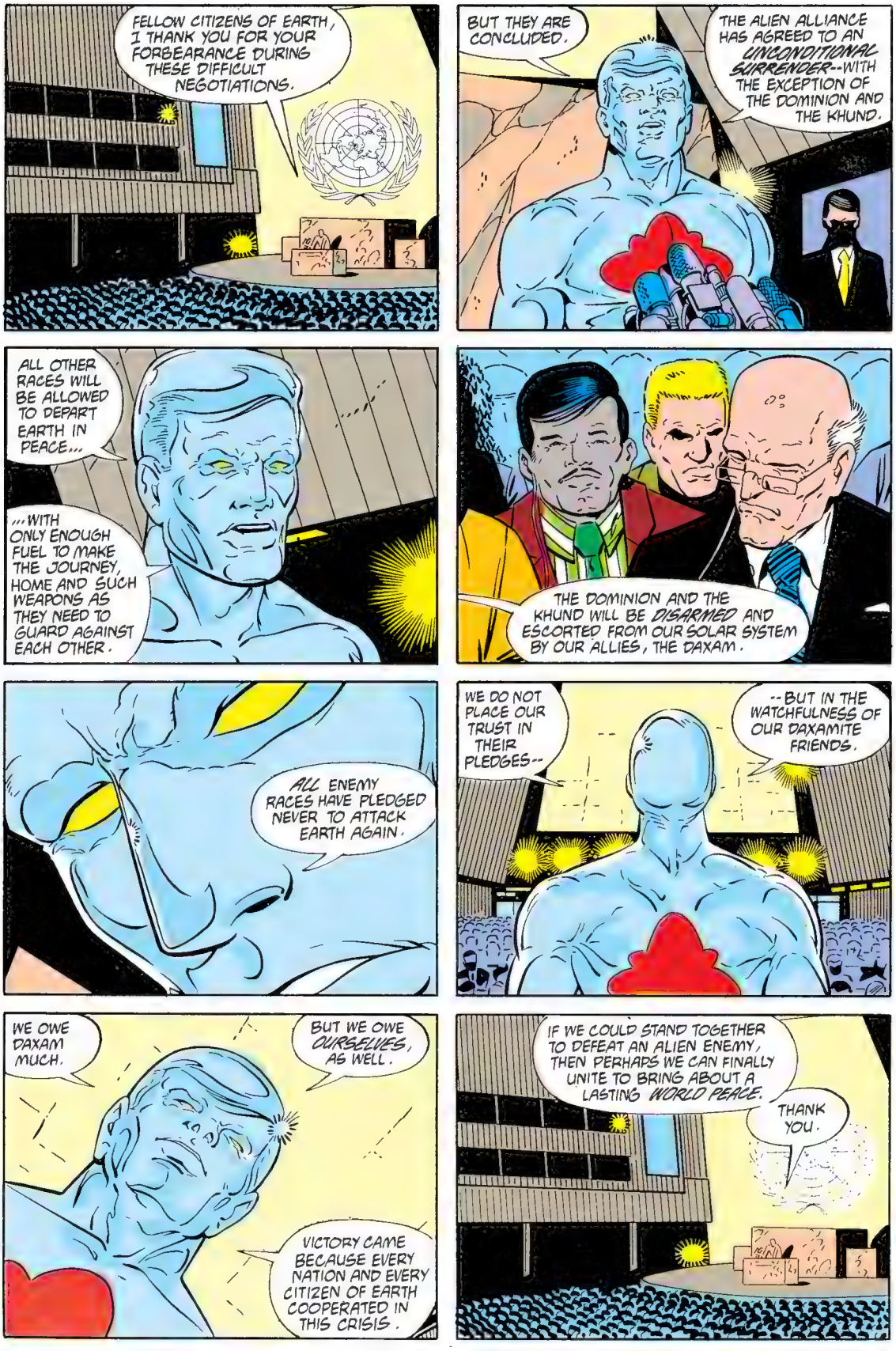

BWOOM
SON OF A SLYGOTH, I KNEW YOU LACKED THE GUTS TO DO IT!!!
BUT, IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! MY CASTE BROTHER HAD NO INTENTION OF SURRENDERING--!
YOU CAN DISCUSS IT WITH HIM IN WHATEVER HELL IS RESERVED FOR DOMINATORS!
VRASH!
AND SO IT FALLS TO ME!
THE SURRENDER SIGNAL HAS BEEN SENT. EARTH'S GUARD WILL BE DOWN. NOT THAT IT MATTERS.
FOR THERE IS NO DEFENSE WHEN THE RIGHT HAND BUTTON OF RETRIBUTION IS...

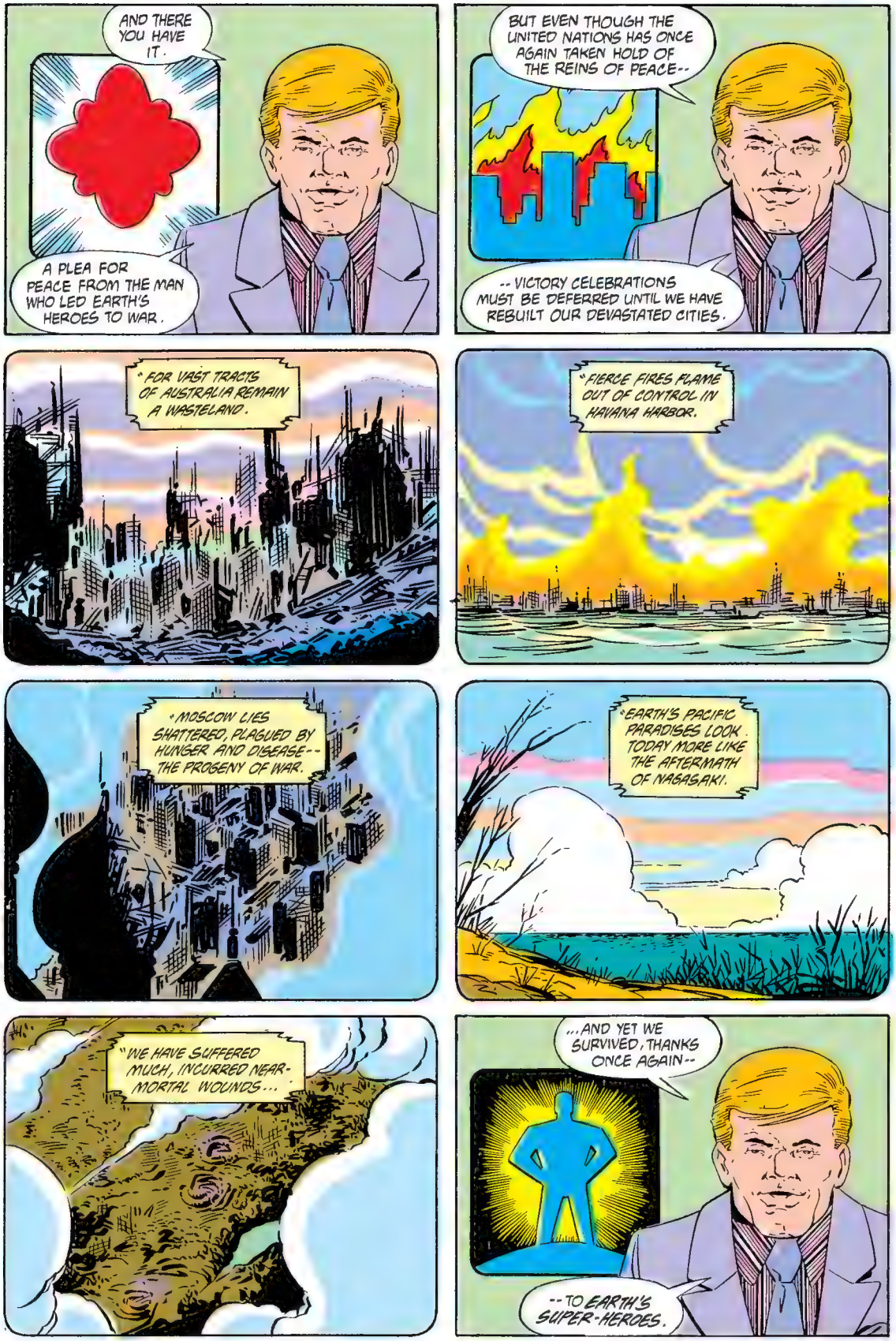

...IS...
...IS...
BROOOSH!
BLEEYUCHH!
DYING THE FIRST TIME WAS BAD ENOUGH!
BUT FACING THE MOMENT OF DEATH INSIDE OF ALIENS ALWAYS GIVES ME THE WILLIES!
STILL, I HAVE TO ADMIT--INFILTRATING THE ALIEN ALLIANCE HIGH COMMAND HAD ITS REWARDING MOMENTS!
AND THE SURRENDER SIGNAL DID GET THROUGH!
NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK FOR A DEADMAN!


THE SURRENDER SIGNAL DID INDEED GET THROUGH. RINGED BY THE SHIPS OF THE DAXAMITE FLEET, AND BY THE ASSEMBLED SUPER-HEROES OF EARTH...
...THE ENTIRE ALIEN ARMADA RAISES THE COMMUNICATOR EQUIVALENT OF A WHITE FLAG.
THE INVASION OF EARTH IS OVER!


A GREAT GENERAL ONCE SAID, "ANOTHER SUCH VICTORY, AND WE ARE UNDONE!"
BUT DESPITE THE PHYRRIC NATURE OF EARTH'S TRIUMPH, THERE IS A SENSE OF ELATION AMIDST THE RUBBLE TONIGHT.
NOT THAT WE WILL EVER FORGET THOSE WHO SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES TO MAKE VICTORY POSSIBLE...
...OR THE ENORMOUS SUFFERING OF THOSE DISPLACED AS WE STRUGGLE TO REBUILD.
BUT WE CAN SLEEP THIS NIGHT KNOWING THAT, FACED WITH EXTINCTION, MANKIND STOOD UNITED.
AND IT MAY BE THAT-- MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE-- UNITY WILL DETER INVASION OF OUR WORLD IN THE FUTURE
"ON EVERY STATION YOU WILL SEE SCENES OF ALIENS LAYING DOWN THEIR ARMS...
"...AND HUMANS SHARING THEIR VICTORY WITH SUPER-HUMANS."


"ARTISTS WILL RENDER VISUALIZATIONS OF THE UNRECORDED BATTLE IN SPACE.
"SCHOOLCHILDREN FOR GENERATIONS WILL RECALL THE HUMILITY WITH WHICH EARTH'S HEROES ACCEPTED EARTH'S THANKS."
WE DID OUR JOB.
?
THE WORD OF THE TERMS OF THE ALIENS' SURRENDER ARE UNAVAILABLE AS YET.
OPINION POLLS SHOW THE PUBLIC DEMANDING THAT IT BE UNCONDITIONAL.
BUT SOME INITIAL AGREEMENT MUST ALREADY HAVE BEEN REACHED.
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, JOHN?
SEEMS THAT WAY, TED.
WHY ELSE WOULD THE VICTORIOUS ATLANTEAN FORCES HERE AT THE ARCTIC CIRCLE--
--ALLOW THE DEFEAT GIL' DISHPAN TO BOARD THEIR MOTHER-SHIP?
"NO ONE IS COMMENTING, BUT IT'S BEGINNING TO BE APPARENT THAT..."
JUST A MOMENT, JOHN. WE'RE GETTING A REPORT FROM THE U.N.
YES, IT SEEMS THAT CAPTAIN ATOM IS ABOUT TO ADDRESS THE WORLD!


FELLOW CITIZENS OF EARTH, I THANK YOU FOR YOUR FORBEARANCE DURING THESE DIFFICULT NEGOTIATIONS.
BUT THEY ARE CONCLUDED.
THE ALIEN ALLIANCE HAS AGREED TO AN *UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER*--WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE DOMINION AND THE KHUND.
ALL OTHER RACES WILL BE ALLOWED TO DEPART EARTH IN PEACE...
...WITH ONLY ENOUGH FUEL TO MAKE THE JOURNEY, HOME AND SUCH WEAPONS AS THEY NEED TO GUARD AGAINST EACH OTHER.
THE DOMINION AND THE KHUND WILL BE *DISARMED* AND ESCORTED FROM OUR SOLAR SYSTEM BY OUR ALLIES, THE DAXAM.
ALL ENEMY RACES HAVE PLEDGED NEVER TO ATTACK EARTH AGAIN.
WE DO NOT PLACE OUR TRUST IN THEIR PLEDGES--
--BUT IN THE WATCHFULNESS OF OUR DAXAMITE FRIENDS.
WE OWE DAXAM MUCH.
BUT WE OWE *OURSELVES*, AS WELL.
VICTORY CAME BECAUSE EVERY NATION AND EVERY CITIZEN OF EARTH COOPERATED IN THIS CRISIS.
IF WE COULD STAND TOGETHER TO DEFEAT AN ALIEN ENEMY, THEN PERHAPS WE CAN FINALLY UNITE TO BRING ABOUT A LASTING *WORLD PEACE*.
THANK YOU.


AND THERE YOU HAVE IT.
A PLEA FOR PEACE FROM THE MAN WHO LED EARTH'S HEROES TO WAR.
BUT EVEN THOUGH THE UNITED NATIONS HAS ONCE AGAIN TAKEN HOLD OF THE REINS OF PEACE--
--VICTORY CELEBRATIONS MUST BE DEFERRED UNTIL WE HAVE REBUILT OUR DEVASTATED CITIES.
"FOR VAST TRACTS OF AUSTRALIA REMAIN A WASTELAND.
"FIERCE FIRES FLAME OUT OF CONTROL IN HAVANA HARBOR.
"MOSCOW LIES SHATTERED, PLAGUED BY HUNGER AND DISEASE--THE PROGENY OF WAR.
"EARTH'S PACIFIC PARADISES LOOK TODAY MORE LIKE THE AFTERMATH OF NAGASAKI.
"WE HAVE SUFFERED MUCH, INCURRED NEAR-MORTAL WOUNDS...
...AND YET WE SURVIVED, THANKS ONCE AGAIN--
--TO EARTH'S SUPER-HEROES.

"FOR THEY--WHOM WE HAVE SO OFTEN IN THE PAST DECRIED AND DOUBTED--STOOD FIRM IN EARTH'S DEFENSE.
"HUMAN AND INHUMAN, THEY FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE, RISKING THEIR OWN LIVES SO THAT EARTH MIGHT LIVE."
VIVA
IN GRATITUDE, CUBA HAS PROCLAIMED THE FLASH A HERO OF THE REVOLUTION.
THE UNITED STATES IS CONSIDERING MAKING HEROES DAY A NATIONAL HOLIDAY.
RUSSIA HAS PROMISED ITS WARRIORS BURIALS OF HONOR IN THE KREMLIN WALL.
J.L.I #1
ADORING MASSES HAVE ASSEMBLED TO OFFER THANKS OUTSIDE JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL EMBASSIES AROUND THE GLOBE.
EARTH IS OURS AGAIN!
IN OTHER NEWS, THE TINY GULF STATE OF BIALYA--TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION--HAS INVADED THE NEIGHBORING NATION OF KOONISH.
SOME THINGS, IT SEEMS, NEVER CHANGE.

SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

YESTERDAY, SUPERMAN DISAPPEARED DURING A PITCHED BATTLE WITH ALIEN WINGMEN OVER THE STREETS OF METROPOLIS. FOR NEARLY TWENTY HOURS HE WAS MISSING, AND SOME FEARED HIM DEAD.

BUT WITH THE DAWN THE MAN OF STEEL REAPPEARED... JUST IN TIME TO BECOME FULLY EMBROILED IN A WAR AGAINST AN ALLIANCE OF ALIEN INVADERS*, A WORLD WAR THAT HAS LED HIM HERE...

...TO AYERS ROCK IN THE VERY HEART OF AUSTRALIA!

OF COURSE, YOU KNOW, THIS MEANS WAR!

ROGER STERN - writer
KERRY GAMMILL - penciller
BRETT BREEDING - inker
JOHN COSTANZA - letterer
GLENN WHITMORE - colorist
RENÉE WITTERSTAETTER - asst. editor
MIKE CARLIN - editor

*never fear, we'll fill you in as we go along!

G-4284

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DC Comics Inc A Warner Communications Company

JUST FROM ITS *HEAT TRAIL*, I COULD TELL THIS ALLIANCE SHIP HAD SUSTAINED DAMAGE. LOOKS LIKE THE LOCALS HAVE BEATEN ME TO IT.

WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?

I AM, SUPERMAN... LT. HIGBEE, *AUSTRALIAN SPECIAL FORCES*.

HEARD THAT YOU *YANKS* HAD JOINED THE FIGHT. WERE AFRAID THE BLOODY WAR'D BE OVER BEFORE WE SAW ANY OF IT.

THEN *THIS* THING DROPS IN OUR LAPS.

LIEUTENANT, PULL YOUR MEN BACK!

EH? WHY--?

AN *EXPLOSIVE CHARGE* WILL GO OFF IF THAT HATCH IS FORCED. BELIEVE ME... I CAN SEE THROUGH *MOST METALS*!

I BELIEVE YOU, BUT HOW ARE WE TO--?

DON'T WORRY...

...I'LL MAKE US A NEW HATCH!

HERE NOW, DON'T GO TAKING ALL THE FUN FOR YOURSELF! WAIT FOR US!

YOU WON'T FIND ANY "*FUN*" IN HERE, LIEUTENANT...

...THIS IS *WAR.*

BLOODY HELL.

SO MANY DIFFERENT RACES AND CULTURES... IS WAR THE ONLY THING SENTIENT BEINGS HAVE IN COMMON?

EVIDENTLY, THESE ALIENS FELT THREATENED BY EARTH'S NATIVE SUPER-BEINGS...

... AND THEIR FEAR WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO UNITE HALF A DOZEN OR MORE RACES INTO A VAST INTERGALACTIC *ARMADA.*

"IF ONLY WE'D KNOWN SOONER, WE MIGHT HAVE STOPPED THEM FROM CONQUERING AUSTRALIA. AS IT WAS...

"... I WOKE UP TO THE DANGER JUST IN TIME TO SAVE METROPOLIS FROM BEING LEVELED!" *

DAILY PLANET

*Lost Issue

BUT... SOMETHING HAPPENED WHILE I WAS FIGHTING THOSE WINGMEN. I MUST HAVE *BLACKED OUT*... THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER WAS PULLING GUARDIAN AND THE NEWSBOY LEGION OUT OF HOB'S LANE RIVER.*

"BY THEN THE WORLD WAS REALLY ON A WAR FOOTING. CAPTAIN ATOM HAD AMASSED A SMALL ARMY OF SUPER-HEROES, AND I WAS CHOSEN TO LEAD THE CHARGE INTO ENEMY-OCCUPIED AUSTRALIA.

"THE GOING WAS A LOT TOUGHER THAN I'D ANTICIPATED...

"... THOSE SIX 'OBSERVERS' FROM THE WORLD CALLED DAXAM... IN PROXIMITY TO EARTH'S SUN, ACQUIRED POWERS AND ABILITIES RIVALING MY OWN!"*

* IN ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #449.

* IN INVASION #2.

IF THEY HADN'T BEEN EXTREMELY SENSITIVE TO THE *LEAD* IN EARTH'S ENVIRONMENT, WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE TURNED BACK THE INVADERS.

SUPERMAN? WHAT SHOULD WE DO ABOUT THE DEAD?

BURY THEM, LIEUTENANT, AND PRAY FOR THEIR SOULS...

...PRAY FOR *ALL* OF US.

YES... AS IF HE WERE CARRYING THE WEIGHT OF THE WHOLE WORLD ON HIS SHOULDERS.

'STRUTH, I'VE BEEN READIN' 'BOUT THAT BLOKE FOR YEARS, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D ACTUALLY LAY EYES ON 'IM. 'E SEEMED A BIT SHAGGED OUT, DON'TCHA THINK?

AFTER ONE FINAL SWEEP OF THE OUTBACK, SUPERMAN STREAKS AWAY FROM THE ISLAND CONTINENT...

SO MUCH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!

EVEN SO... IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE, IT COULD HAVE BEEN *MUCH WORSE.*

I'VE *SEEN* WORSE...

...IN A *POCKET UNIVERSE* CREATED BY THE MYSTERIOUS *TIME TRAPPER*, A WORLD MUCH LIKE OUR OWN WAS RENDERED TOTALLY LIFELESS...

"... BY ALIEN SUPER-CRIMINALS. THE THREE OF THEM HAD WANTONLY *MURDERED* FIVE BILLION PEOPLE.

"ONLY DEATH COULD END THEIR EVIL."

DEATH... ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE THE FINAL ANSWER! DEATH ALWAYS WINS!

NO... *NO!* IT DOES NO GOOD TO DWELL ON THAT.

IT'S LIFE THAT'S IMPORTANT... *LIFE...*

EIGHT THOUSAND MILES TO THE NORTHEAST, MORNING HAS ALREADY COME TO THE BATTLE-SCARRED CITY OF *METROPOLIS.*

AND LIFE GOES ON...

DESPITE BROKEN WINDOWS AND FALLEN PLASTER, LIFE AT THE CITY'S MAJOR NEWSPAPER HAS JUST ABOUT RETURNED TO NORMAL...

COPY BOY!

...REAL MAN IN THE STREET STUFF.

ANY FRESH COFFEE?

...NEED IT BY TWO O'CLOCK!

HAS ANYONE SEEN THE COPY ON ?

THEY GAVE US THE USUAL P.R. FLUFF, BUT IF WE DIG, I THINK ?

SOMETHING WRONG?

PLANET ROOM

DAILY CITY

KENT! MY GOD, MAN, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!?

OH, HELLO, PERRY... JUST GOT BACK FROM AUSTRALIA. FLEW THERE WITH A FRIEND... SAW MOST OF THE BATTLE.

COMMUNICATIONS WERE SO SCRAMBLED, I FIGURED THERE WAS NO SENSE IN WIRING MY STORY...

PERRY WHITE

...SORRY IT'S IN LONGHAND ...COULDN'T FIND A TYPE-WRITER.

KENT, THIS... THIS IS--!

ALICE, HAVE SNIDER GET THIS COPY-READY!

YES, SIR.

PERRY, I COULD..

PRESS ROOM? THIS IS WHITE...HOLD THE AFTERNOON EDITION... WE'RE REPLATING PAGE ONE!

WELL?! WHAT'S EVERYONE STANDING AROUND FOR? WE HAVE A PAPER TO GET OUT! BACK TO WORK!!

HOLD IT, KENT...NOT YOU.

YOU LOOK LIKE HELL! I'LL BET YOU HAVEN'T COPPED A WINK IN DAYS! PROBABLY BEEN ON THE GO SINCE THIS THING STARTED... HAVEN'T YOU?

WELL...

I THOUGHT SO! GO HOME AND GET SOME SLEEP, SON.

YOU'RE NOT SUPERMAN, YOU KNOW!

ALL RIGHT, PERRY... IF YOU SAY SO.

PLANET

HAVE BEEN THROUGH A LOT THE PAST FEW DAYS... I JUST WISH THAT SLEEP WAS THE ANSWER. LATELY, NO MATTER HOW MUCH SACK TIME I GET, I STILL WAKE UP FEELING WASTED.

CLARK!

'MORNING, LOIS.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? Y-YOU LOOK LIKE HELL!

SO I'M TOLD... GUESS I *COULD* USE A SHAVE. I WAS OFF GETTING AN INSIDE LINE ON THE INVASION.

HOW ABOUT YOU? ANYTHING NEW ON THE *GANGBUSTER* STORY?

NOT SINCE HIS RUN-IN WITH *GUARDIAN* THE OTHER DAY! *

**Adventures #449.*

I WROTE AN OVERVIEW ON HIS RECENT EXPLOITS FOR THE EARLY EDITION, BUT--!

OH... THANKS.

DAILY PLANET

INVASION NEWS BLACKOUT

GANGBUSTER STILL AT LARGE

SEE YOU.

S-SURE.

HE LOOKED *HALF-DEAD!* THAT'S SO UNLIKE KENT... HE'S ALWAYS SEEMED SO FULL OF ENERGY.

WHAT IS HE *DOING* TO HIMSELF?

SOON, AT KENT'S CLINTON STREET APARTMENT...

OWTCH!

MAYBE I *DO* NEED SLEEP... WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION...

...AND TRAINED MY REFLECTED *HEAT VISION* TOO LONG ON ONE SPOT. GOT TO BE MORE CAREFUL...

...WOULDN'T DO FOR SUPERMAN TO HAVE "*RAZOR BURN*"!

THERE NOW, THAT LOOKS... A LITTLE BETTER.

BUT NOT MUCH.

LORD, THE PLACE IS STILL SUCH A *MESS!** I OUGHT TO TAKE SOME TIME TO FIX THINGS UP... BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE DOING MUCH OF ANYTHING.

MAYBE IF I SPEND A FEW MINUTES CATCHING UP ON THE NEWS, I CAN GET MOTIVATED.

*since a nasty nightmare in ADVENTURES #496.

BUT...

NO USE... EVEN *READING* IS TOO MUCH EFFORT. WHAT'S ON THE TUBE?

KLIK

DAILY PLANET

EVEN WITH SUPERMAN HALF A WORLD AWAY, METROPOLITANS NEEDN'T FEAR... GUARDIAN IS BACK ON THE STREETS--AND THE HOMEFRONT HERO OF WORLD WAR TWO APPARENTLY HASN'T LOST A BIT OF HIS FIGHTING EDGE!

WN

ROOM

LOOKS LIKE THE CITY'S GOTTEN ALONG WITHOUT ME... JUST... FINE :(

ZZZZ

REPEATING OUR TOP STORIES... RUMORS OF VICTORY IN AUSTRALIA HAVE ALL BUT BEEN CONFIRMED. TOP PENTAGON OFFICIALS ARE MEETING AT THIS HOUR WITH LEXCORP BOARD CHAIRMAN LEX LUTHOR...

NEWS

...LEXCORP OFFICIALS DECLINED TO SPECULATE ON THE REASON FOR THE MEETING."

LET'S NOT BEAT AROUND THE BUSH, LUTHOR! A GREAT DEAL OF ALIEN *ARMAMENT* HAS BEEN CAPTURED IN THE LIBERATION OF AUSTRALIA...

...AND YOU WISH TO SEE IT ANALYZED AND PUT TO USE IN THE NATIONAL DEFENSE!

PRECISELY.

GENTLEMEN, I HAD ANTICIPATED THIS. TECHNICIANS FROM MY AUSTRALIAN SUBSIDIARIES ARE ALREADY--! *EH?!*

SIR, THERE'S AN INTRUDER ON THE ROOF! WE DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT THERE, BUT--

KRASH

--HE'S *HERE!*

GET BACK! I'M WARNING...

PTANG

...YOU.

STOP HIM, YOU FOOL! IT'S THAT MANIAC *GANGBUSTER!*

SLAM

I'M GLAD YOU RECOG-NIZE ME, LUTHOR!

KNOW WHY I'M HERE?

FOR THE PAST WEEK AND A HALF, I 'VE BEEN MOPPING UP THE SCUM IN THIS TOWN.

LOOK OUT!

WHUUNGH!

BUT NO MATTER HOW MANY HEADS I BUSTED... THE DIRTY BUSINESS NEVER STOPPED.

TODAY, I FINALLY SAW THE LIGHT. I HAVE TO TAKE OUT THE MAN AT THE TOP... *you*, LUTHOR!

ARE YOU *MAD?* I AM ONE OF THIS CITY 'S GREATEST *BENE-FACTORS!* I FUND HOSPITALS, CHARITIES! HALF OF METROPOLIS IS ON MY PAYROLL!

... NOTHING GETS DONE IN THIS CITY WITHOUT YOU KNOWING IT! YOU WINK AT THE LAW WHEN-EVER YOU FEEL LIKE IT. WELL, MAYBE THE *LAW* CAN'T TOUCH YOU...

--BUT *I* CAN!

I THINK *NOT!*

AHH-GH!!

OH, I KNOW ALL ABOUT *YOU...*

I'VE GROWN ALMOST *FOND* OF MY *PARTNER*... I WOULD BE LOATH TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER.

CRUSH HIM, BRAINIAC! BUT DO IT *SLOWLY*... I WANT TO WATCH HIM *SQUIRM!*

YOU *SEE?* A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART!

B-BRAINIAC? I THOUGHT YOU *DIED*... FIGHTING SUPERMAN.

MY "*DEATH*" WAS A MERE CHARADE FOR PUBLIC CONSUMPTION.

WHAT... ARE YOU *DOING*... TO ME?

PEELING YOUR MIND, GANGBUSTER... LIKE AN *ONION!*

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT DRIVES... A... MAN... LIKE... YOU?

EEYAHH!

BRAINIAC, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?!

G-GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

H-HIS MIND... TOO STRONG... C-C-CAN'T BEEEE?

"DO IT... SLOWLY," HUH?

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, GANGBUSTER! ATTACKING ME WILL ACCOMPLISH NOTHING!

WRONG! IT'LL MAKE... ME FEEL... REAL GOOD!

UNNH! WHAT IS THIS? I WANT TO POUND LUTHOR INTO RED JELLO... BUT MY BODY DOESN'T WANT TO WORK RIGHT.

WHAT'D BRAINIAC DO TO ME? FEELS LIKE MY BRAIN'S BEEN STEEL-WOOLED!

GOT TO GET AWAY... CLEAR MY HEAD.

MAYBE... YOU NEED SOME TIME... TO THINK ABOUT THIS, LUTHOR... SOME TIME FOR YOU TO SQUIRM.

THIS ISN'T OVER YET. WATCH YOUR BACK, BALDY... 'CAUSE WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT...

...I'...

...ERE!

NINETY STORIES ABOVE THE CITY STREETS, GANGBUSTER PLUNGES EARTHWARD...

... DROPPING NEARLY TEN OF THOSE STORIES BEFORE STOPPING HIS FALL!

BRAINIAC'S CATATONIC! WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS GANGBUSTER?

MR. LUTHOR! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

THOOM

NO, NOT YET...

... MUST GET BRAINIAC OUT OF SIGHT. CAN'T BE CONNECTED WITH HIM. JUST ANOTHER MOMENT...

IT'S ABOUT TIME! THAT MANIAC COULD HAVE KILLED ME!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE! CALL THE POLICE--

KERRAK

"-- GET GANGBUSTER!"

JEWELER'S

END OF THE LINE.

TOO BAD THESE WINDOWS DON'T OPEN.

TOO BAD FOR THE WINDOWS.

KRISSH

EYAAA!!

WHU--?!?

DINGA DINGA DINGA DINGA

DINGA-DINGA-DINGA-DINGA-DINGA

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN -- HE HAS TO BE DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE!

IDIOTS! THEY SHOULD BE CHASING *LUTHOR*, NOT ME! I OUGHT TO--!

NO...NO, THEY'RE NOT AT FAULT. D-DON'T WANT TO FIGHT POLICE.

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

R-R-R-RUNK

POLICE! FREEZE!!
I MEAN IT-- HALT OR I'LL FIRE!!
BDAM
HUH! COULDA SWORN I WINGED HIM, BUT THERE'S NO BLOOD ANY-WHERE!
MAYBE HE'S WEARING *KEVLAR.*
WELL, WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM IN *HERE*...
"... THESE UTILITY TUNNELS RUN ON FOR MILES!'
"AS FAST AS THAT JOE TRAVELS--
"-- HE COULD BE ANYWHERE IN THE CITY BY NOW!'
"IT'LL TAKE MORE LUCK THAN WE HAVE TO FIND HIM!"
GANGBUSTER!
WHO--?

THE NAME IS *GUARDIAN*. WE... *MET*... THE OTHER DAY. YOU'RE A HARD MAN TO FIND.

A HARD MAN... BUT DEEP DOWN A *GOOD MAN*, I THINK!

WE *BOTH* CAME CLOSE TO GETTING *KILLED*, WHEN WE FOUGHT... BUT YOU PUSHED ME AWAY AT THE LAST INSTANT-- SAVED ME FROM DEATH UNDER THE WHEELS OF A RUNAWAY VAN.

I SUSPECT WE HAVE A LOT IN COMMON.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN *I* TOOK THE LAW INTO *MY* OWN HANDS, TOO... BUT TIMES HAVE *CHANGED*.

YEAH. FOR THE WORSE.

JUST LEAVE ME ALONE.

HOLD IT, SON!

I SAID *HOLD IT!*

AND *I* SAID *LEAVE ME ALONE!*

WUK

FLANG

LORD, HE'S *FAST!* I SAW THAT PUNCH COMING AND *STILL* COULDN'T AVOID IT.

EVEN SO, THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH GANGBUSTER... HE SEEMS CONFUSED, DISORIENTED.

ALL THE REPORTS HAD GANGBUSTER STRIKING AT NIGHT... IT'S UNUSUAL FOR HIM TO BE OUT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

COULD THAT BE HIS PROBLEM? HE'S SENSITIVE TO LIGHT?

WELL, WHATEVER THE CASE, I STILL HAVE TO STOP HIM... GET HIM TO LISTEN TO REASON.

YOU... *AGAIN?!*

AFRAID SO, 'BUSTER!

THE POLICE WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS... AND SO DO *I!* WHY DON'T WE JUST--?

SHUT UP!

FRAM

SORRY, BUT-- ONE WAY OR ANOTHER-- I'M TAKING YOU IN!

THWUP

YOU'RE NOT TAKING ANYONE--

--ANYWHERE!

NO GOOD-- ALL THAT DID WAS MAKE HIM ANGRY!

HE'S LIKE A CHARGING BULL!

;UUNGH!;

GANGBUSTER--

--NO!!

THAT WAS CLOSE!

GANGBUSTER, ARE YOU--?

GANGBUSTER!!

KLATHUNK

GOOD LORD!

A SEVEN-STORY HEADER INTO A DUMPSTER!

HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE!

EVEN IF THE TRASH CUSHIONED HIS FALL, HE *HAS* TO BE --

METRO SANITATION

-- SERIOUSLY INJURED.

KTANNG

I DON'T *BELIEVE* IT! WHAT ARE YOU *MADE* OF?!

YOU'RE *DEAD!*

HRRRUKK

NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT, I'M NOT!

OH MY GOD!

UNH?

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

WHAT HORRIBLE SIGHT DOES THE GUARDIAN FACE? WHAT IS THE SECRET OF GANG-BUSTER? AND HOW WILL ALL THIS AFFECT THE MAN OF STEEL? THE ANSWERS ARE REVEALED NEXT WEEK IN...

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

#450

AND THEN... NEXT MONTH... BE HERE FOR A MOST DRAMATIC TURNING POINT IN THE LIFE OF THE LAST SON OF KRYPTON-- IN THE NEXT THRILL-PACKED ISSUE OF

SUPERMAN

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

TRIPLE THREAT

THE GUARDIAN HAS SPENT THE PAST TWO DAYS LOOKING, FIRST FOR SUPERMAN, AND LATER FOR THE VIGILANTE KNOWN AS GANGBUSTER...
... THIS AFTERNOON, AMID THE GARBAGE OF SUICIDE GLUM, HE'S FOUND THEM BOTH!
UH-OH— WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?
DAILY PLANET
EARTH TO

A DEVASTATING REVELATION FOR THE MAN OF STEEL.

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

JERRY ORDWAY
WRITER/PENCILLER

DENNIS JANKE
EMBELLISHER

ALBERT DEGUZMAN
LETTERER

GLENN WHITMORE
COLORIST

RENÉE WITTERSTAETTER
ASSISTANT EDITOR

MIKE CARLIN
EDITOR

THANKS ARE IN ORDER TO JOHN BYRNE FOR INITIATING THE STORYLINE ROGER STERN AND JERRY ORDWAY HAVE BEEN DOING THESE PAST MONTHS... AS WELL AS TO MIKE MACHLAN FOR HIS PART IN THE CREATION OF GANGBUSTER. THANKS, GUYS!

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G-GUARDIAN?

WHAT AM I DOING? WHY AM I WEARING... THIS?

I MAY BE A BIT SLOW ON THE UPTAKE, BUT WEREN'T YOU ABOUT TO KNOCK MY BLOCK OFF?

WHAT'S WITH THE MASQUERADE?

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABO--

GANGBUSTER'S HELMET?!

...AND WHY IN THE WORLD WOULD SUPERMAN NEED TO MOONLIGHT AS SOMEBODY ELSE?

NO. NO.

I'M NOT GANGBUSTER...

WHOA! WHY DOES IT FRIGHTEN ME THAT YOU'RE AS CONFUSED AS I AM, OVER ALL OF THIS?

...I-- DIDN'T KNOW...

IT'S ALL SO BIZARRE--HOW CAN THIS BE HAPPENING TO ME?

THERE HAS TO BE SOME OTHER EXPLANATION-- I CAN'T ACCEPT THAT I'VE LOST CONTROL...

SUPERMAN--COME WITH ME TO THE CADMUS PROJECT. LET MY "BUDDIES" HELP YOU...

NO! YOU CAN'T HELP-- CAN'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE SUPERMAN. I HAVE TO WORK THIS OUT ALONE.

YOUR THINKING'S ALL WRONG ON THIS ONE--DON'T YOU SEE?

YOUR CONCERN IS HEARTFELT, FRIEND...

... BUT I'VE GOT TO FIGURE THIS OUT MYSELF

DON'T LEAVE!

NO MAN SHOULD HAVE TO GO IT ALONE...

CAN I REALLY HAVE BEEN LEADING THIS OTHER LIFE, AS GANGBUSTER, WITHOUT KNOWING? IT SEEMS SO IMPOSSIBLE!

YET IT WOULD TEND TO EXPLAIN WHY I'VE BEEN FEELING SO DRAGGED OUT ALL THE TIME, LETTING MY WORK SLIDE AND ALL.

THE BLACK OUT...

THE NIGHTMARES...

MY INABILITY TO FIND HIM, AND STOP HIM...

STILL, IT COULD BE AN ELABORATE TRICK. BUT WHY? AND WHY WOULD THE GUARDIAN LIE?

I NEED TO FIND OUT MORE-- LOIS FOLLOWED H/S EXPLOITS CLOSELY, MAYBE SHE--

MY TELESCOPIC VISION REVEALS THAT SHE'S HOME. BUT NOT ALONE...

IT JUST WOULDN'T BE FAIR TO HER FOR ME TO JUST BARGE IN WITH ALL OF THIS...

MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT I DON'T INVOLVE MY FRIENDS IN THIS ANY MORE THAN I ALREADY HAVE...

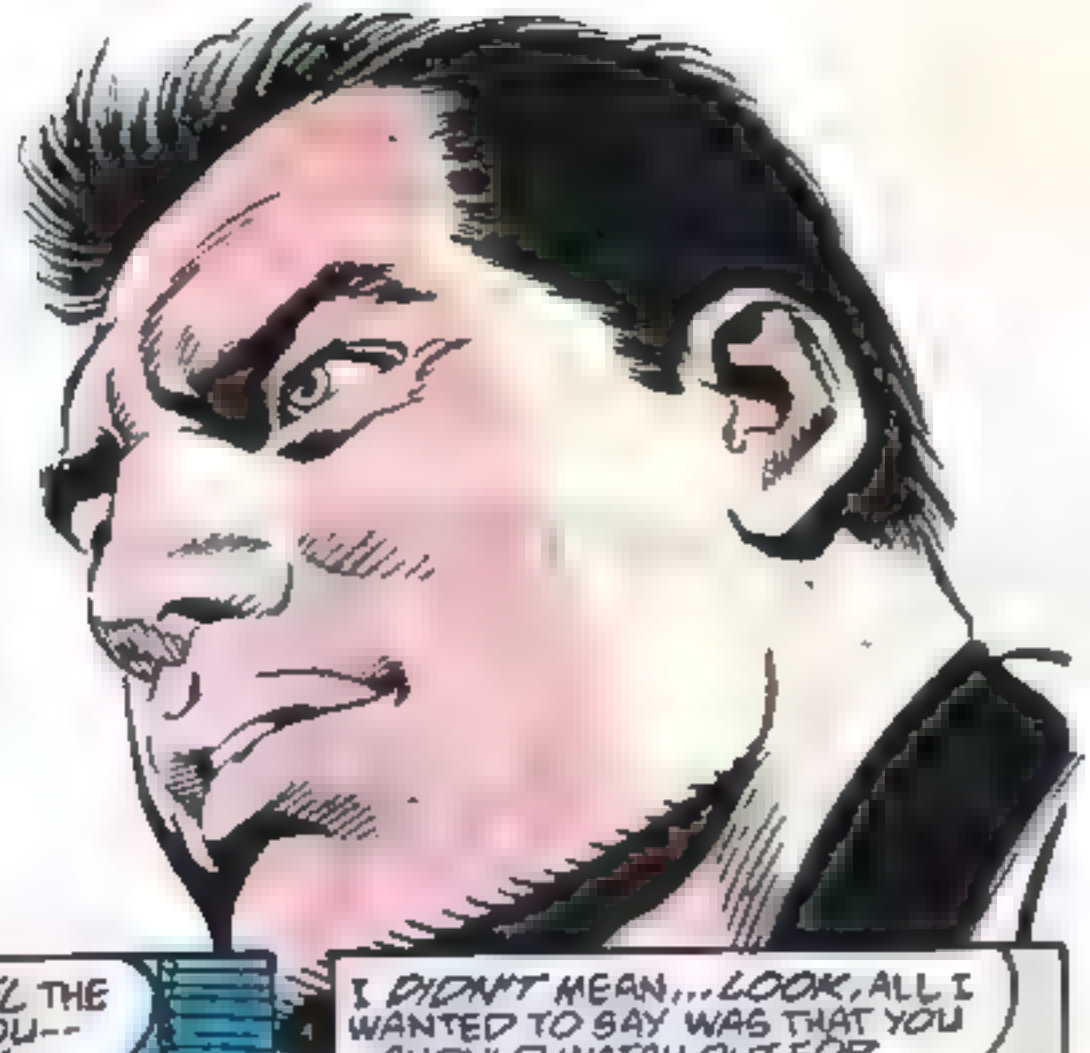
KNOWING THE DECISIONS I HAVE TO MAKE...

"YOU'RE BEING STUPID. WHAT'RE FRIENDS FOR, IF THEY CAN'T TELL YOU WHEN YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE?"

FRIENDS ?!?!

I THOUGHT WE WERE *MORE* THAN *FRIENDS*, LOIS!

I GUESS I *AM* STUPID! I MEAN, LIKE, *WHAT* HAVE WE BEEN *DOING TOGETHER* ALL THIS TIME ??



BEING FRIENDS, I THOUGHT!

GETTING TO *KNOW* EACH OTHER!

YOU *KNOW* THAT'S IMPORTANT TO ME!

LOIS-- I *LOVE* YOU...

I *HAVE* SINCE THE *FIRST* TIME WE MET I *THOUGHT*--

JOSE, I--DON'T *FEEL* THE SAME THINGS FOR YOU-- NOT THE *SAME WAY*-- NOT *YET*...

...MAYBE NEVER...

I *DIDN'T* MEAN... LOOK, ALL I WANTED TO SAY WAS THAT YOU SHOULD WATCH OUT FOR YOURSELF...

ADVANCE RESEARCH LABORATORY IS A LEXCORP *SUBSIDIARY*! I DON'T WANT THEM TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU.

I DON'T WANT YOU *HURT* AGAIN!

TOO LATE FOR THAT.

IT'S *ALWAYS* THE *SAME* ARGUMENT!

A R L. HAS DONE NOTH NG BUT *GIVE* ME BACK *MY LEGS*-- *MY LIFE*! HELL, I'D GO ON NETWORK TV AND SING THE PRAISES OF LEXCORP IF THEY *ASKED*. I *OWE* THEM

I CAN'T *BELIEVE* WHAT I'M HEARING! ALL THE *MISERY* LUTHOR HAS CAUSED...

...AND YOU'RE W LLING TO DISMISS IT BECAUSE HE F'NALLY DID RIGHT BY *YOU*!

THIS IS POINTLESS! I THINK YOU *LIKED* ME IN THAT DAMN *WHEELCHAIR*!

THAT'S NOT *FAIR*...

TODAY'S MY LAST THERAPY SESSION ANYWAYS, AND I'M *LATE*!

GOOD-BYE!

JOSE, WAIT! DON'T GO AWAY *MAD*...

DON'T DO IT-- DON'T LET HIM WALK AWAY!

TAP TAP TAP

OH, MIKE NOT TODAY-- IT'S MY BIRTHDAY!

THAT'S TELLING HIM, TOOTS! --EH?

THE WINDOW! ONLY CHAP I KNOW WHO USES THE WINDOW INSTEAD OF MY DOOR IS...

SUPERMAN!

GOOD GOLLY, MAN, YOU LOOK POSITIVELY POOPED! COME IN.

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, PROFESSOR HAMILTON, I NEED SOME HELP!

CERTAINLY, CERTAINLY. ANYTHING!

CAN I GET YOU A BEVERAGE, OR SOMETHING TO EAT?

NO, THANK YOU, PROFESSOR, I--

PERHAPS YOU'RE INTERESTED IN A CAPE MADE FROM THIS NEW MATERIAL I'VE DEVELOPED?

NOTHING LIKE THAT. WHAT I NEED IS, FIRST, YOUR PHONE AND SOME PRIVACY...

...AND THEN, ONE OF THE EXPERIMENTAL PROTOTYPES YOU SHOWED TO ME LAST TIME I WAS HERE. I NEED TO USE IT.

THE ONE YOU DEVELOPED FOR DEEP SEA--

I KNOW EXACTLY WHICH CONTRAPTION YOU SEEK!

YOU GO AHEAD AND MAKE YOUR CALL IN HERE, WHILE I FIND THAT GADGET. I KNOW RIGHT WHERE I PUT IT!

OH, AND SIT DOWN, PLEASE.

YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'RE ABOUT TO FALL OVER!

RI-ING PERRY WHITE
MANAGING EDITOR

?HUMM= HE-HELLO= PERRY WHITE HERE!

OL-SEN!!
WHAT IN BLAZES?

OH, SORRY, MR. KENT! JUST A JOKE! HERE'S THE CHI--ER, MR. WHITE, BYE.

WELL, BACK TO W-URK!

STAY. I WANT A WORD WITH YOU, MISTER.

PERRY WHITE HERE!
PERRY IT'S CLARK. THIS INTERGANG EXPOSÉ IS ABOUT TO GET TOO HOT TO HANDLE, SO I'M GOING TO MAKE MYSELF SCARCE-- LAY LOW...

...I'LL BE TAKING SOME PERSONAL TIME AS WELL, TO SORT OU--

CRASH!

PROFESSOR? ARE YOU OKAY?

SMASH!

YES, YES, I'LL FIND IT.

CRUNCH!

SORRY ABOUT THAT, PERRY.

KENT, IF THE PLANET CAN HELP--

YOU CAN HELP ME MOST BY ALLOWING ME TO SEND THE STORIES TO YOU VIA MESSENGER, ONE BY ONE AS THEY'RE FINISHED--

NO QUESTIONS. YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST ME!

OF COURSE I TRUST YOU KEN-- CLARK. YOU'RE ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS. TAKE CARE, AND GOOD LUCK.

GOOD-BYE CHIEF.

...ONE OF THE ORIGINAL GOOD GUYS.'

KENT'S TAKING SOME TIME OFF, CONCENTRATING ON HIS SERIES ON INTERGANG.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL GET ANOTHER CHANCE AT WRITING, KID.

GOSH. THAT'S GREAT, BUT I COULDN'T HOPE TO FILL MR KENT'S SHOES.

"I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO FILL HIS SHOES, OLSEN, JUST TO KEEP THEM WARM 'TIL HE'S BACK."

CRASH BOOM BAM!

PROFESSOR?

GLAD TO SEE THERE AREN'T ANY BONES BROKEN.

FIND IT?

I'M SORRY, BUT I NOW REALIZE IT WASN'T HERE AT ALL!

I SOLD IT TO S.T.A.R. LABS. VERY GENEROUS OFFER YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THEM BEING INTERESTED IN MY INVENTIONS!

THEY TREAT ME VERY WELL, THANK YOU. NOT AT ALL LIKE THAT SCOUNDREL LEX LUTHOR! WHY I REMEMBER...

WHO ARE YOU DEALING WITH AT S.T.A.R.? IS IT DR. KLYBURN?

IT'S IMPORTANT THAT I GET THAT PROTOTYPE.

DR KLYBURN ISN'T IN METROPOLIS ANYMORE. SHE'S AT THE NEW YORK BRANCH NOW.

WHY, I COULD WHIP YOU UP A DUPLICATE IN A DAY OR SO...

I STILL HAVE A COPY OF THE BLUEPRINT AROUND HERE-- SOMEWHERE.

NO! LOOK, WHO DID YOU SEND IT TO?

NEW GAL, VERY PLEASANT, REALLY. KITTY FAULKNER, I BELIEVE. I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND YOUR RUSH--

KITTY? GREAT! PROFESSOR, GRAB YOUR COAT...

WE'RE GOING TO PAY HER A VISIT.

I HONESTLY DON'T SEE WHY WE HAVE TO HURRY--WHY IN MY DAY, WE TOOK OUR TIME. NONE OF THIS "RUSH RUSH RUSH"

AT THIS PACE, I'M SURPRISED YOU DON'T HAVE AN ULCER!

BELIEVE ME, PROFESSOR, I WISH THAT WAS *ALL* I HAD TO WORRY ABOUT

WE'RE HERE TO SEE DR FAULKNER.

SORRY, BUT WE'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO KEEP ALL VISITORS OUT.

DOCTOR *DURWOOD* DOESN'T APPROVE OF *OUTSIDERS* BEING ALLOWED TO WANDER ABOUT!

UNLESS YOU HAVE *PROPER AUTHORIZATION*, THAT IS.

LOOK BEHIND YOU, SON.

SUPERMAN? OF COURSE YOU CAN COME IN!

LET ME SHOW YOU MY *NEW* OFFICE!

I'M GOING TO *REPORT* THIS, *KITTY*.

YOU'RE MUCH TOO *UPTIGHT*, SONNY... PERHAPS MORE *BRAIN* IN YOUR DIET?

KITTY, YOU KNOW PROFESSOR HAMILTON?

OF *COURSE*. WE'VE SPOKEN MANY TIMES

WHAT'S UP?

IT'S *VERY URGENT* THAT I RETRIEVE A *PROTOTYPE* THE PROFESSOR SENT TO YOU LAST WEEK.

YOU'RE IN LUCK, THEY'RE ALL STILL IN MY OFFICE.

SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH IT?

Dr. K. Faulkner
Research &

OH, *HEAVENS NO*! SUPERMAN NEEDS ONE OF THEM NOW, SO I'LL BUILD YOU A DUPLICATE OF IT.

IT'S AGAINST THE RULES, BUT YOU'VE HELPED US *ALL* AGAIN AND AGAIN, SO HOW CAN I REFUSE?

DR. DURWOOD WILL HAVE A *FIT* IF HE FINDS OUT, BUT I'LL COVER IT!

BESIDES, NEXT WEEK I'LL BE IN *ALBUQUERQUE* ON BUSINESS

I COULD *TALK* TO HIM...

WOULDN'T HELP. DURWOOD'S VEIN HERE, AND HE TENDS TO SIDE WITH MORGAN EDGE'S EDITORIALS AGAINST YOU!

THANKS AGAIN.

NO OFFENSE, BUT I'LL BE TAKING THE *SUBWAY* HOME, SUPERMAN...

"...ALL THAT WIND GIVES ME A HEADACHE."

JUST TODAY'S "PLANET," BUD.

344 CLINTON

TIME

FIFTY CENTS.

SPO

WHAT WAS THAT?

PLANET

TIME

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

SUPERMAN

TIME

SPEND ENOUGH TIME HERE, YOU GET USED TO THESE SUDDEN GUSTS.

TIME

MMMPH!

JIMMY BRO

I'LL NEVER HAVE HER. LO & WILL NEVER LOVE ME WHILE SUPERMAN IS STILL AROUND.

ADVANCED RESEARCH LABORATORY

I TRIED COMPETING WITH HIM BEFORE, AND GOT MYSELF FLATTENED, MY SPINE BROKEN. I'M NOT SUPERMAN!

AH, COME IN, JOSE!

HELLO, DOCTOR HAPPERSEN.

JOSE, TODAY, TO CELEBRATE YOUR LAST VISIT, WE'VE PLANNED A LITTLE SURPRISE.

SURPRISE? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

MY EMPLOYER WOULD LIKE YOU TO PUT THIS ON.

UH-UH! NO WAY! NOPE!

MY, MY. THAT'S HARDLY AN ATTITUDE I TOLERATE IN AN EMPLOYEE!

LEX LUTHOR?

WHACK!

I DON'T LIKE TO BE TOLD WHAT TO DO!

PICK IT UP!

I KNOW YOUR GAME, LUTHOR, AND I REFUSE TO BE YOUR STOOGE!

DOCTOR, PLEASE PROCEED.

CLIC CLAK CLIC

D-DAMN YOU L-LUTHOR!

NO...

DAMN YOU JOSE DELGADO! YOU SOLD YOUR SOUL TO ME FOR THE PRICE OF YOUR LEGS...

...FOR THE CHANCE TO WALK AGAIN!

PUT ON THE SUIT.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS OF MY TECHNOLOGY GIVES ME THE RIGHT TO DEMAND IT.

YOUR DUTIES SHALL BE TO ACT AS MY BODYGUARD.

N-NE-VER.

WRONG ANSWER I HAVE NEED OF A BODYGUARD WHO WILL INTIMIDATE MY ENEMIES

THERE REALLY IS NO CHOICE HERE, MR. DELGADO.

YOU'RE WORKING FOR ME.

THE GALAXY COMMUNICATIONS BUILDING IN MIDTOWN METROPOLIS.

ONE WAY

HOW MUCH?

SAY, AIN'TCHOO CATHERINE GRANT? YER ON TEEVEE, RIGHT?

FER YOU, 'AT'LL BE SIX-FIFTY!

NO TO PRESS

LET ME SEE HERE. I KNOW I HAD A TEN...

HERE, LADY, LET ME HELP YOU...

NO, NOT THE ENVELOPE!

OH, IT'S YOU.

SAY

I HAVE TO MAIL THAT...

MORGAN EDGE TO THE RESCUE! HERE, JOE, TAKE THE TEN, AND KEEP THE CHANGE!

NOW THAT YOU'RE A GALAXY EMPLOYEE, MS GRANT, YOU SHOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR MAILROOM...

...WON'T COST YOU A CENT

U.S. MAIL

I'LL REMEMBER THAT, MORGAN

SO, WHAT'S THE WORD ON THIS WEEKEND? I WANT TO SEE MY COUNTRY ESTATE?

I CAN'T GET A BABY-SITTER FOR MY SON ADAM.

THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM. BRING HIM ALONG. CITY KIDS SHOULD GET THE CHANCE TO EXPERIENCE THE COUNTRY!

MORGAN, I DON'T KNOW-- I DON'T WANT TO CONFUSE HIM...

...HE'S KNOWN TOO MANY "UNCLES" IN HIS LIFE ALREADY.

GALAXY

GALAXY

NONSENSE! BRING HIM ALONG. I WON'T TAKE "NO" FOR AN ANSWER.

NOW GO KNOCK 'EM DEAD-- I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

CAT! YOU'D BETTER HURRY! THERE'S ONLY TEN MINUTES 'TIL AIR-TIME!

HOLLYWOOD TONIGHT

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. EDGE!

HOW DID LUNCH WITH YOUR FATHER GO?

HORRIBLE, MISS CONWAY. THE RESTAURANT SHOULD BE--

HAVE THAT PIG, STEVE LOMBARD, DO A "DINING OUT" REVIEW OF THEM FOR HOLLYWOOD TONIGHT.

A NEGATIVE REVIEW, MISS CONWAY!

AND I DO NOT WISH TO BE DISTURBED FOR THE REST OF THE DAY. IS THAT CLEAR?

"YES, MR. EDGE."

GOOD, YOU'RE THERE. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT DAMAGE GALAXY SUFFERED DURING THIS RECENT ATTACK ON THE CITY.*

DID OUR "CONNECTION" TO APOKOLIPS INSURE OUR HOLDINGS?

WE CAME AWAY VIRTUALLY UNSCATHED. WE SHOULD ACTUALLY SHOW A PROFIT DUE TO OUR DIVERSIFICATION INTO THE CONSTRUCTION INDUSTRIES.

SO, WE WIND UP RE-BUILDING METROPOLIS? WE SHOULD BID ON THE CONTRACT TO REPAIR THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING!

WOULDN'T THAT BE A NICE BIT OF IRONY?! I TELL YOU, MANNHEIM...

* IN SUPERMAN #26

"...IT PAYS TO HAVE FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES!"

IT MAKES ME *SICK* TO SEE ALL THE DESTRUCTION THE *THANAGARIANS* DID TO THIS CITY...

I *SHOULD* HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PREVENT IT.

I *FAILED* THEM...

BUT I GUESS IN TIME, ALL OF THIS WILL SIMPLY BE DISTANT MEMORIES TO THEM... ONCE EVERYTHING IS REBUILT.

KIRBY SALVAGE

IS *MY* LIFE MUCH DIFFERENT FROM THAT? CAN MY PROBLEMS BE SOLVED THAT EASILY? CAN I EVER LEARN TO *FORGIVE* MYSELF?

IF *THEY KNEW*--WHAT I'VE DONE--COULD THEY *FORGIVE*? COULD THEY EVER *FORGET*?

HOW COULD THEY *TRUST* ME? I CAN'T EVEN TRUST *MYSELF!*

DEEP DOWN, THE NOTION THAT *I* WAS GANGBUSTER MAKES SENSE... IN A BIZARRE WAY

THE THOUGHT OF SOMEONE AS *POWERFUL* AS I AM *SLEEP-WALKING* THROUGH THE CITY, OUT OF CONTROL, *SCARES ME.*

I DON'T RECALL READING OF GANGBUSTER ACTUALLY *KILLING* ANYBODY, BUT HIS--*MY* STRONG-ARM TACTICS *MUST* HAVE PUT PEOPLE IN THE *HOSPITAL!*

I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN WITH GREAT POWER COMES GREAT RESPONSIBILITY...

...BUT WHEN THE POPULATION THAT I'VE SWORN TO PROTECT BECOMES ENDANGERED BY *MY* PRESENCE...

...THEN I'M LEFT WITH NO CHOICE BUT TO *ISOLATE* MYSELF FROM THEM

BEING IN THE SHAPE I'M IN, THEY'RE BETTER OFF *WITHOUT* ME.

I *HAVEN'T* SLEPT WELL SINCE I RETURNED FROM THAT *ALTERNATE WORLD*...

...MY *ACTIONS* SEEMED SO CLEAR WHILE I WAS *THERE*... I HAD TO *EXECUTE* THE THREE *PHANTOM ZONE* CRIMINALS...*

...BUT AWAY FROM THE *HEAT* OF THAT MOMENT... IT ALL GETS *SO MUDDLED.*

*IN SUPERMAN #22

I HAVEN'T BEEN MUCH GOOD TO ANYBODY, ESPECIALLY MYSELF, SINCE THEN.

MY TWO ENCOUNTERS WITH *BRAINIAC* ONLY SEEMED TO *WORSEN* MY SITUATION--COULD HE HAVE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH MY BECOMING GANGBUSTER?

"N ADVENTURES" #445 & SUPERMAN B #5

GUESS I'LL *NEVER* KNOW, SINCE AS FAR AS I CAN REMEMBER, BRAINIAC 16 DEAD.

I *CAN'T* ALWAYS LOOK FOR AN OUTSIDE SOURCE FOR MY TROUBLES. SOME THINGS START *FROM WITHIN.*

EVERYTHING POINTS TO MY TRANSGRESSION ON THAT OTHER WORLD...

...I LOST CONTROL THERE, AND I'VE BEEN DOING THE SAME *HERE.*

GANGBUSTER, OR SOMETHING EVEN *WORSE* COULD POP UP THE NEXT TIME SOME CROOK SLIPS THROUGH A LEGAL LOOPHOLE...

I *JUST CAN'T* TAKE THAT CHANCE.

ONE THING I LEARNED ON THE FARM IS, WHEN A DOG TASTES *BLOOD*, AND TURNS ON THE OTHER ANIMALS, HE HAS TO BE *DESTROYED.*

MY ONLY SOLUTION IS TO REMOVE MYSELF FROM THE MIX HERE--MAYBE *FOREVER!*

I HAVE TO LEAVE BEHIND EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING I HOLD DEAR.

"NOW, YOU JUST HOLD THAT GROUND STEADY, GIRL, AND WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT."

THAT'S GOOD. WE'LL HAVE THIS ROOF PATCHED UP IN NO TIME AT ALL.

S'MAN!

WHAT?!?

OH NO!

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU TOO PA!

WELL, I'LL BE?

ARE YOU EVER A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

MA-TRIX IS SORRY TO HURT YOU JON-A-THAN

MATRIX?!?

NOW, NOW, HONEY. IT'S ALL RIGHT. SEE, I'M OKAY!

SHE STARTED CALLING HERSELF THAT A WHILE BACK, AND I GUESS IT KIND OF STUCK.

CLARK!

I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE COME HOME!

S'MAN TAKE MA-TRIX HOME?

HEY, MA! LOOK WHAT JUST FELL OUT OF THE SKY!

MOM, I HAD TO SEE YOU AND PA.

OH, CLARK! HOW'VE YOU BEEN? WE WERE WORRIED--LANA TOO, WHEN WE DIDN'T HEAR FROM YOU DURING ALL OF THIS *INVASION* BUSINESS!

HAVE YOU LOST WEIGHT? I'LL BET YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SLEEPING RIGHT EITHER.

MAAAAAA...

WHAT I CAME TO SAY IS VERY DIFFICULT FOR ME...

I CAME TO SAY GOOD-BYE.

CLARK, WHAT ON EARTH--

MA, LET ME FINISH.

SOME THINGS HAVE HAPPENED TO ME. I'VE LOST CONTROL, BECOME *DANGEROUS* TO THOSE AROUND ME.

YOU'RE AT RISK RIGHT NOW WITH ME BEING HERE... BUT I HAD TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO YOU.

I LOVE YOU MA... PA.

FORGET THIS *RISK* BUSINESS! TELL US WHAT'S GOING ON--LET US HELP YOU.

IT HAS TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED ON MATRIX'S WORLD, DOESN'T IT?

SHE REMEMBERS *BITS* AND *PIECES* OF WHAT WENT ON. USUALLY AFTER A PARTICULARLY BAD NIGHTMARE.

THE POOR GIRL HAS RELATED SOME PRETTY HORRIBLE MEMORIES, CLARK.

HER WORLD WAS DEVASTATED BY *THREE SUPER-POWERFUL BEINGS*. EVERY LIVING CREATURE--SNUFFED OUT IN A COLD-BLOODED FASHION.

I *CAUGHT* THEM...

...THEN I *KILLED* THEM.

SURELY IT WAS IN SELF-DEFENSE?

I WAS THE *JUDGE, JURY* AND *EXECUTIONER*.

NOTHING'S THAT "CUT AND DRIED."

I WAS IN THE MILITARY, SON. IN PEACETIME, IT'S EASY TO FORGET WHAT WAR'S ALL ABOUT--PEOPLE KILLING PEOPLE.

AS AWFUL AS IT SOUNDS, WHEN YOU'RE IN A SPOT WHERE IT'S *HIM OR YOU*...

"...YOU SURE AS HECK DON'T WANT IT TO BE *YOU* WHO GETS KILLED."

I LET MY THIRST FOR VENGEANCE TAKE CONTROL. I *SHOULD* HAVE FOUND AN *ALTERNATIVE* TO KILLING.

I'M *SUPERMAN.*

YOU'RE A *MAN.* MEN AREN'T *PERFECT.*

IF I *COULD* HAVE FOUND A WAY TO RETURN THEM TO THEIR "*PHANTOM ZONE*" PRISON...

AND WHAT IF THEY GOT FREE AND FOLLOWED YOU TO EARTH? MAYBE WE WOULDN'T BE STANDING HERE RIGHT NOW--MAYBE WE'D ALL BE *DEAD!*

DO YOU THINK A POLICEMAN WHO KILLS IN THE LINE OF DUTY DOESN'T GO THROUGH THE SAME SELF-DOUBTS AS YOU?

WE RAISED YOU WITH A STRONG SENSE OF *RIGHT* AND *WRONG*, CLARK.

MA AND I BELIEVE YOU DID WHAT YOU *HAD TO DO* IN THAT HORRIBLE PLACE...

IT'S TIME TO PUT THESE DEMONS TO REST.

THAT WAS JUST THE START OF IT, PA--THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG...

ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE COSTUMED VIGILANTE KNOWN AS GANGBUSTER?

YOUR MA HAS CLIPPED OUT STORIES ON HIM THAT APPEARED IN THE "PLANET"

NEAR AS I CAN TELL, HE'S ANOTHER ONE LIKE THE BATMAN!

YES. SO VIOLENT! I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU ALLOWED HIM TO RUN AROUND METROPOLIS LIKE HE OWNED IT!

WITH EACH APPEARANCE, HE SEEMED TO GET MORE BRAZEN!

I COULDN'T STOP HIM MA...

...THAT WAS ME!

YOU? NOW, WHY WOULD YOU GO DRESSED AS SOMEONE ELSE? IT MAKES NO SENSE.

I WASN'T AWARE OF WHAT I WAS DOING!

DO YOU UNDERSTAND NOW WHY I HAVE TO GET AWAY?

SO IT'S NOT LIKE WHEN YOU BECOME SUPERMAN, THEN?

NO, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN THE NEXT TIME I BLACK OUT, OR EVEN FALL ASLEEP!

WHO KNOWS WHAT MONSTER WILL EMERGE? IT COULD BE GANGBUSTER OR SOMEONE EVEN WORSE!

THAT'S A "WHAT IF?" SCENARIO I CANNOT RISK.

NOK NOK

HELLO, ALL! LANA LANG TO RESCUE YOU FROM YOUR DOLDRUMS!

YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE BARGAIN I GOT DOWN AT SIEGEL'S DRUGSTO--

MY GOD, CLARK! YOU'RE HOME!

BUT SOON...

...YOU'RE LEAVING EARTH!

HOW WILL YOU SURVIVE IN SPACE?

I'LL MANAGE WITH THIS BREATHING APPARATUS A FRIEND GAVE ME.

THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED YOU TO DO FOR ME...

PLEASE SEND THESE ENVELOPES TO THE *PLANET* FOR ME, TWO PER WEEK. THEY'RE ALREADY ADDRESSED.

IT'S A VERY IMPORTANT STORY I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON.

PERSONAL

PLANET

MA--MA--IT'S TIME...

YOU JUST TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF, AND EVERYTHING'LL TURN OUT OKAY.

MA--I LOVE YOU SO MUCH...

...I PROMISE I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I--

YOU MAKE SURE YOU WEAR THIS CAPE--YOUR COSTUME--PROUDLY WHEREVER YOU GO...

...AND REMEMBER THAT WE'LL ALWAYS BE *PROUD* OF YOU.

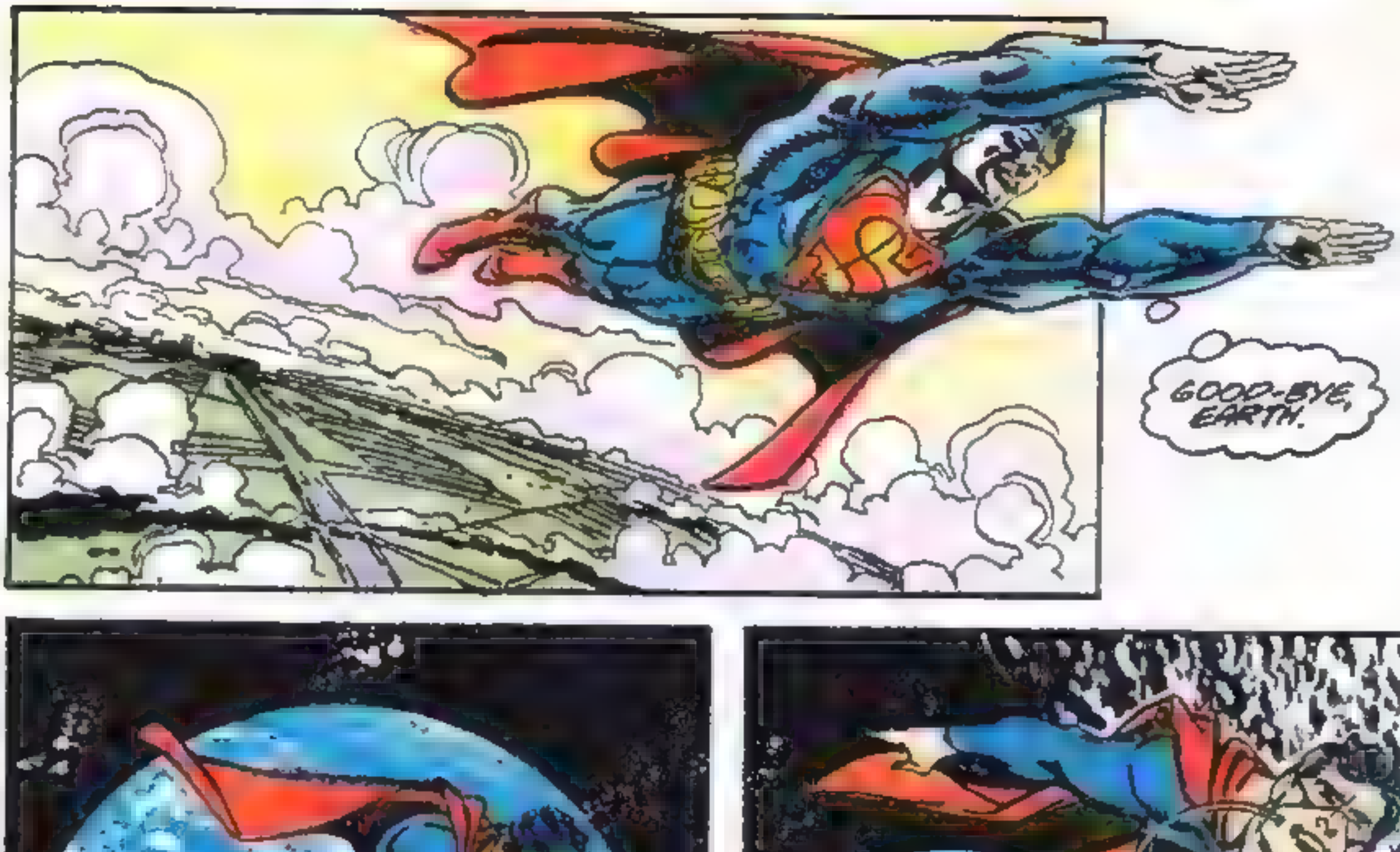
LANA--IT SEEMS LIKE I'M ALWAYS SAYING GOOD-BYE TO YOU...

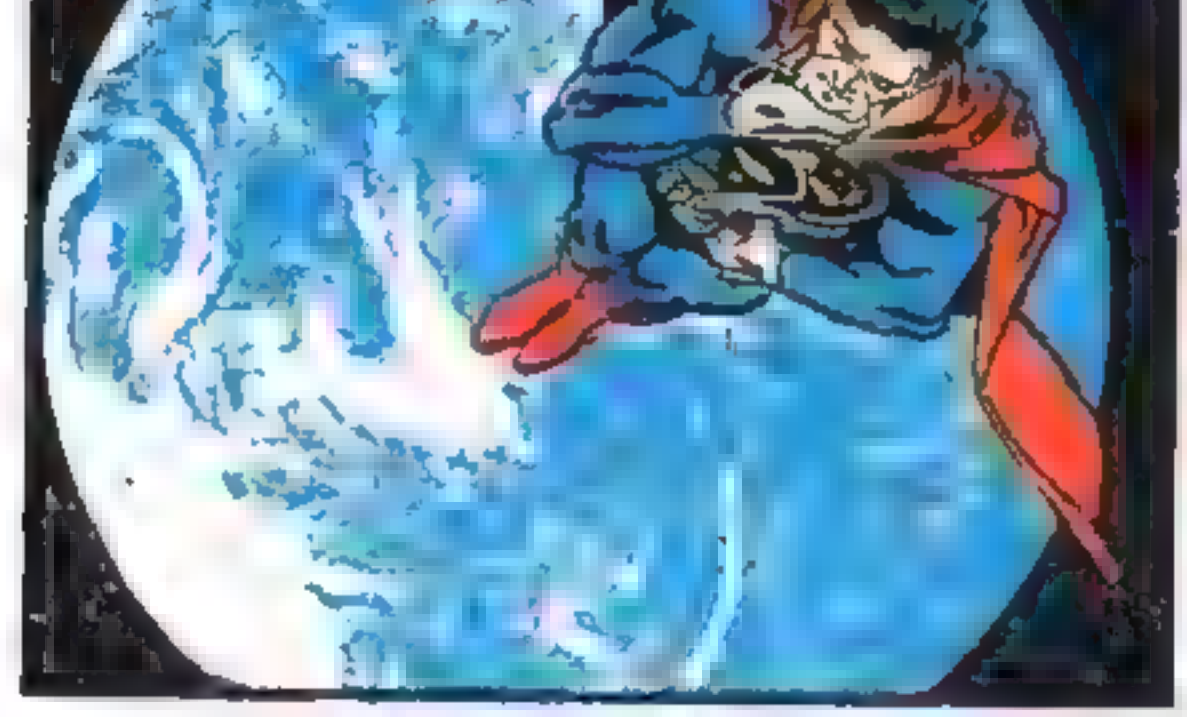
THEN JUST KISS ME, CLARK.

NO, MATRIX--STAY WITH THEM, *PROTECT* THEM...

...LOVE THEM.

GOOD-BYE, SMALLVILLE...





THIS, THE FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ISSUE OF SUPERMAN IS DEDICATED TO JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER, WHOSE BRAINCHILD IS STILL GOING STRONG AFTER FIFTY YEARS OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION.

NEXT:

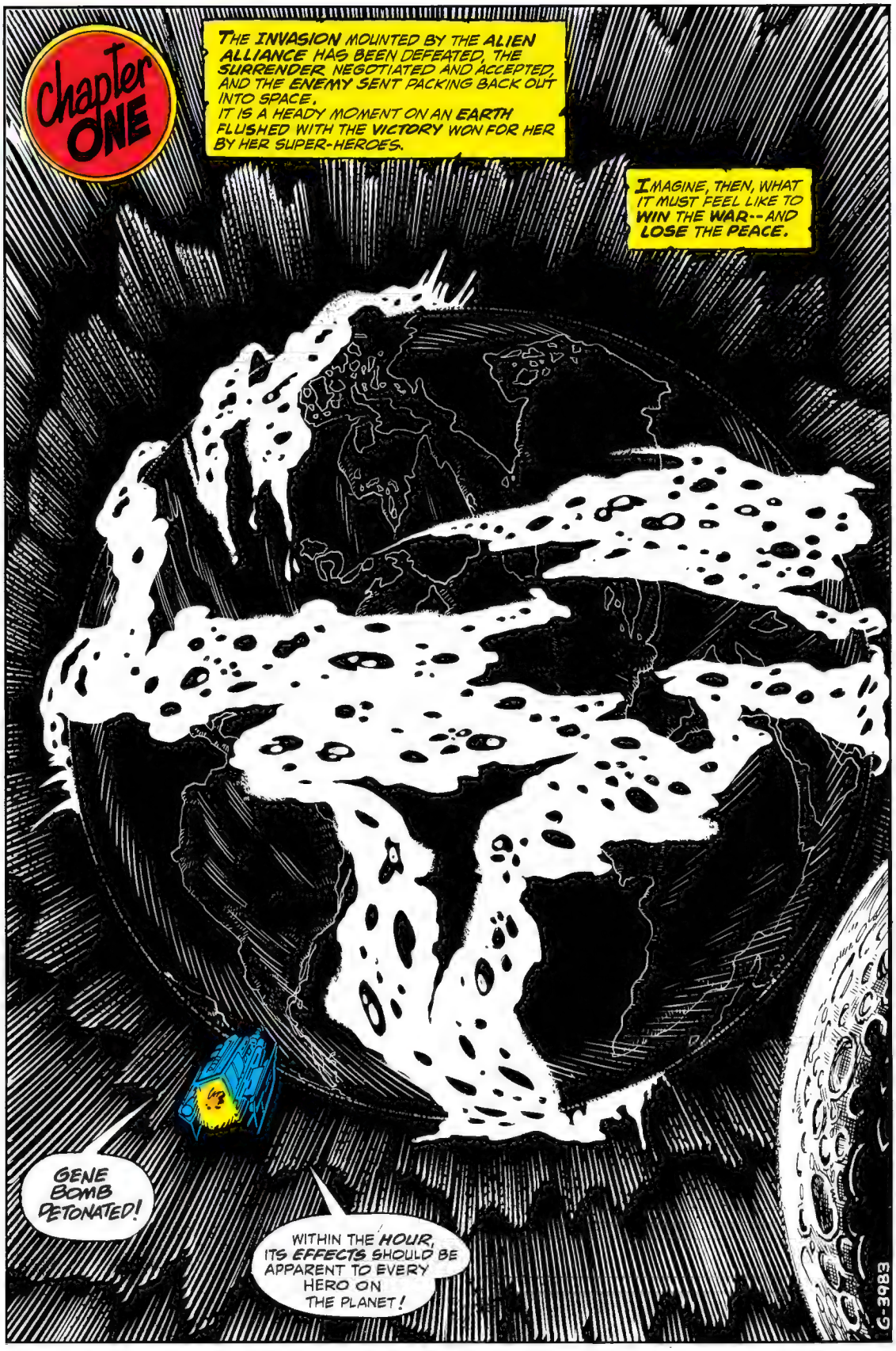
READ INVASION #3

WORLD WITHOUT HEROES

THEN SUPERMAN #28

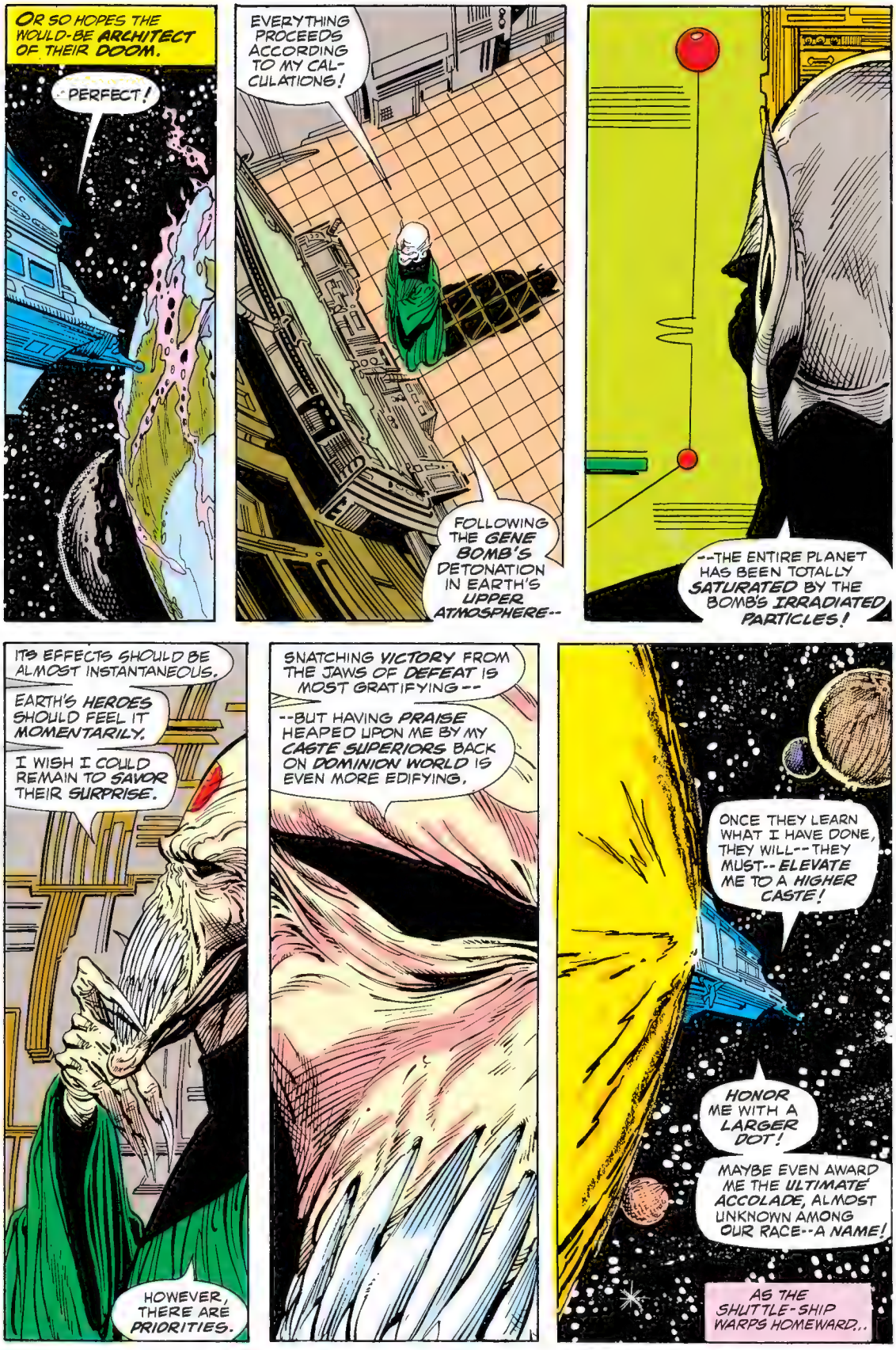
"SUPERMAN IN EXILE"

AND THEN COME BACK HERE FOR ADVENTURES #451


Chapter ONE
THE INVASION MOUNTED BY THE ALIEN ALLIANCE HAS BEEN DEFEATED, THE SURRENDER NEGOTIATED AND ACCEPTED, AND THE ENEMY SENT PACKING BACK OUT INTO SPACE.
IT IS A HEADY MOMENT ON AN EARTH FLUSHED WITH THE VICTORY WON FOR HER BY HER SUPER-HEROES.
IMAGINE, THEN, WHAT IT MUST FEEL LIKE TO WIN THE WAR--AND LOSE THE PEACE.
GENE BOMB DETONATED!
WITHIN THE HOUR, ITS EFFECTS SHOULD BE APPARENT TO EVERY HERO ON THE PLANET!
G-3983

NOW WHAT?!
MOSCOW.
SOME NEW ATTACK, J'ONN?
I DO NOT KNOW, BEETLE!
THE SOUTH PACIFIC.
CUBA.
FLASH...?
I'M AS MUCH IN THE DARK AS YOU ARE, PAL!
DEAR LORD, PLEASE NOT AGAIN!
NEW YORK.
GOTHAM.
B-BATMAN, SAVE US!!!
FROM WHAT??

THE EDGE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO EARTH?
I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE LOOKED BACK.
DULUTH.
OH, NO! NO! NOT AGAIN!
LOUISIANA.
TREACHEROUS SONS OF...!
KANSAS CITY.
WHAT'S HAPPENING--? IT'S LIKE THE SKY'S TURNING INSIDE OUT--!
GEEZ, CAN'T WE EVEN BURY OUR DEAD IN PEACE?
CENTRAL FLORIDA.
FIRST I'M FLYING HOME ...THEN I'M FALLING OUT OF THE SKY!
LUCKY THIS DOLPHIN TANK BROKE MY FALL --BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT ISN'T THE END OF IT...
A FEELING THAT WILL BE WELL CONFIRMED...IN DUE TIME...

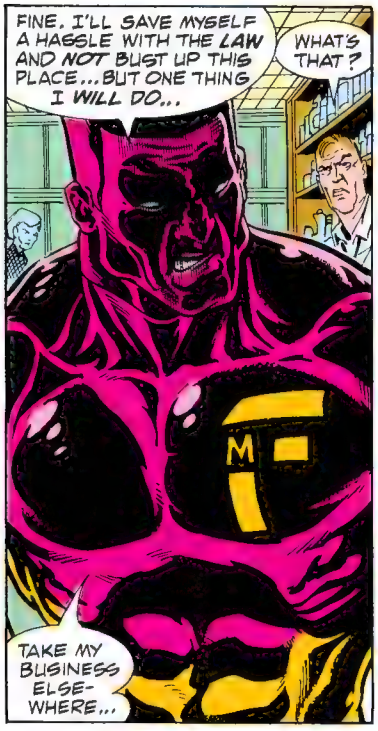

OR SO HOPES THE WOULD-BE ARCHITECT OF THEIR DOOM.
PERFECT!
EVERYTHING PROCEEDS ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS!
FOLLOWING THE GENE BOMB'S DETONATION IN EARTH'S UPPER ATMOSPHERE--
--THE ENTIRE PLANET HAS BEEN TOTALLY SATURATED BY THE BOMB'S IRRADIATED PARTICLES!
ITS EFFECTS SHOULD BE ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS.
EARTH'S HEROES SHOULD FEEL IT MOMENTARILY.
I WISH I COULD REMAIN TO SAVOR THEIR SURPRISE.
HOWEVER, THERE ARE PRIORITIES.
SNATCHING VICTORY FROM THE JAWS OF DEFEAT IS MOST GRATIFYING--
--BUT HAVING PRAISE HEAPED UPON ME BY MY CASTE SUPERIORS BACK ON DOMINION WORLD IS EVEN MORE EDIFYING.
ONCE THEY LEARN WHAT I HAVE DONE, THEY WILL--THEY MUST--ELEVATE ME TO A HIGHER CASTE!
HONOR ME WITH A LARGER DOT!
MAYBE EVEN AWARD ME THE ULTIMATE ACCOLADE, ALMOST UNKNOWN AMONG OUR RACE--A NAME!
AS THE SHUTTLE-SHIP WARPS HOMEWARD...

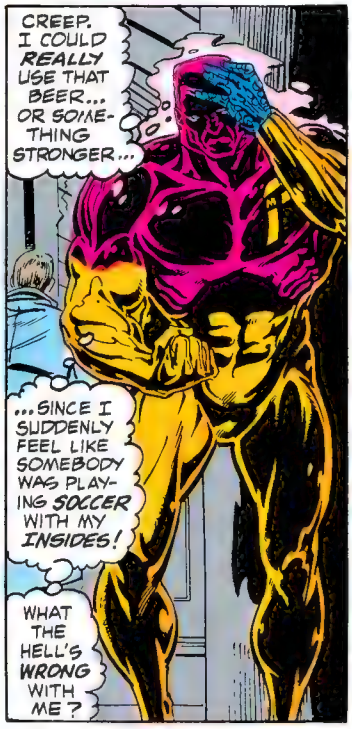
...THE RESULTS THE DOMINION RESEARCHER PREDICTED BEGIN TO MANIFEST THEMSELVES.
AL'S BAR
BARKEEP--I SAID I WANT A LITE!
DRAFT BEER -.90¢
MANIFESTATION NUMBER ONE: MANHATTAN.

AND I ALREADY TOLD YOU, PAL--BAR AIN'T OPEN YET!
YOU WANT COFFEE, FINE!
BUT NO BOOZE 'TIL NOON.
GOT IT?

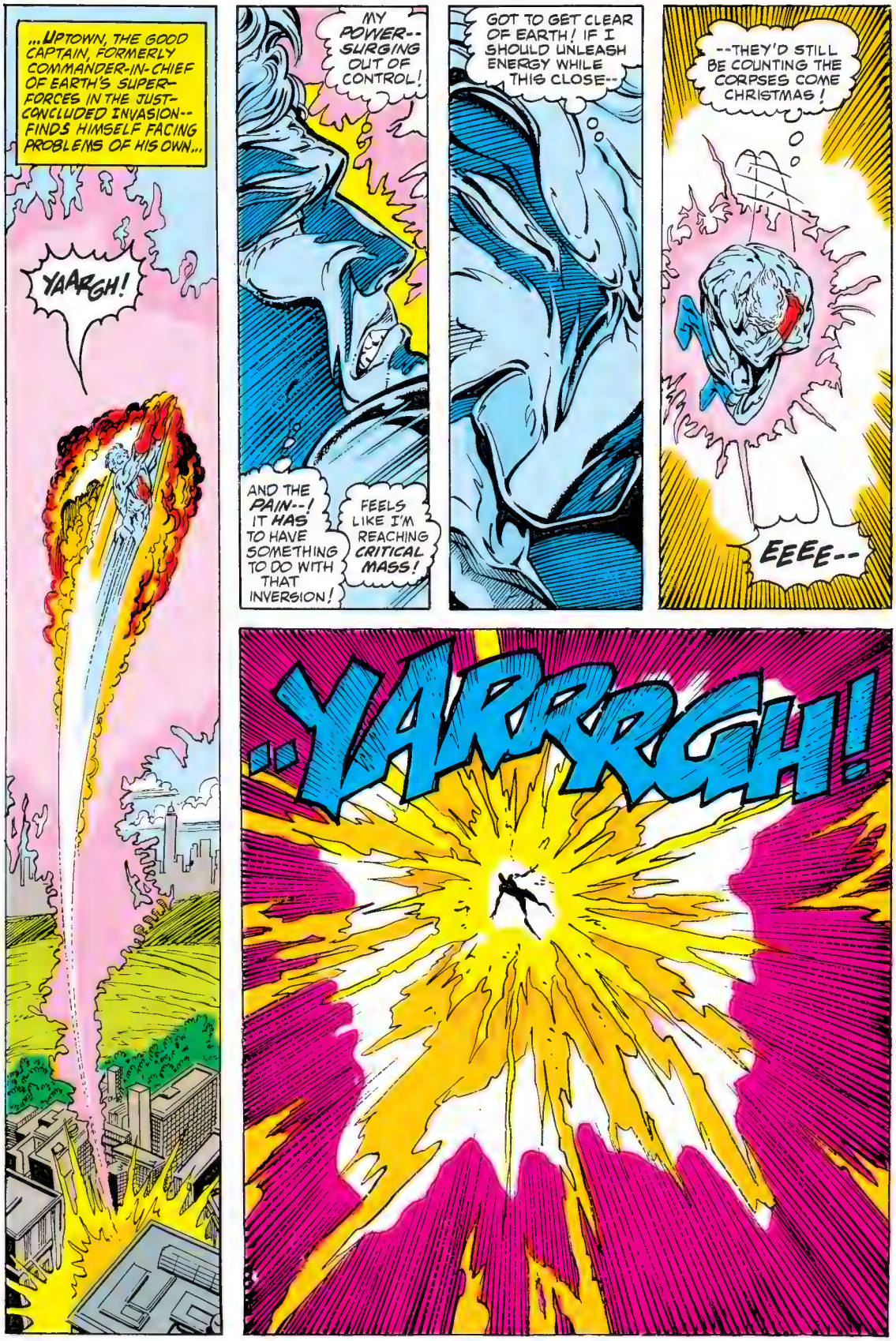
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO?

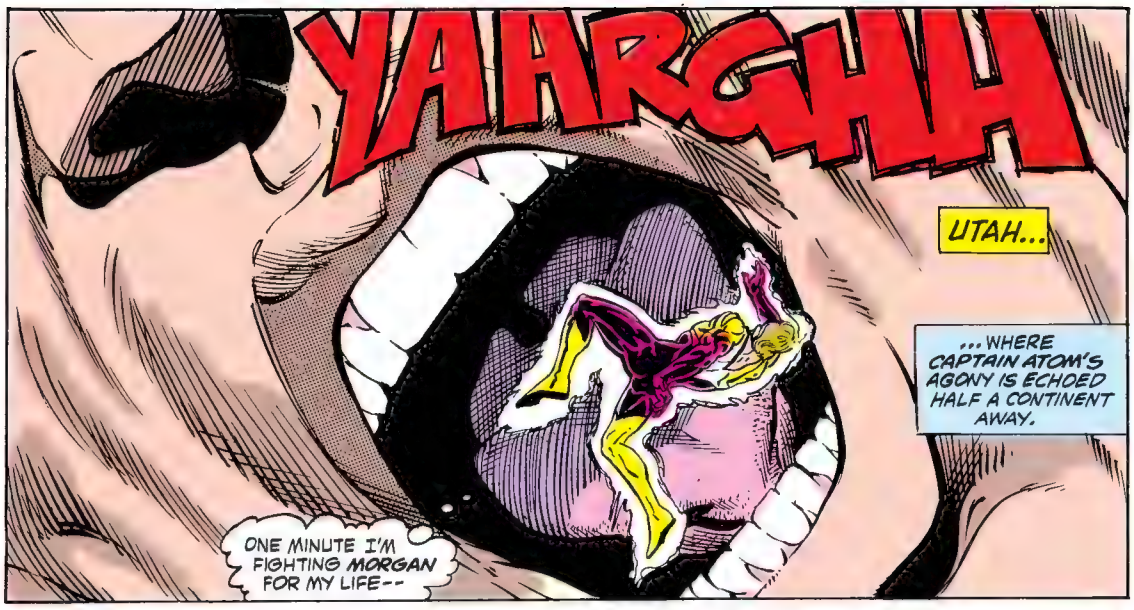
LISSEN, PAL--I WOULDN'T CARE IF YOU WERE SUPERMAN, AND I KNOW YOU AIN'T HIM.
HE AIN'T NO LUSH...

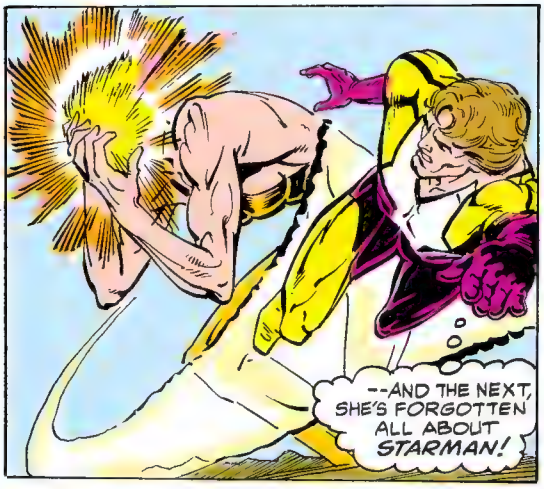

FINE. I'LL SAVE MYSELF A HASSLE WITH THE LAW AND NOT BUST UP THIS PLACE...BUT ONE THING I WILL DO...
WHAT'S THAT?
TAKE MY BUSINESS ELSE-WHERE...

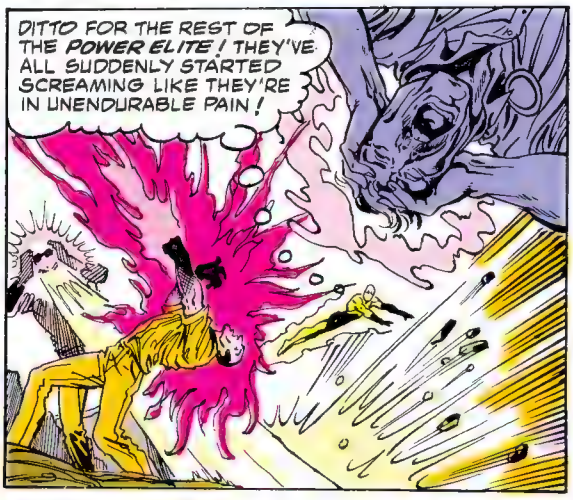

CREEP. I COULD REALLY USE THAT BEER... OR SOME-THING STRONGER...
...SINCE I SUDDENLY FEEL LIKE SOMEBODY WAS PLAY-ING SOCCER WITH MY INSIDES!
WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WITH ME?

I'M MAJOR FORCE! I DON'T GET--
--SICK?
WHILE SOMETHING STRANGE STARTS TO HAPPEN TO CAPTAIN ATOM'S NEMESIS DOWNTOWN...

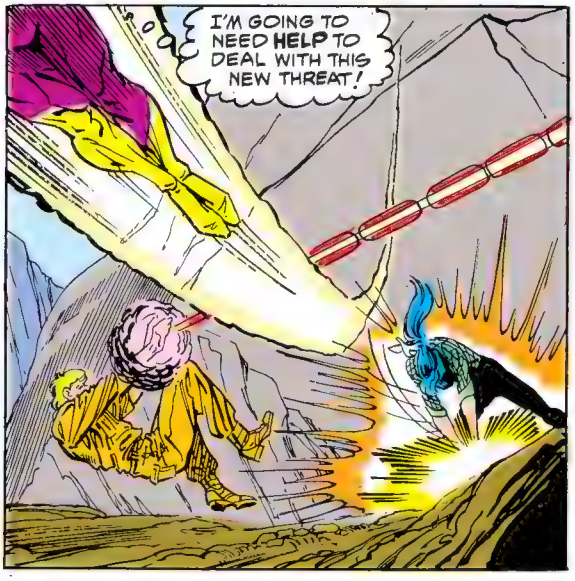

...UPTOWN, THE GOOD CAPTAIN, FORMERLY COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF EARTH'S SUPER-FORCES IN THE JUST-CONCLUDED INVASION-- FINDS HIMSELF FACING PROBLEMS OF HIS OWN...
YAARGH!
MY POWER-- SURGING OUT OF CONTROL!
AND THE PAIN--! IT HAS TO HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT INVERSION!
FEELS LIKE I'M REACHING CRITICAL MASS!
GOT TO GET CLEAR OF EARTH! IF I SHOULD UNLEASH ENERGY WHILE THIS CLOSE--
--THEY'D STILL BE COUNTING THE CORPSES COME CHRISTMAS!
EEEE--
YARRRGH!!

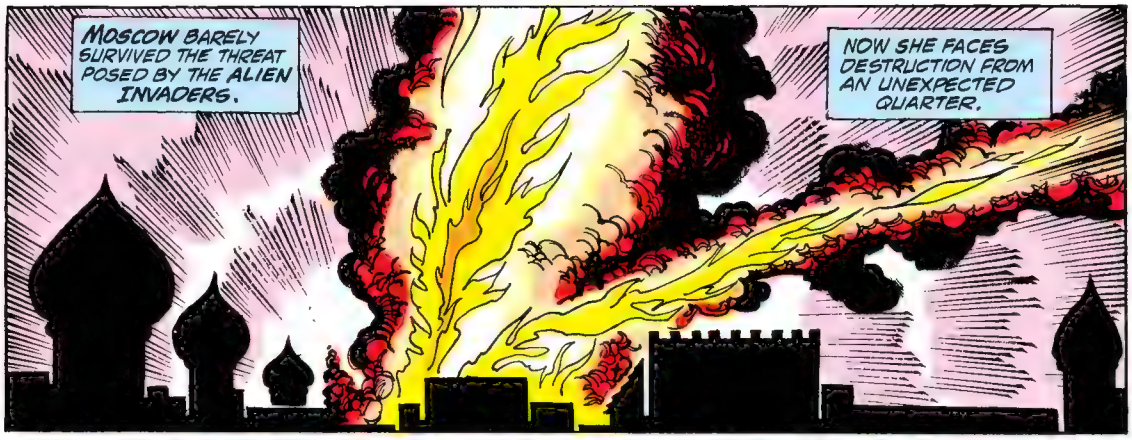

YAARGHH
UTAH...
...WHERE CAPTAIN ATOM'S AGONY IS ECHOED HALF A CONTINENT AWAY.
ONE MINUTE I'M FIGHTING MORGAN FOR MY LIFE--

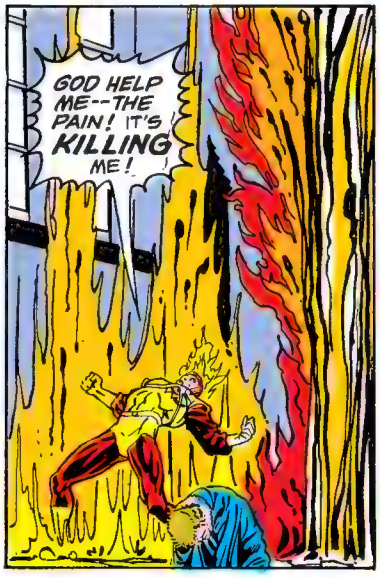

--AND THE NEXT, SHE'S FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT STARMAN!


DITTO FOR THE REST OF THE POWER ELITE! THEY'VE ALL SUDDENLY STARTED SCREAMING LIKE THEY'RE IN UNENDURABLE PAIN!

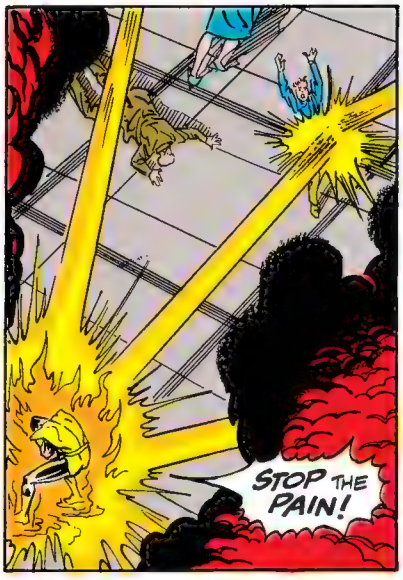
NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, BUT...
THEY WERE ALMOST TOO MUCH FOR ME TO HANDLE BEFORE, AND NOW THEIR POWERS SEEM TO BE INCREASING EVEN BEYOND THEIR CONTROL!

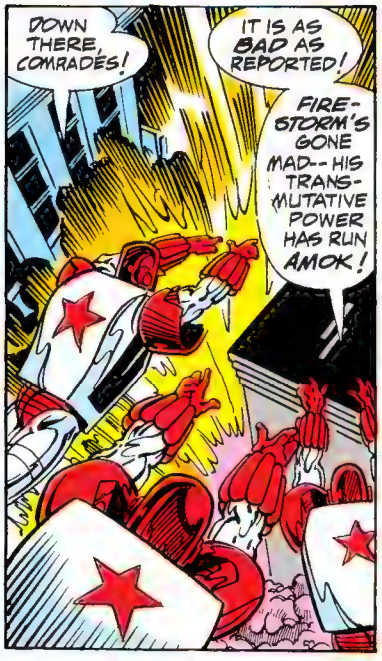

I'M GOING TO NEED HELP TO DEAL WITH THIS NEW THREAT!


MOSCOW BARELY SURVIVED THE THREAT POSED BY THE ALIEN INVADERS.
NOW SHE FACES DESTRUCTION FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.

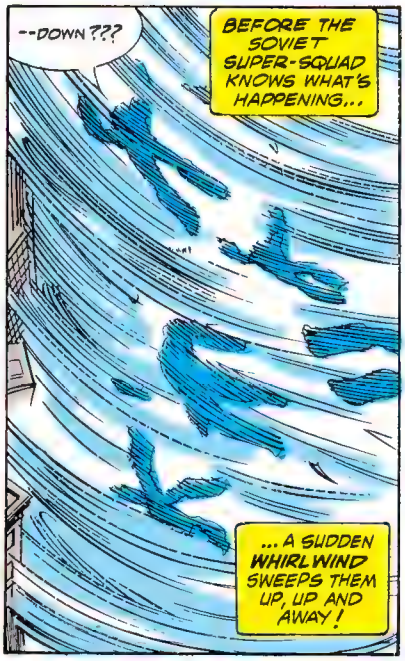

GOD HELP ME--THE PAIN! IT'S KILLING ME!

GOT TO SHED POWER!


STOP THE PAIN!


DOWN THERE, COMRADES!
IT IS AS BAD AS REPORTED!
FIRE-STORM'S GONE MAD--HIS TRANS-MUTATIVE POWER HAS RUN AMOK!

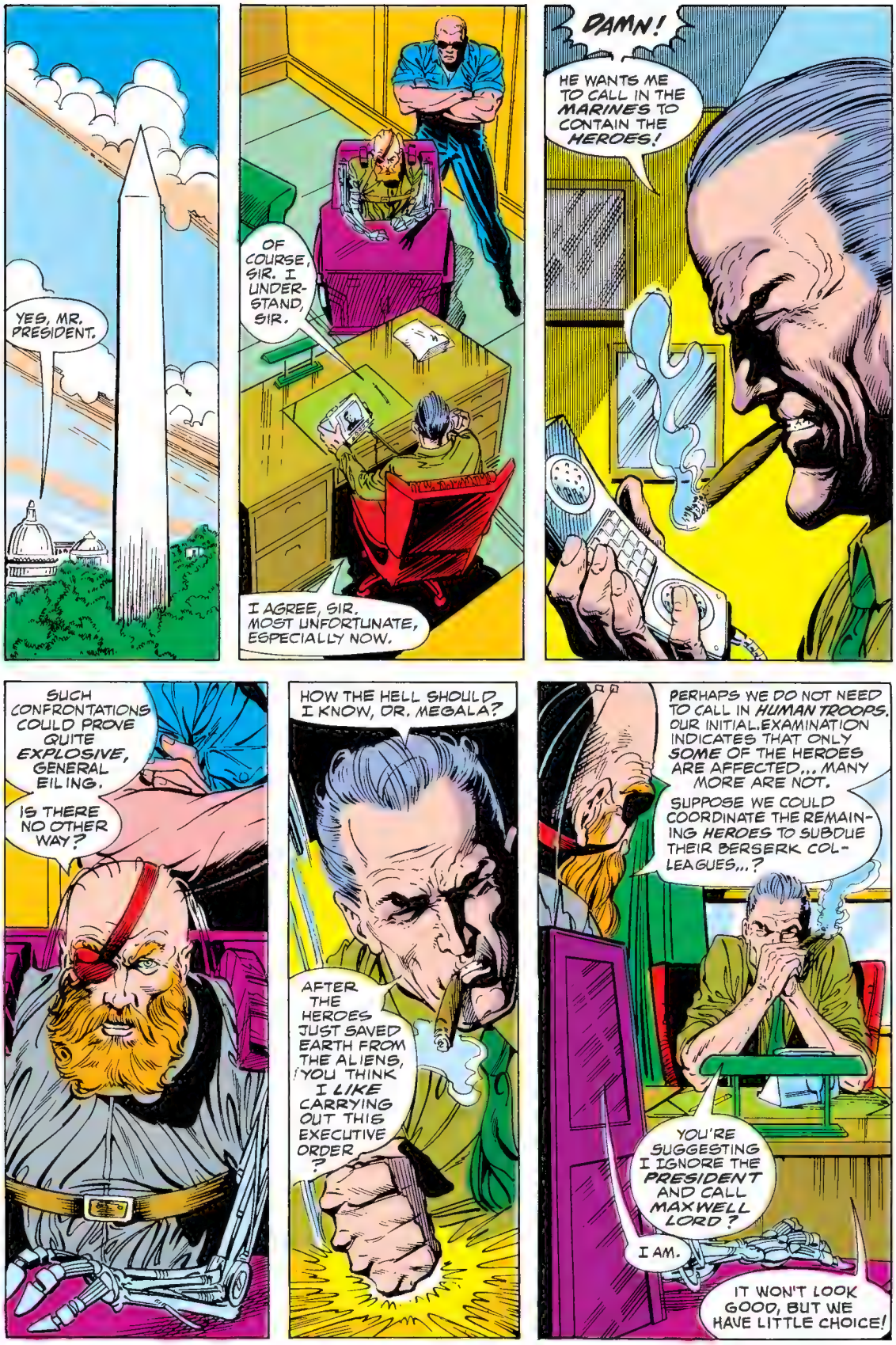
AND JUST WHEN WE THOUGHT WE MIGHT AT LAST FIND REST!
STRIKE FORMATION, ROCKET REDS! PREPARE TO FOLLOW ME--


--DOWN???
BEFORE THE SOVIET SUPER-SQUAD KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING...
... A SUDDEN WHIRLWIND SWEEPS THEM UP, UP AND AWAY!

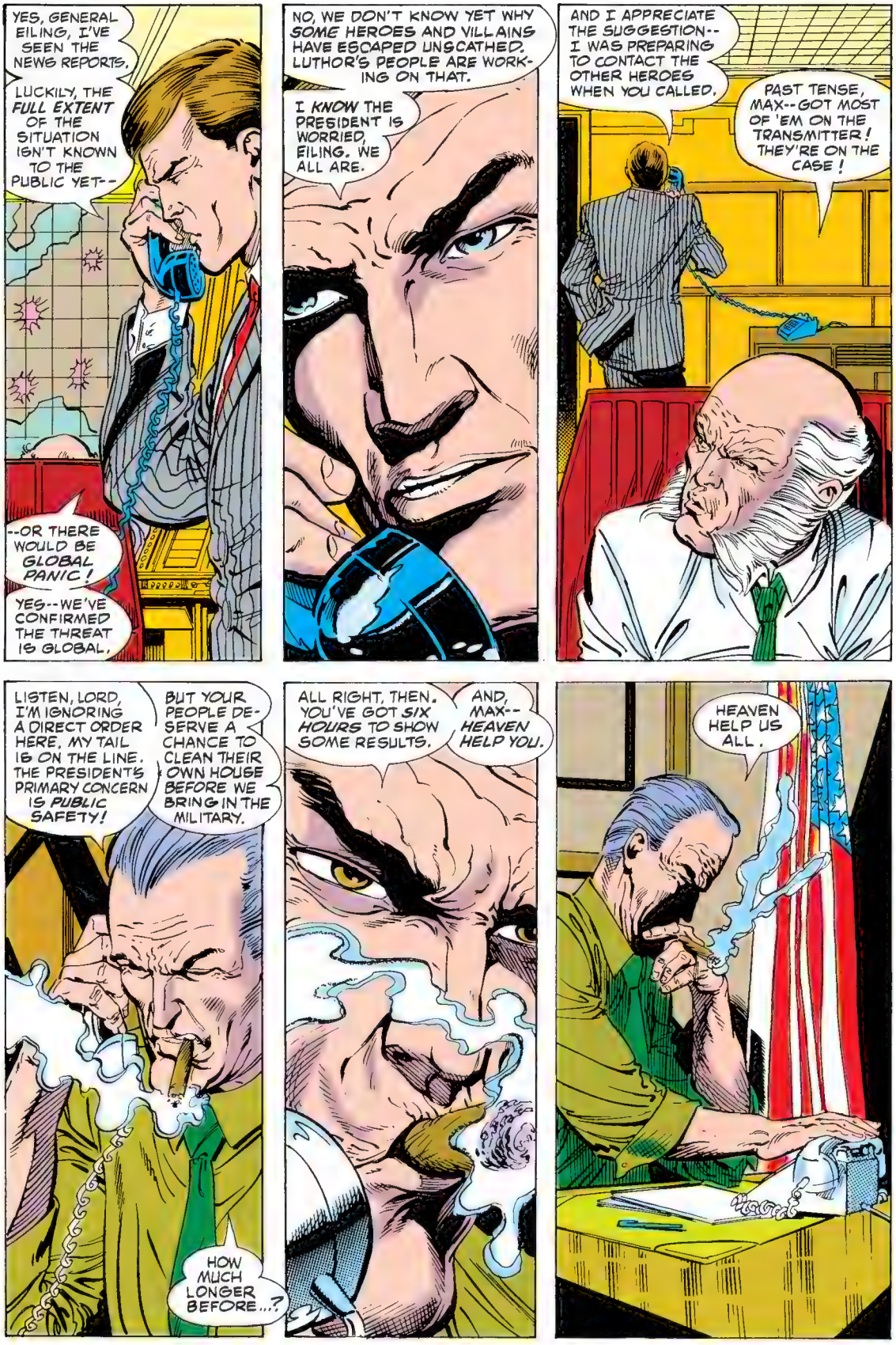
AND IN A KANSAG CEMETERY, A QUIET MOMENT OF REFLECTION FOR THE FALLEN LEADER SUDDENLY TURNS TO HAVOC FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE DOOM PATROL.
ARANI DESAI
TEMPEST!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!
IF THIS IS YOUR WAY OF PAYING YOUR FINAL RESPECTS, I GOTTA TELL YOU IT--
--STINKS?
CLIFF, H-HELP US!
OUR POWERS, THEY'RE--
--GOING CRAZY!
AND IT HURTS!
I CAN'T CONTROL IT!
WOW!
TEMPEST, LODESTONE AND SCOTT ARE TEARING AT THEMSELVES LIKE WOUNDED DOGS!
I GOTTA HELP 'EM--
--BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S WRONG!

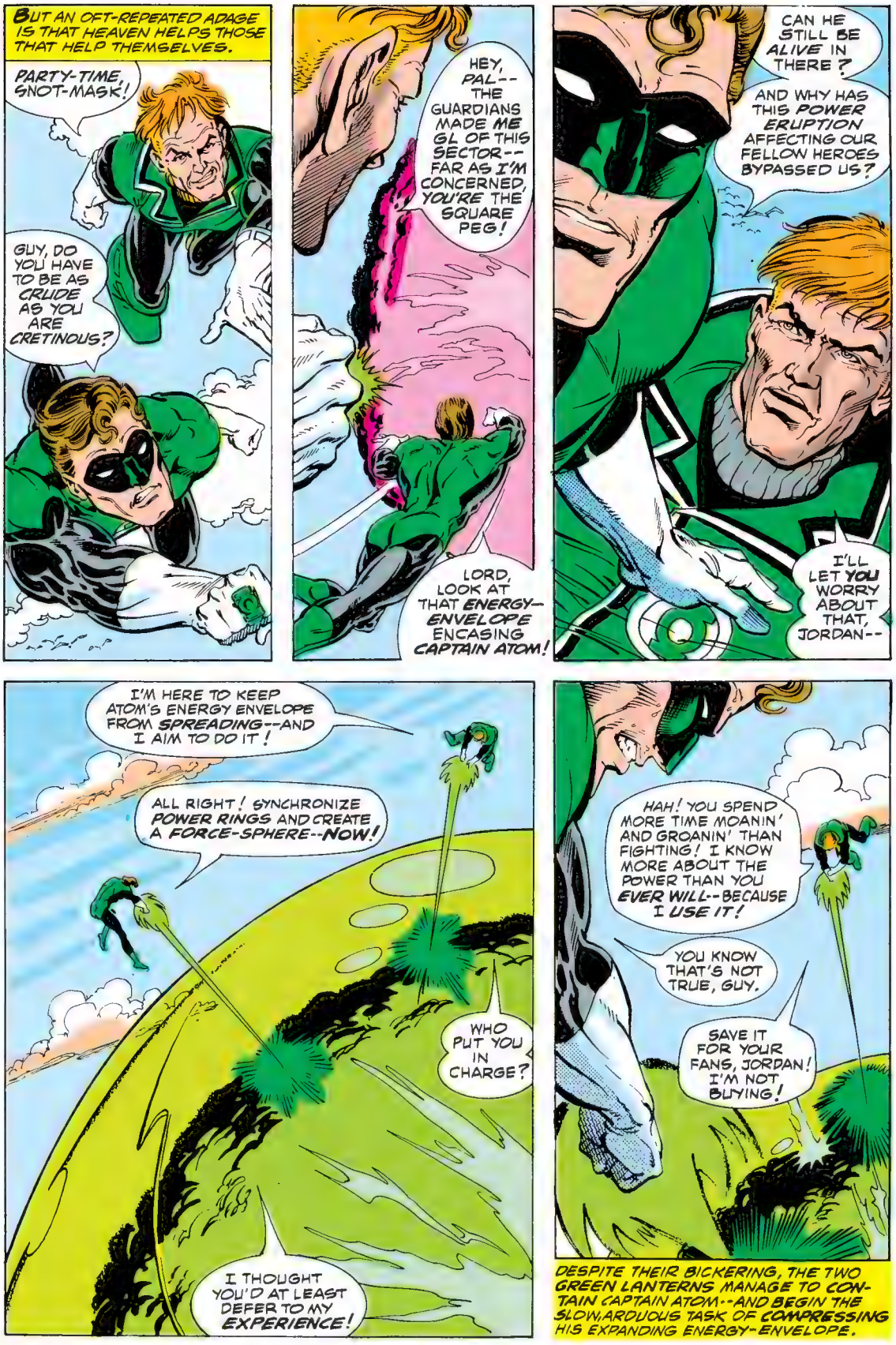
THE NEW YORK EMBASSY OF JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL...
WE HAVE A DEFINITE SITUATION HERE, MAX.
REPORTS ARE COMING IN FROM ALL OVER-- SUPER-HEROES ARE GOING BERSERK!
ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT ATMOSPHERIC INVER-SION, OBERON?
COMPUTERS ARE CHECKING. BUT WHAT IF IT IS? KNOWING THE CAUSE OF THE PROBLEM ISN'T THE SAME AS SOLVING IT!
NO... BUT IT'S A START!
WE'VE GOT TO MOVE QUICKLY ON THIS. SINCE THE INVASION, THE POPULARITY OF THE HEROES IS AT AN ALL-TIME HIGH!
IF THEY THEMSELVES SUDDENLY BECOME THE MENACE, IT'LL SHOOT MY PR PLANS FOR THEM ALL TO HELL!
PRECISELY, MR. LORD-- WHICH IS WHY I HAVE VOLUNTEERED MY SERVICES!
NO PRICE IS TOO GREAT TO REPAY OUR COURAGEOUS GUARDIANS!
THEREFORE, I PLACE ALL THE RESOURCES OF LEXCORP AT THE SERVICE OF THESE STRICKEN SUPER-SOLDIERS!
SAVE THE SERMON, LUTHOR!
I DON'T LIKE YOU. I DON'T TRUST YOU...
BUT YOU NEED ME.
YES. HOW SOON CAN YOU HAVE A SPECIALIZED MEDIPLEX READY?
TOMORROW, MR. LORD.
CAREFUL, MAX! KEEP ONE HAND ON YOUR SOUL WHEN YOU CUT A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL!

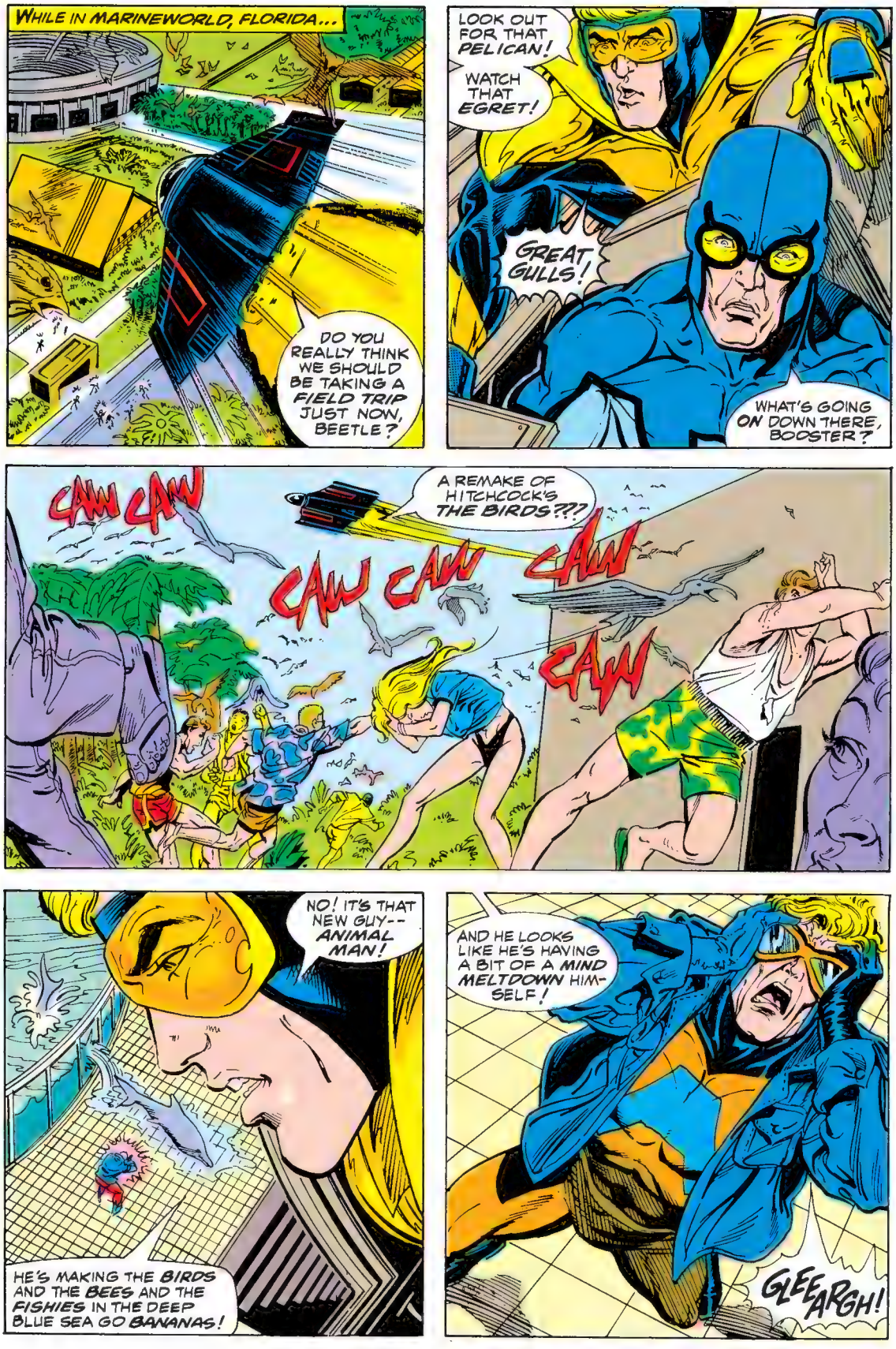
EVERYWHERE, IT IS THE SAME, THE META-HUMAN ABILITIES OF EARTH'S HEROES ARE INTENSIFIED WAY BEYOND EACH BEINGS ABILITY TO CONTROL THEM, BUT, ODDLY ENOUGH, IT ONLY AFFECTS SOME...
FLASH, WHAT--?!
V-V-V- VIBRATING OUT OF C-C-C-CONTROL!
AND THE VIBRATIONS ARE CAUSING AN EARTHQUAKE!
RALPH?!
WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING ALL OVER THE PLACE??!
THE ELONGATED MAN CAN NO MORE ANSWER...
...THAN GREEN FLAME.
I'VE HEARD OF SHOOTING YOUR MOUTH OFF, BUT...
ARRGHH!
BOOSTER! KEEP HER AWAY FROM ME!
ICE MAIDEN'S BERSERK FREEZING POWERS HAVE ALREADY NEUTRALIZED HER! NOW IT'S UP TO YOU!
IN THE STREETS OF GOTHAM...
YIIEEE!
MOMMY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH BLACK LIGHTNING?
I-I DON'T KNOW, CHILD! BUT WE'D BETTER GET HELP!
AT THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY IN LOUISIANA, SIRENS SCREAM...
THE SUPER-VILLAINS INCARCERATED THERE HAVE RUN AMOK! HEAVEN HELP US!
YOU PRAY TO HEAVEN-- I'M PLACING MY FAITH IN THE SUICIDE SQUAD!
WHILE THE SITUATION RAPIDLY INSTILLS THE FEAR OF DEATH IN THOSE TRYING TO CONTAIN THE HAPLESS HEROES...
IN REMOTE MARKOVIA, SOMETHING COMES TO LIFE.


YES, MR. PRESIDENT.
OF COURSE, SIR. I UNDER-STAND, SIR.
I AGREE, SIR. MOST UNFORTUNATE, ESPECIALLY NOW.
DAMN!
HE WANTS ME TO CALL IN THE MARINES TO CONTAIN THE HEROES!
SUCH CONFRONTATIONS COULD PROVE QUITE EXPLOSIVE, GENERAL EILING.
IS THERE NO OTHER WAY?
HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW, DR. MEGALA?
AFTER THE HEROES JUST SAVED EARTH FROM THE ALIENS, YOU THINK I LIKE CARRYING OUT THIS EXECUTIVE ORDER?
PERHAPS WE DO NOT NEED TO CALL IN HUMAN TROOPS. OUR INITIAL EXAMINATION INDICATES THAT ONLY SOME OF THE HEROES ARE AFFECTED... MANY MORE ARE NOT.
SUPPOSE WE COULD COORDINATE THE REMAIN-ING HEROES TO SUBDUE THEIR BERSERK COL-LEAGUES...?
YOU'RE SUGGESTING I IGNORE THE PRESIDENT AND CALL MAXWELL LORD?
I AM.
IT WON'T LOOK GOOD, BUT WE HAVE LITTLE CHOICE!

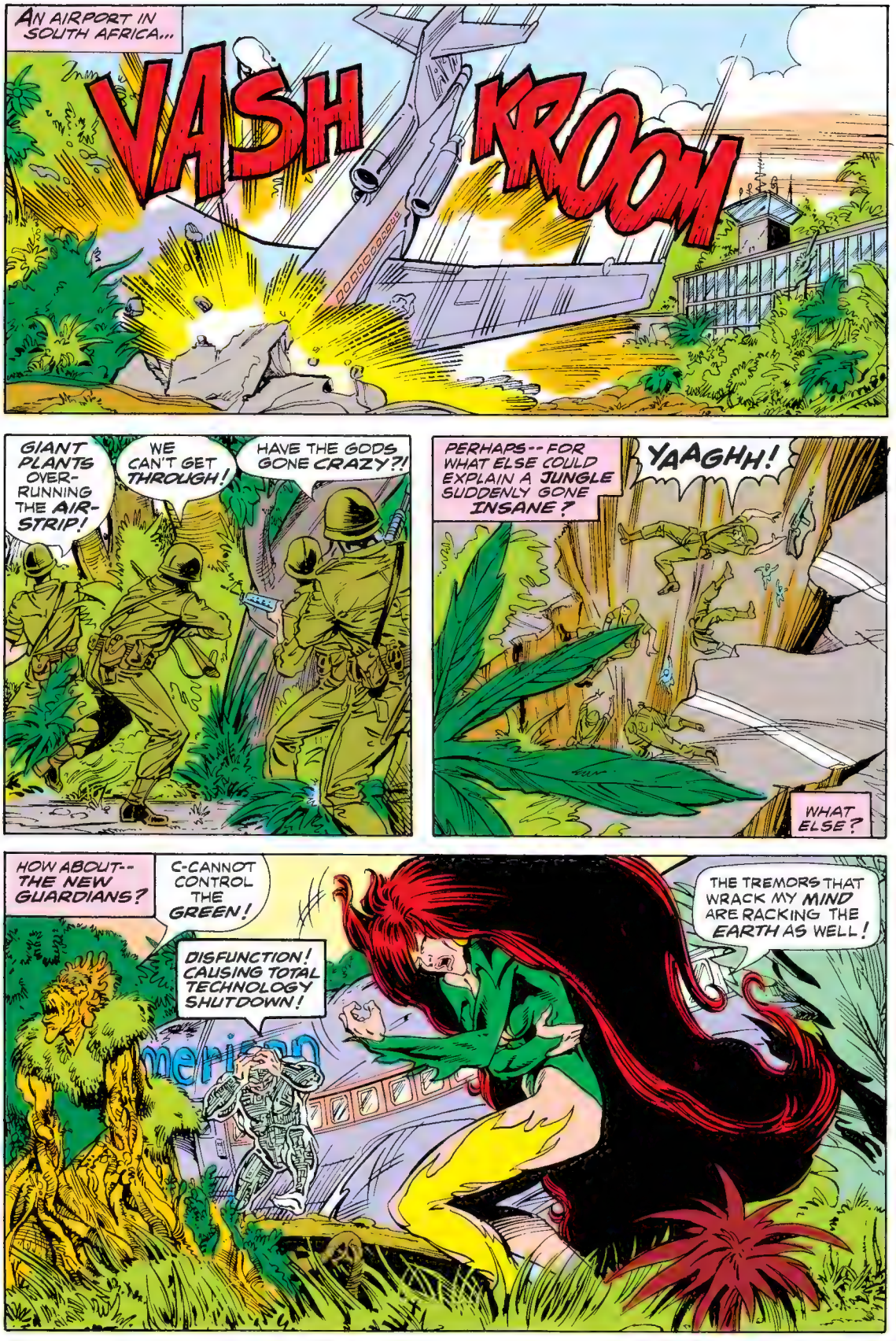
GOOD MORNING, MANHATTEN. THIS IS KADY DWAN FOR NEWS AT NINE. TODAY'S TOP STORY: WHAT'S HAPPENING TO EARTH'S HEROES?
MERE DAYS AFTER STOPPING THE ALIEN INVASION--
--SUPER-HEROES AROUND THE WORLD SEEM SUDDENLY TO HAVE GONE CRAZY!
"IN RESPONSE TO THIS NEW THREAT, NON-AFFECTED HEROES ARE GATHERING...
"...AT JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL EMBASSIES AROUND THE GLOBE.
NEWS 9
"IT IS ALSO RUMORED THAT LEX LUTHOR HAS OFFERED HIS ASSISTANCE...
LEXCORP
I'M SORRY, BUT MR. LUTHOR HAS NO COMMENT.
"...ALTHOUGH THAT COULD NOT BE CONFIRMED.
"THE ARMED FORCES WERE NO MORE ENLIGHTENING."
NO COMMENT!
MILITARY FORCES ARE ON THE ALERT-- BUT THUS FAR, NO TROOPS MOVEMENTS HAVE BEEN REPORTED.
AND SO THE WORLD WONDERS: WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY?
AND WHERE IS SUPERMAN THROUGH ALL THIS?
MEANWHILE, IN THE LOCAL NEWS--
"--A MYSTERIOUS CRYSTALLINE MOUNTAIN SEEMS TO BE GROWING IN THE HEART OF MID-TOWN MANHATTAN.
"MORE AT ELEVEN."


YES, GENERAL EILING, I'VE SEEN THE NEWS REPORTS.
LUCKILY, THE FULL EXTENT OF THE SITUATION ISN'T KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC YET--
--OR THERE WOULD BE GLOBAL PANIC!
YES--WE'VE CONFIRMED THE THREAT IS GLOBAL.
NO, WE DON'T KNOW YET WHY SOME HEROES AND VILLAINS HAVE ESCAPED UNSCATHED. LUTHOR'S PEOPLE ARE WORKING ON THAT.
I KNOW THE PRESIDENT IS WORRIED, EILING. WE ALL ARE.
AND I APPRECIATE THE SUGGESTION--I WAS PREPARING TO CONTACT THE OTHER HEROES WHEN YOU CALLED.
PAST TENSE, MAX--GOT MOST OF 'EM ON THE TRANSMITTER! THEY'RE ON THE CASE!
LISTEN, LORD, I'M IGNORING A DIRECT ORDER HERE. MY TAIL IS ON THE LINE. THE PRESIDENT'S PRIMARY CONCERN IS PUBLIC SAFETY!
BUT YOUR PEOPLE DESERVE A CHANCE TO CLEAN THEIR OWN HOUSE BEFORE WE BRING IN THE MILITARY.
HOW MUCH LONGER BEFORE...?
ALL RIGHT, THEN. YOU'VE GOT SIX HOURS TO SHOW SOME RESULTS.
AND, MAX--HEAVEN HELP YOU.
HEAVEN HELP US ALL.


BUT AN OFT-REPEATED ADAGE IS THAT HEAVEN HELPS THOSE THAT HELP THEMSELVES.
PARTY-TIME, SNOT-MASK!
GUY, DO YOU HAVE TO BE AS CRUDE AS YOU ARE CRETINOUS?
HEY, PAL-- THE GUARDIANS MADE ME GL OF THIS SECTOR-- FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU'RE THE SQUARE PEG!
LORD, LOOK AT THAT ENERGY-ENVELOPE ENCASING CAPTAIN ATOM!
CAN HE STILL BE ALIVE IN THERE?
AND WHY HAS THIS POWER ERUPTION AFFECTING OUR FELLOW HEROES BYPASSED US?
I'LL LET YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT, JORDAN--
I'M HERE TO KEEP ATOM'S ENERGY ENVELOPE FROM SPREADING--AND I AIM TO DO IT!
ALL RIGHT! SYNCHRONIZE POWER RINGS AND CREATE A FORCE-SPHERE--NOW!
WHO PUT YOU IN CHARGE?
I THOUGHT YOU'D AT LEAST DEFER TO MY EXPERIENCE!
HAH! YOU SPEND MORE TIME MOANIN' AND GROANIN' THAN FIGHTING! I KNOW MORE ABOUT THE POWER THAN YOU EVER WILL--BECAUSE I USE IT!
YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT TRUE, GUY.
SAVE IT FOR YOUR FANS, JORDAN! I'M NOT BUYING!
DESPITE THEIR BICKERING, THE TWO GREEN LANTERNS MANAGE TO CONTAIN CAPTAIN ATOM--AND BEGIN THE SLOW, ARDUOUS TASK OF COMPRESSING HIS EXPANDING ENERGY-ENVELOPE.


WHILE IN MARINEWORLD, FLORIDA...
DO YOU REALLY THINK WE SHOULD BE TAKING A FIELD TRIP JUST NOW, BEETLE?
LOOK OUT FOR THAT PELICAN!
WATCH THAT EGRET!
GREAT GULLS!
WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE, BOOSTER?
CAW CAW
A REMAKE OF HITCHCOCK'S THE BIRDS???
CAW CAW
CAW
CAW
NO! IT'S THAT NEW GUY-- ANIMAL MAN!
HE'S MAKING THE BIRDS AND THE BEES AND THE FISHIES IN THE DEEP BLUE SEA GO BANANAS!
AND HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S HAVING A BIT OF A MIND MELTDOWN HIMSELF!
GLEE ARGH!

BUT I'VE GOT JUST THE PAIN RELIEVER FOR A HEAD-ACHE THAT BIG!
CARE TO LET ME IN ON IT?
JUST KEEP THE CRUISER, STEADY, BEETLE--
--WHILE I STEP OUT FOR A BREATH OF AIR!
ANIMAL-THOUGHTS--INVADING MY MIND--CAN'T GET THEM OUT!
KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, PAL--I GET THAT ON DATES OCCASIONALLY--BUT IT NEVER PRODUCED RESULTS LIKE THESE!
BUT WHAT IF YOUR POWER WERE TO BE CONTAINED--
--BY A LONG DISTANCE BOOSTER GOLD FORCE FIELD, PATENT PENDING?
GOOD GOING, B.G.!
NOW LET'S CALL MAX AND ASK WHAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH A GUY--
--WHO MAKES APES GO APE!

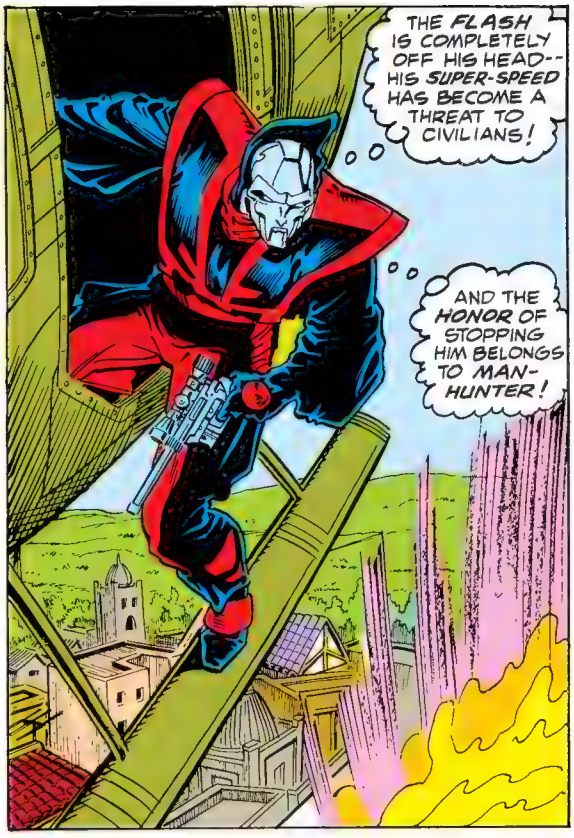

AN AIRPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA...
VASH
KROOM
GIANT PLANTS OVER-RUNNING THE AIR-STRIP!
WE CAN'T GET THROUGH!
HAVE THE GODS GONE CRAZY?!
PERHAPS-- FOR WHAT ELSE COULD EXPLAIN A JUNGLE SUDDENLY GONE INSANE?
YAAGHH!
WHAT ELSE?
HOW ABOUT-- THE NEW GUARDIANS?
C-CANNOT CONTROL THE GREEN!
DISFUNCTION! CAUSING TOTAL TECHNOLOGY SHUTDOWN!
THE TREMORS THAT WRACK MY MIND ARE RACKING THE EARTH AS WELL!

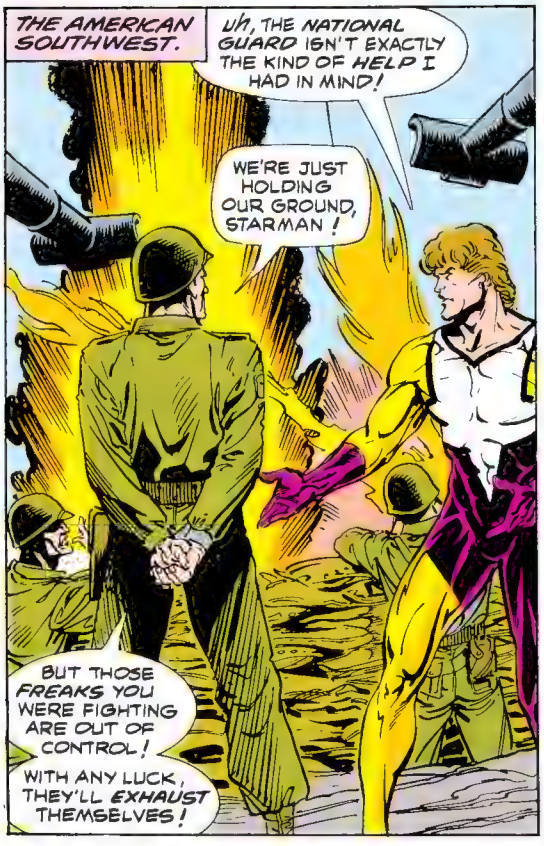
THERE'S THE SOURCE OF THIS DISTURBANCE, HEROES.
CAREFUL WITH THOSE GUYS, HAWKMAN-- THEY'RE MY PALS!
JLI DATA BANKS IDENTIFY THEM AS FLORO, RAM, AND GLOSS OF THE NEW GUARDIANS!
YOU GOT IT, MISTER MIRACLE-- BUT THEY'RE MORE'N JUST HEROES--THE GUARDIANS OF THE UNIVERSE PERSONALLY SELECTED 'EM TO BE THE NEXT STEP IN MANKIND'S EVOLUTION!
WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN, KILOWOG--BUT I CAN'T PROMISE TO HANDLE THEM WITH KID GLOVES, THEY'RE OUT OF CONTROL--AND THAT MAKES THEM DANGER--
--OUSSSS!!
MIRACLE!
NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL GROWING PAINS!
MIRACLE'S ALL RIGHT!
OKAY, HAWKMAN... LET'S TAKE THOSE GUYS.
BUT PLEESE--
...LET'S DO IT GENTLY...

BELLE REVE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY.
WHERE ALL HELL HAS BROKEN LOOSE.
I'VE BEEN IN PRISON RIOTS BEFORE, BLOKES--BUT I'VE NEVER HAD T' STOP ONE!
THIS GUARD SAYS IT'S NOT A RIOT, CAPTAIN BOOMERANG!
MORE LIKE ALL THE SUPER-INMATES ARE OUT OF CONTROL, NEMESIS!
I WAS JUST DROPPING OFF CHRONOS! I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS!
WELL, YOU BLOODY WELL GOT IT!
WE'RE GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP TO NEUTRALIZE THE INMATES, ATOM!
NEUTRALIZE THEM, MS. WALLER? HOW??
ANY WAY POSSIBLE, SHORTPANTS!
S-SUICIDE SQUAD! TH-THANK GOD YOU'VE COME!
COUNT VERTIGO! WHAT--?!
IT--IT'S NIGHTSHADE! SH-SHE'S... S-SUCKING ME... IN!
M-MY SOUL... SO C-COLD! PLEASE... H-HELP ME!
NIGHTSHADE'S YOUR TEAMMATE, MS. WALLER. THAT MAKES THIS YOUR CALL!
HURRY! SHE'S KILLING VERTIGO!
DAMN!

BACK IN THE U.S.S.R....
〈THE WHIRLWIND--IT IS CAUSED BY VIKHOR OF SOYUZ!〉
〈RUSALKA, TOO, HAS GONE BERSERK--UNLEASHING UNCONTROLLABLE FLOOD-TIDES!〉
〈THE OTHERS--FIREBIRD, PERUN AND MOROZKO--ALL ASSAIL BLUE TRINITY!〉
〈THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO, ROCKETEERS--AND WE MUST STOP THEM FROM HARMING THEMSELVES AS WELL AS OTHERS!〉
BUT WHO POSSESSES THE POWER TO STOP FIRESTORM?
EEEEEEEE
YAGHHHH!

CUBA.
VROOOOSH!
FANTASMA DE MARTI!


THE FLASH IS COMPLETELY OFF HIS HEAD-- HIS SUPER-SPEED HAS BECOME A THREAT TO CIVILIANS!
AND THE HONOR OF STOPPING HIM BELONGS TO MAN-HUNTER!

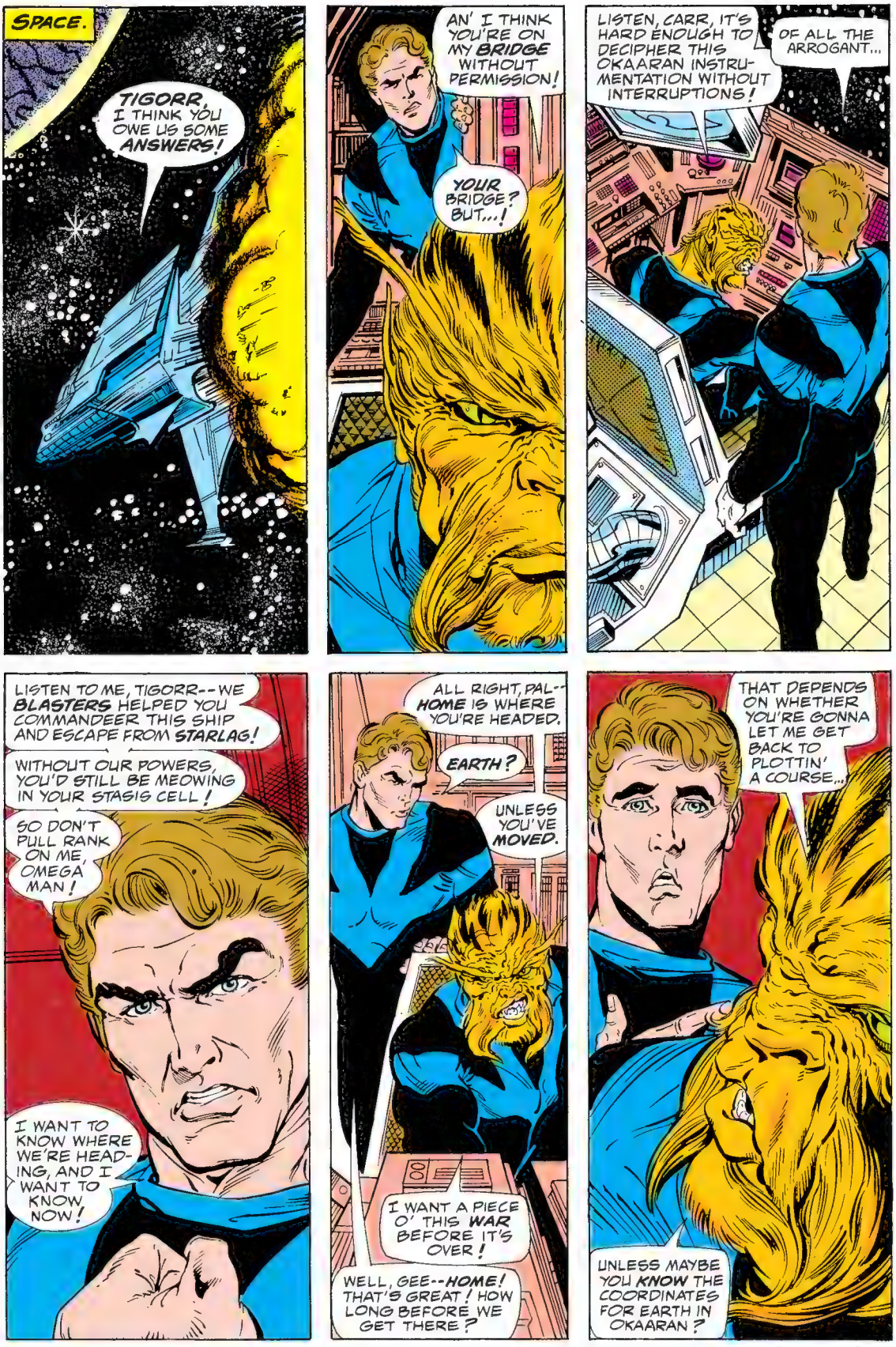

THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST.
UH, THE NATIONAL GUARD ISN'T EXACTLY THE KIND OF HELP I HAD IN MIND!
WE'RE JUST HOLDING OUR GROUND, STARMAN!
BUT THOSE FREAKS YOU WERE FIGHTING ARE OUT OF CONTROL!
WITH ANY LUCK, THEY'LL EXHAUST THEMSELVES!

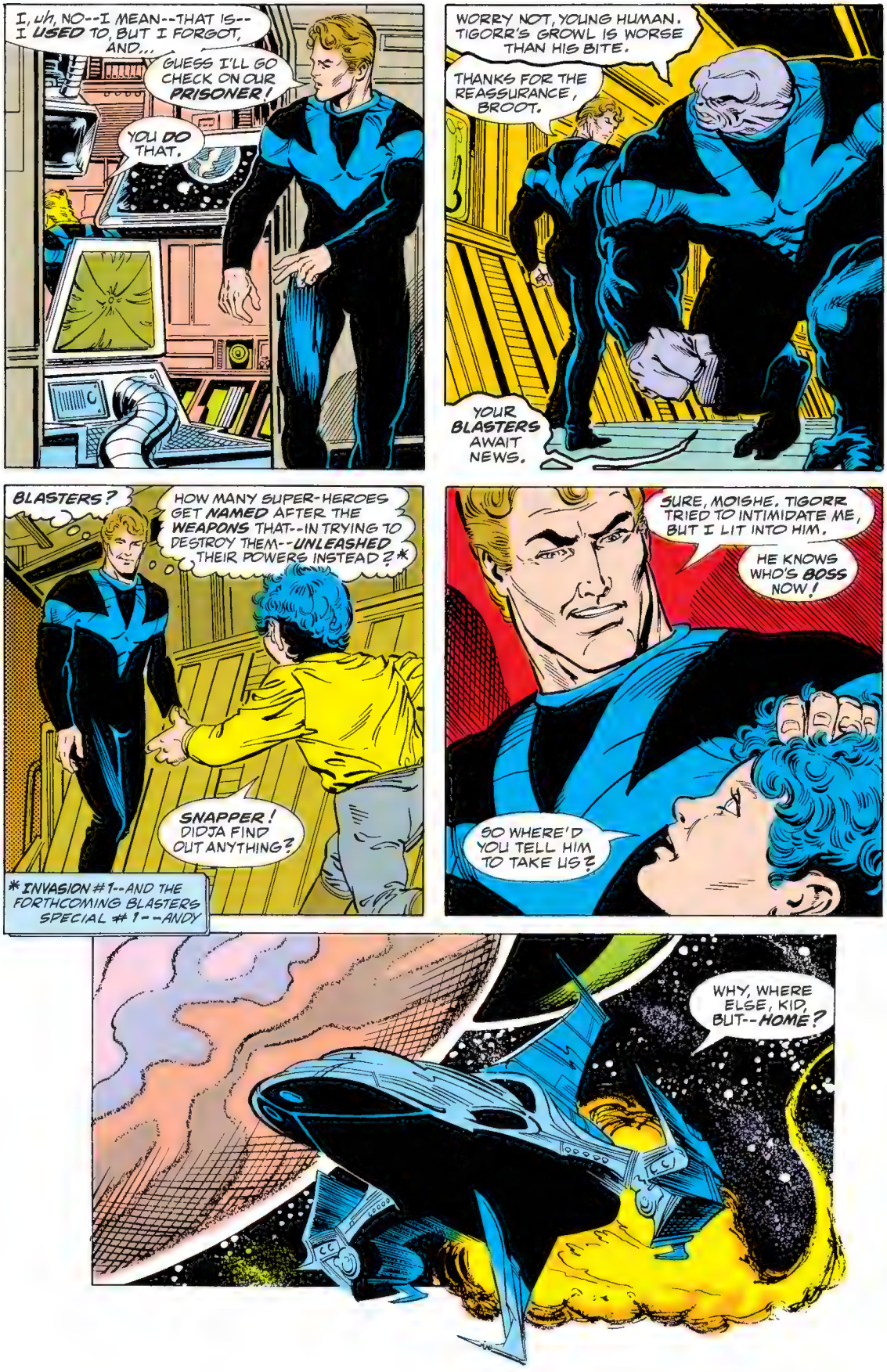
IF NOT--IF THEY APPROACH THE PERIMETER-- THEY'RE HISTORY.
CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING, GENERAL?
SURE, KID. WHAT?
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU SEEN "PATTON"?

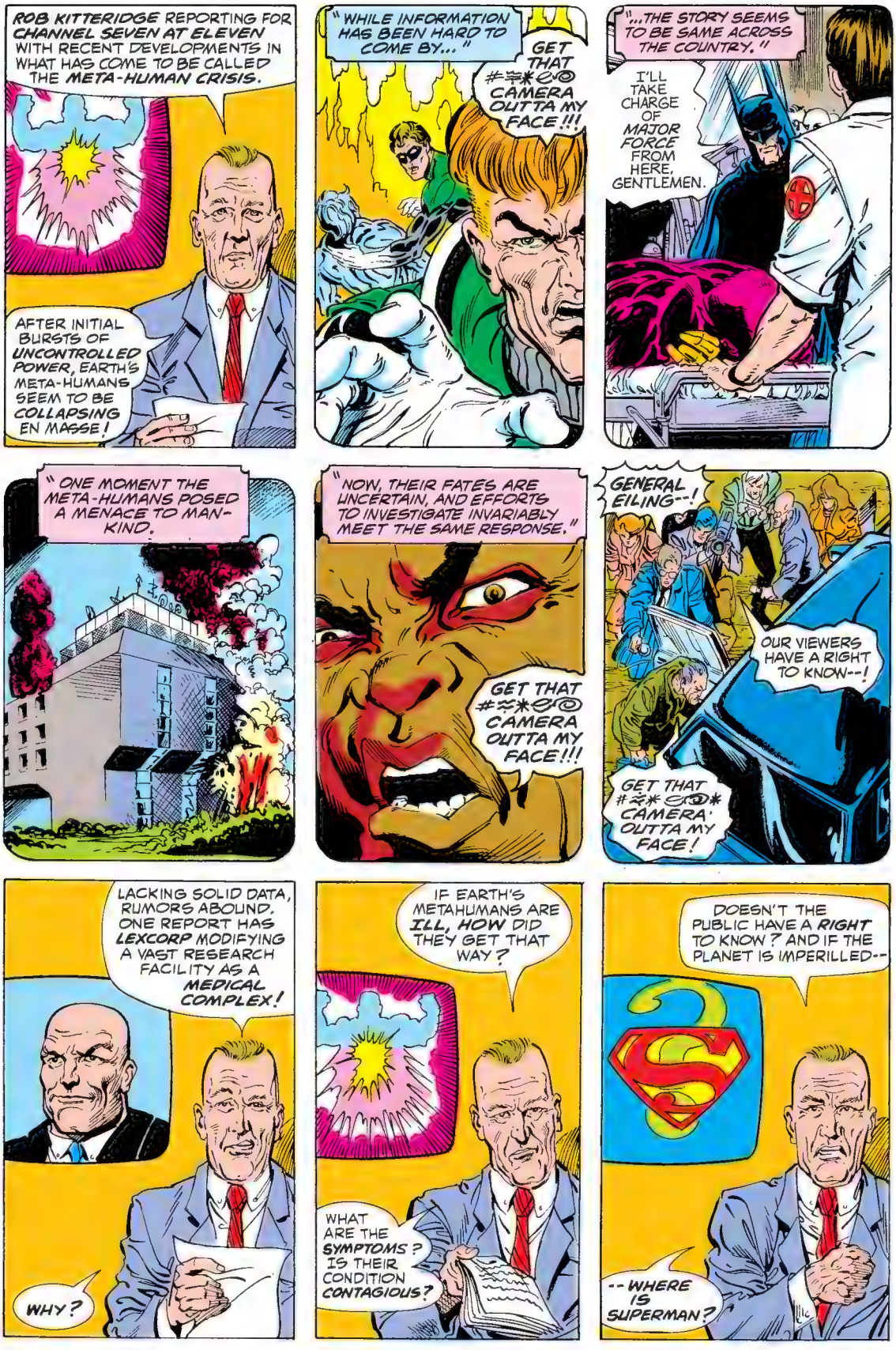
THE AFFLICTION THAT IMPERILS EARTH'S HEROES SPILLS OVER INTO OTHER DIMENSIONAL REALMS AS WELL.
DOCTOR FATE-- I MUST SUBDUE YOU, FOR YOUR OWN SAKE!
I-I FEAR NOTHING CAN STOP MY POWERS, SPECTRE!
NOT EVEN ME!
New York.
WE'RE GLAD YOU COULD COME, BATMAN!
I'M UNSURE WHY, DOCTOR. I'M AS MYSTIFIED BY THIS MANIFESTATION AS YOU!
BUT SOMETHING-- OR SOMEONE-- SEEMS TO BE INSIDE IT--CRYING FOR HELP!
WHILE UP ABOVE...
OUR POWER-SPHERE IS BREAKING UP!
POUR ON THE WILL-POWER, GUY!
YOU CLAIM TO BE A BETTER GREEN LANTERN THAN ME!
NOW'S THE TIME TO PROVE IT!
AFRICA.
MY NULL-GAS GOT GLOSS!
Y'ALMOST GOT ME, TOO, HAWK-WOMAN!
LUCKY SHE WAS DA LAST ON HER FEET! I'D HATE TA RISK ANOTHER SHOT!

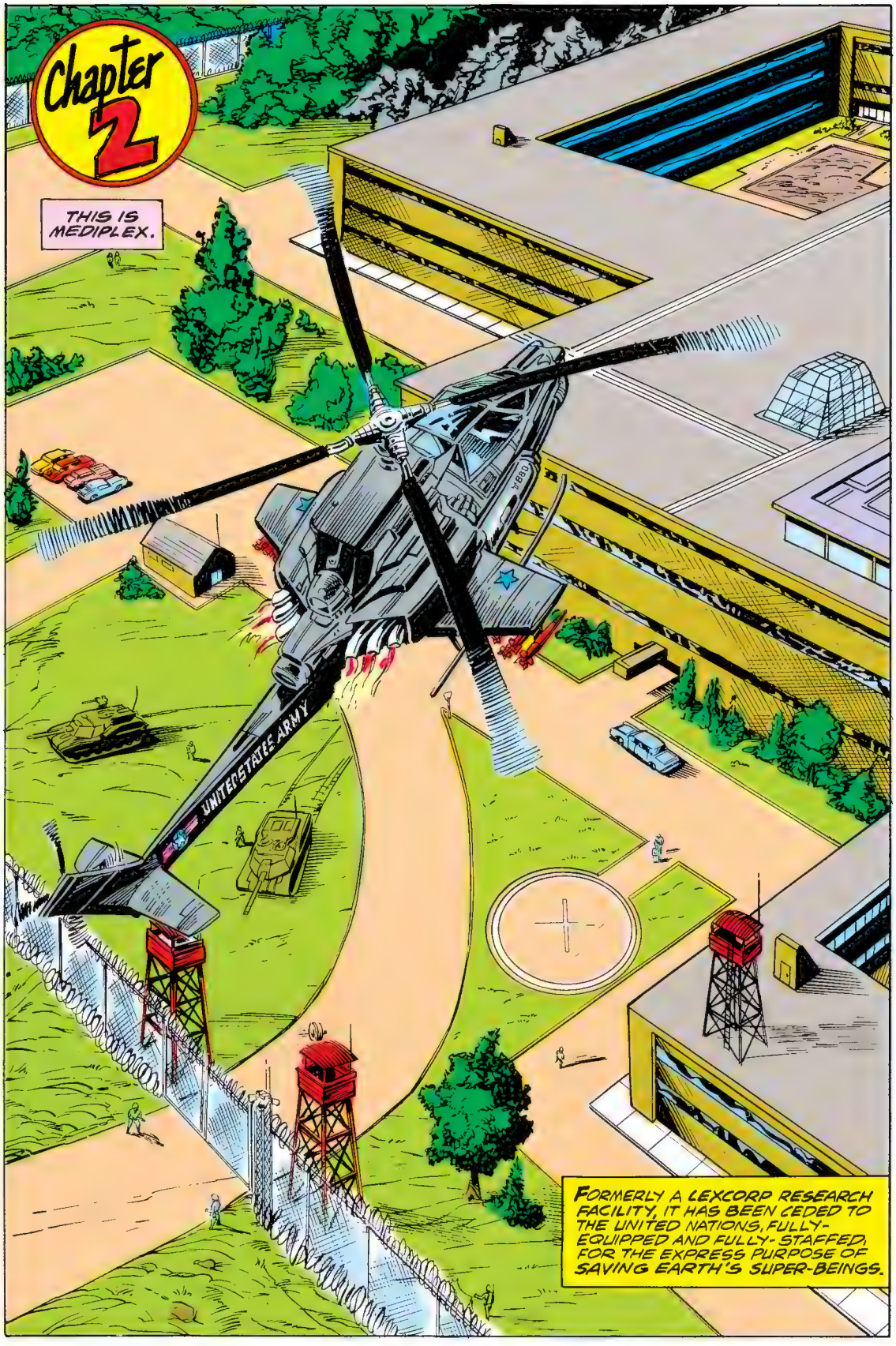
KANSAS.
TEMPEST, IF EVER THIS MADNESS COMES TO AN END--
--I PRAY YOU WILL FORGIVE ME!
THWOK
MANHUNTER--BEHIND YOU! LOOK OUT!
ARGHH!
SORRY, J'ONN! SCOTT SLIPPED AWAY FROM ME!
NO PERMANENT HARM DONE, ROBOTMAN!
KID'S SUBDUED NOW!
BUT NOTICE--NOT EVEN UNCONSCIOUSNESS SEEMS CAPABLE OF SHUTTING DOWN THE OTHERS' POWERS!
ALTHOUGH IT DOES SEEM TO DIMINISH THEIR INTENSITY SOMEWHAT.

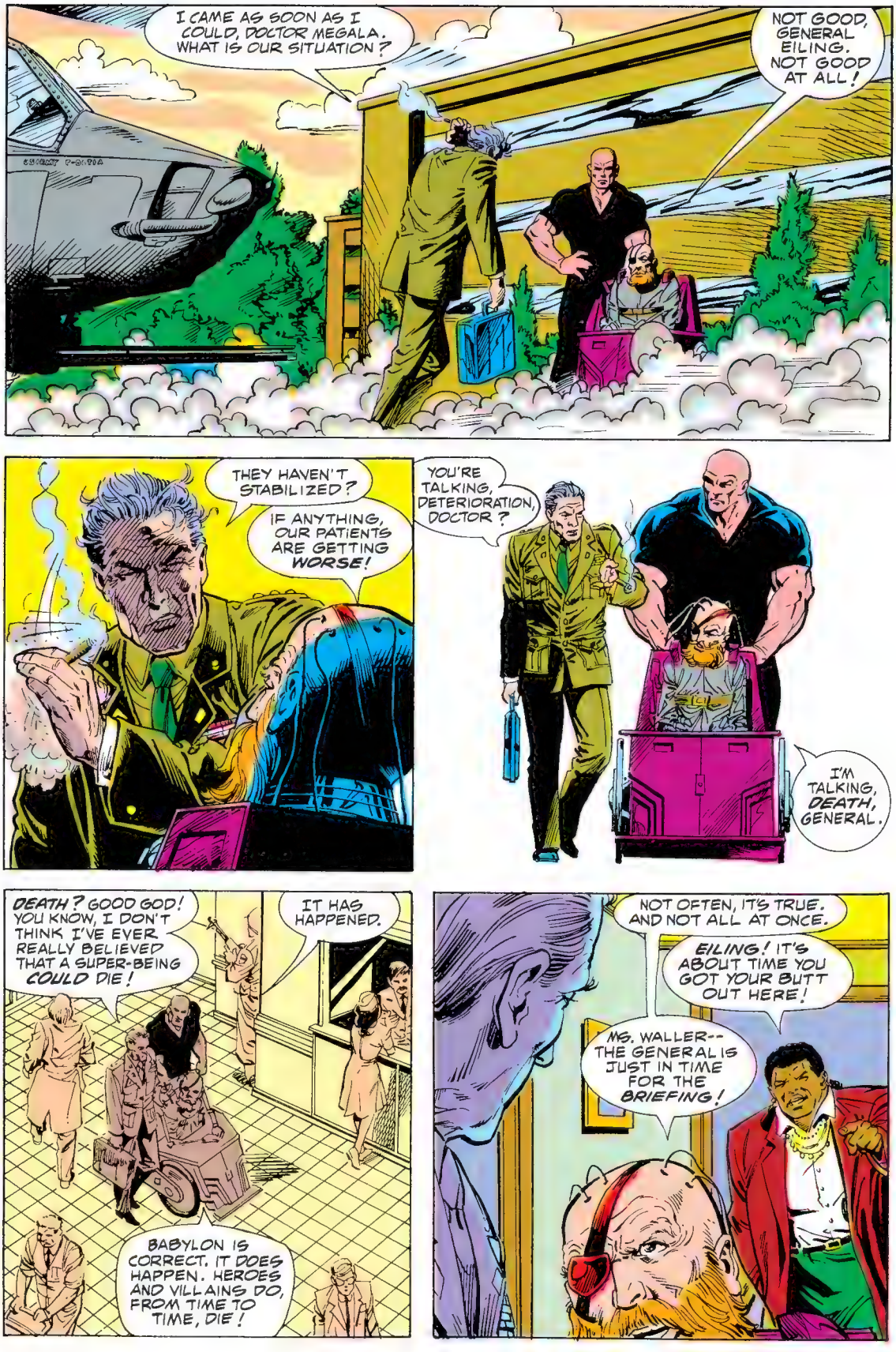
HEY! SCOTT'S SUDDENLY COLLAPSED!
SO IT WOULD APPEAR!
ANY IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON, J'ONN?
NONE, CLIFF.
BUT I HAVE A BAD FEELING--
--THAT THE WORST IS YET TO COME!
GOSH, SORRY I'M LATE, HEROES! GOT LOST! EARTH MAPS ARE INDECIPHERABLE, Y' KNOW!
WOW! YOU GUYS SURE KNOW HOW TO THROW A PARTY!
J'ONN, WHO--???
DON'T ASK.
IT'S BETTER NOT TO KNOW.

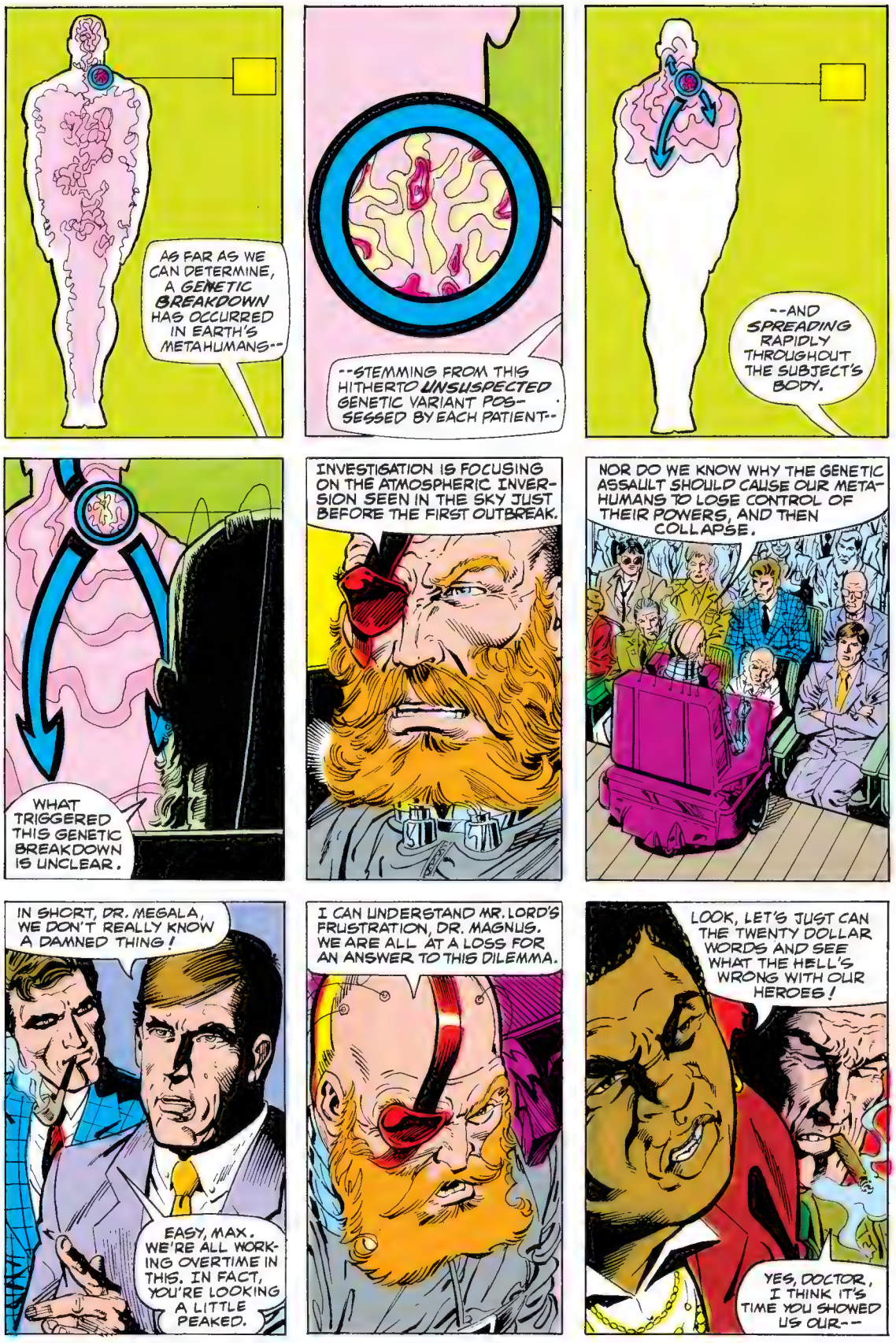

SPACE.
TIGORR, I THINK YOU OWE US SOME ANSWERS!
AN' I THINK YOU'RE ON MY BRIDGE WITHOUT PERMISSION!
YOUR BRIDGE? BUT...!
LISTEN, CARR, IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO DECIPHER THIS OKAARAN INSTRUMENTATION WITHOUT INTERRUPTIONS!
OF ALL THE ARROGANT...
LISTEN TO ME, TIGORR--WE BLASTERS HELPED YOU COMMANDEER THIS SHIP AND ESCAPE FROM STARLAG!
WITHOUT OUR POWERS, YOU'D STILL BE MEOWING IN YOUR STASIS CELL!
SO DON'T PULL RANK ON ME, OMEGA MAN!
I WANT TO KNOW WHERE WE'RE HEADING, AND I WANT TO KNOW NOW!
ALL RIGHT, PAL--HOME IS WHERE YOU'RE HEADED.
EARTH?
UNLESS YOU'VE MOVED.
I WANT A PIECE O' THIS WAR BEFORE IT'S OVER!
WELL, GEE--HOME! THAT'S GREAT! HOW LONG BEFORE WE GET THERE?
THAT DEPENDS ON WHETHER YOU'RE GONNA LET ME GET BACK TO PLOTTIN' A COURSE...
UNLESS MAYBE YOU KNOW THE COORDINATES FOR EARTH IN OKAARAN?

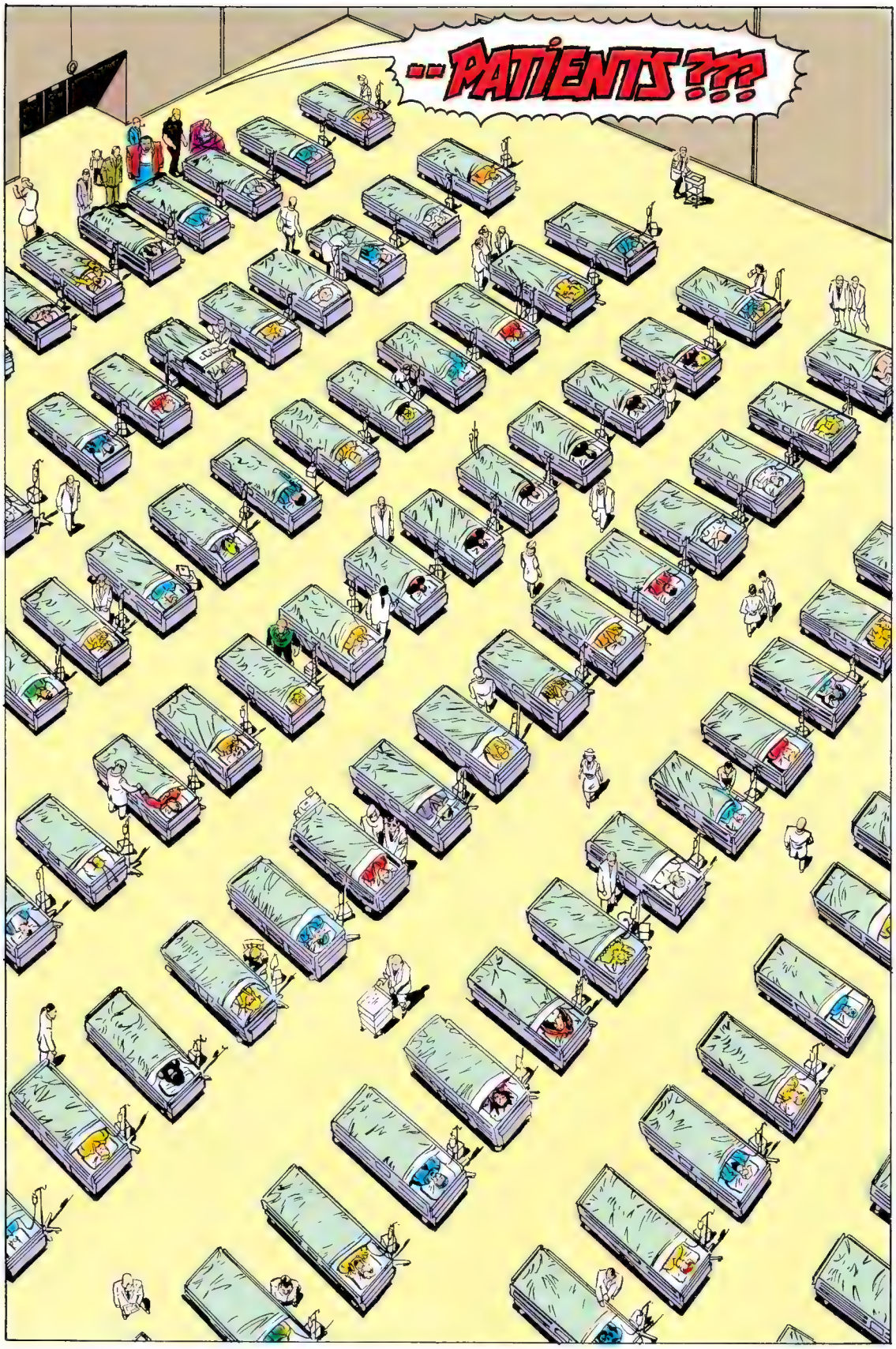

I, uh, NO--I MEAN--THAT IS--
I USED TO, BUT I FORGOT, AND...
GUESS I'LL GO CHECK ON OUR PRISONER!
YOU DO THAT.
WORRY NOT, YOUNG HUMAN. TIGORR'S GROWL IS WORSE THAN HIS BITE.
THANKS FOR THE REASSURANCE, BROOT.
YOUR BLASTERS AWAIT NEWS.
BLASTERS?
HOW MANY SUPER-HEROES GET NAMED AFTER THE WEAPONS THAT--IN TRYING TO DESTROY THEM--UNLEASHED THEIR POWERS INSTEAD?*
SNAPPER! DIDJA FIND OUT ANYTHING?
*INVASION #1--AND THE FORTHCOMING BLASTERS SPECIAL #1--ANDY
SURE, MOISHE, TIGORR TRIED TO INTIMIDATE ME, BUT I LIT INTO HIM.
HE KNOWS WHO'S BOSS NOW!
SO WHERE'D YOU TELL HIM TO TAKE US?
WHY, WHERE ELSE, KID, BUT--HOME?

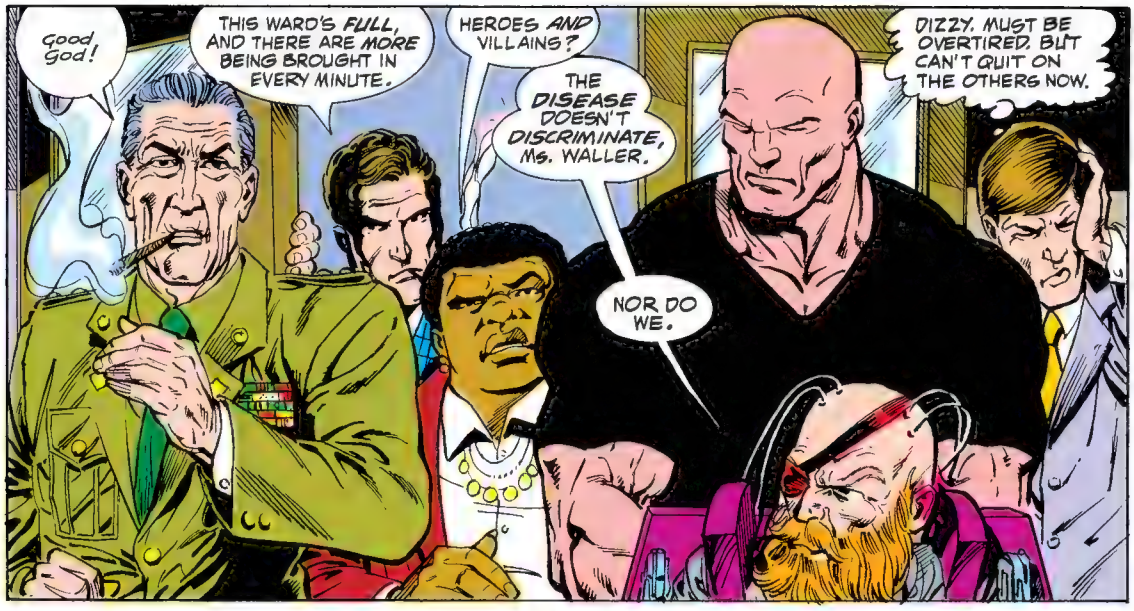

ROB KITTERIDGE REPORTING FOR CHANNEL SEVEN AT ELEVEN WITH RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN WHAT HAS COME TO BE CALLED THE META-HUMAN CRISIS.
AFTER INITIAL BURSTS OF UNCONTROLLED POWER, EARTH'S META-HUMANS SEEM TO BE COLLAPSING EN MASSE!
"WHILE INFORMATION HAS BEEN HARD TO COME BY..."
GET THAT #=%*@ CAMERA OUTTA MY FACE!!!
"...THE STORY SEEMS TO BE SAME ACROSS THE COUNTRY."
I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF MAJOR FORCE FROM HERE, GENTLEMEN.
"ONE MOMENT THE META-HUMANS POSED A MENACE TO MAN-KIND.
"NOW, THEIR FATES ARE UNCERTAIN, AND EFFORTS TO INVESTIGATE INVARIABLY MEET THE SAME RESPONSE."
GET THAT #=%*@ CAMERA OUTTA MY FACE!!!
GENERAL EILING--!
OUR VIEWERS HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW--!
GET THAT #=%*@ CAMERA OUTTA MY FACE!
LACKING SOLID DATA, RUMORS ABOUND. ONE REPORT HAS LEXCORP MODIFYING A VAST RESEARCH FACILITY AS A MEDICAL COMPLEX!
WHY?
IF EARTH'S METAHUMANS ARE ILL, HOW DID THEY GET THAT WAY?
WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS? IS THEIR CONDITION CONTAGIOUS?
DOESN'T THE PUBLIC HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW? AND IF THE PLANET IS IMPERILLED--
--WHERE IS SUPERMAN?


Chapter 2
THIS IS MEDIPLEX.
UNITED STATES ARMY
FORMERLY A LEXCORP RESEARCH FACILITY, IT HAS BEEN CEDED TO THE UNITED NATIONS, FULLY-EQUIPPED AND FULLY-STAFFED, FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF SAVING EARTH'S SUPER-BEINGS.

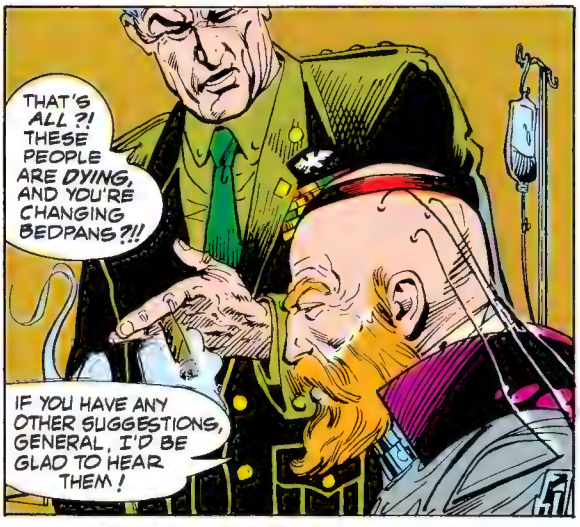

I CAME AS SOON AS I COULD, DOCTOR MEGALA. WHAT IS OUR SITUATION?
NOT GOOD, GENERAL EILING. NOT GOOD AT ALL!
THEY HAVEN'T STABILIZED?
IF ANYTHING, OUR PATIENTS ARE GETTING WORSE!
YOU'RE TALKING, DETERIORATION, DOCTOR?
I'M TALKING, DEATH, GENERAL.
DEATH? GOOD GOD! YOU KNOW, I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER REALLY BELIEVED THAT A SUPER-BEING COULD DIE!
IT HAS HAPPENED.
BABYLON IS CORRECT. IT DOES HAPPEN. HEROES AND VILLAINS DO, FROM TIME TO TIME, DIE!
NOT OFTEN, IT'S TRUE. AND NOT ALL AT ONCE.
EILING! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT YOUR BUTT OUT HERE!
MS. WALLER-- THE GENERAL IS JUST IN TIME FOR THE BRIEFING!

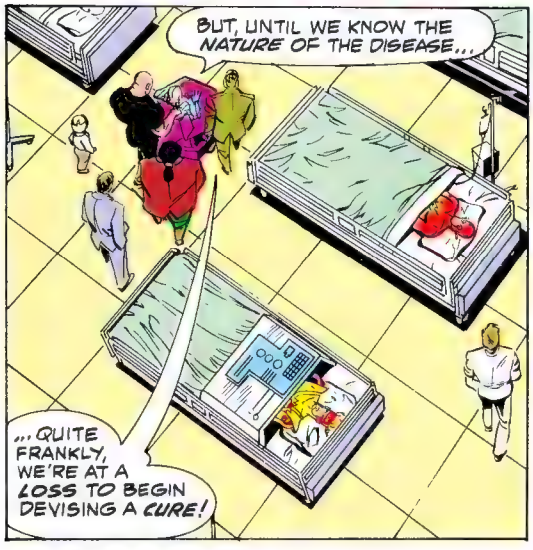

AS FAR AS WE CAN DETERMINE, A GENETIC BREAKDOWN HAS OCCURRED IN EARTH'S METAHUMANS--
--STEMMING FROM THIS HITHERTO UNSUSPECTED GENETIC VARIANT POSSESSED BY EACH PATIENT--
--AND SPREADING RAPIDLY THROUGHOUT THE SUBJECT'S BODY.
WHAT TRIGGERED THIS GENETIC BREAKDOWN IS UNCLEAR.
INVESTIGATION IS FOCUSING ON THE ATMOSPHERIC INVERSION SEEN IN THE SKY JUST BEFORE THE FIRST OUTBREAK.
NOR DO WE KNOW WHY THE GENETIC ASSAULT SHOULD CAUSE OUR METAHUMANS TO LOSE CONTROL OF THEIR POWERS, AND THEN COLLAPSE.
IN SHORT, DR. MEGALA, WE DON'T REALLY KNOW A DAMNED THING!
EASY, MAX. WE'RE ALL WORKING OVERTIME IN THIS. IN FACT, YOU'RE LOOKING A LITTLE PEAKED.
I CAN UNDERSTAND MR. LORD'S FRUSTRATION, DR. MAGNUS. WE ARE ALL AT A LOSS FOR AN ANSWER TO THIS DILEMMA.
LOOK, LET'S JUST CAN THE TWENTY DOLLAR WORDS AND SEE WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WITH OUR HEROES!
YES, DOCTOR, I THINK IT'S TIME YOU SHOWED US OUR--

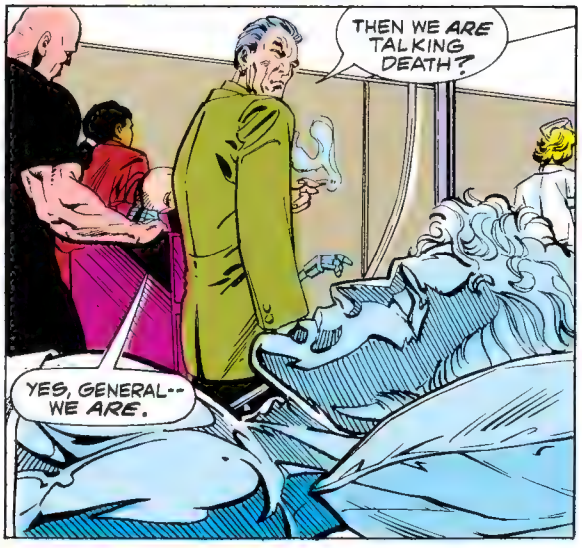

--PATIENTS ?!?

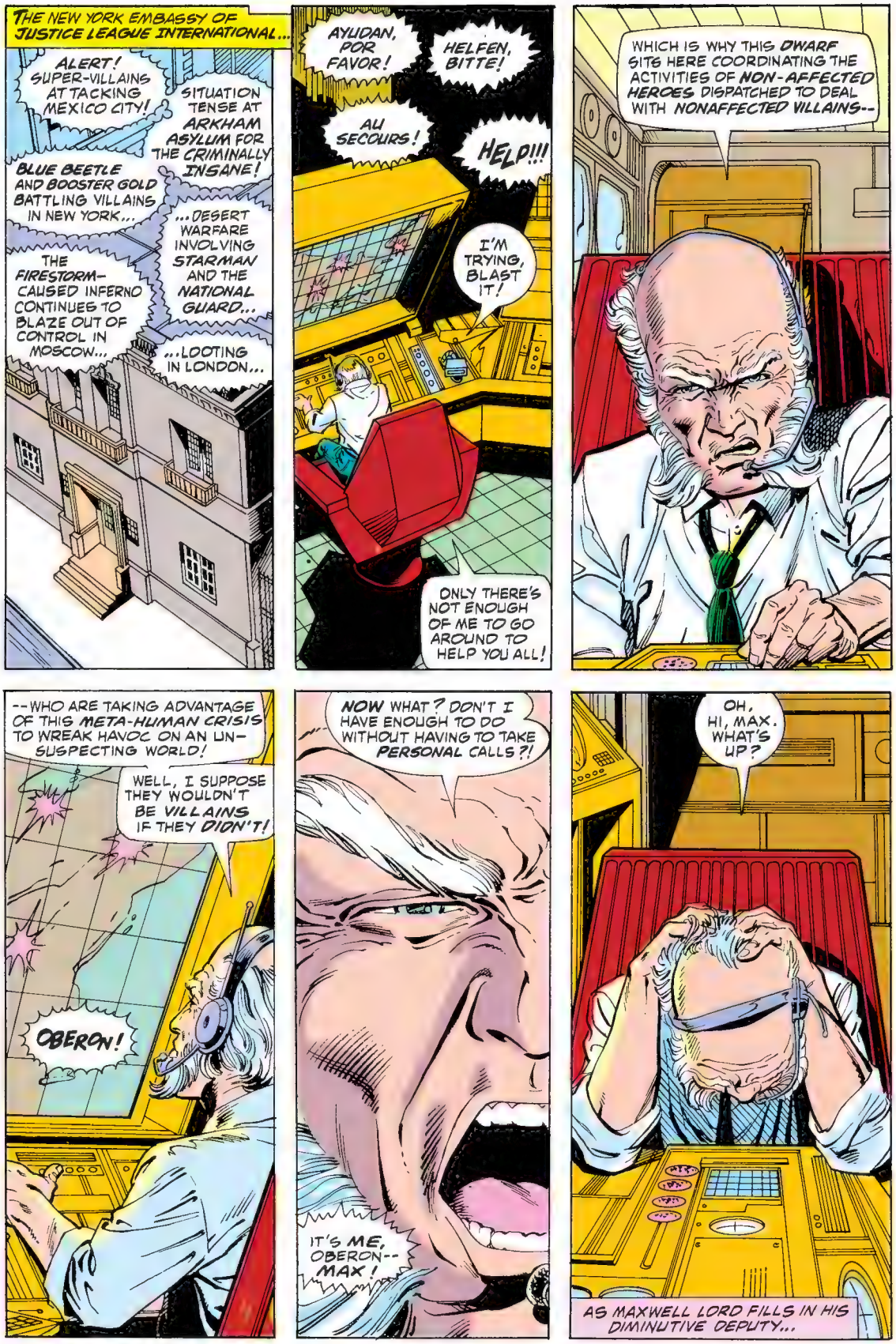

Good God!
THIS WARD'S FULL, AND THERE ARE MORE BEING BROUGHT IN EVERY MINUTE.
HEROES AND VILLAINS?
THE DISEASE DOESN'T DISCRIMINATE, Ms. WALLER.
NOR DO WE.
DIZZY. MUST BE OVERTIRED. BUT CAN'T QUIT ON THE OTHERS NOW.

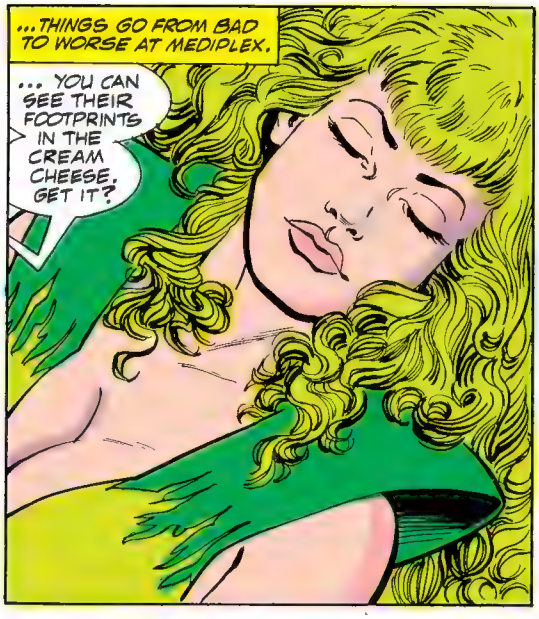
WHAT ARE WE DOING FOR THEM, DOCTOR?
KEEPING THEM COMFORTABLE, GENERAL!

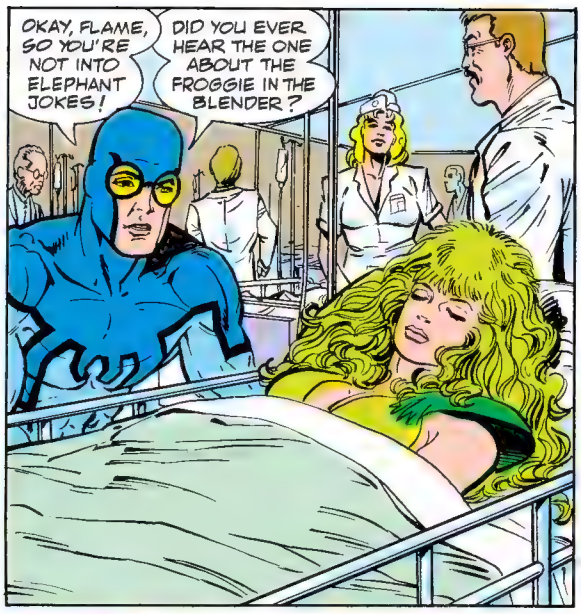

THAT'S ALL?! THESE PEOPLE ARE DYING, AND YOU'RE CHANGING BEDPANS?!!
IF YOU HAVE ANY OTHER SUGGESTIONS, GENERAL, I'D BE GLAD TO HEAR THEM!

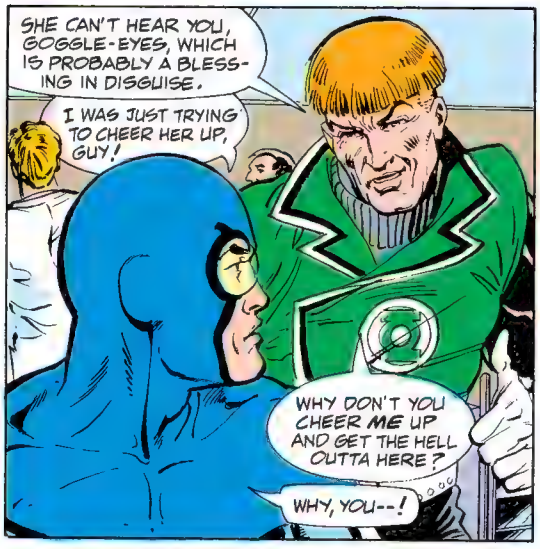

BUT, UNTIL WE KNOW THE NATURE OF THE DISEASE...
... QUITE FRANKLY, WE'RE AT A LOSS TO BEGIN DEVISING A CURE!

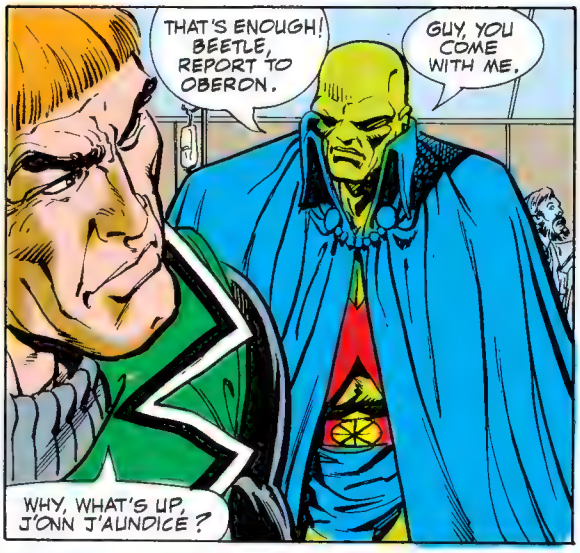

THEN WE ARE TALKING DEATH?
YES, GENERAL-- WE ARE.


THE NEW YORK EMBASSY OF JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL...
ALERT! SUPER-VILLAINS ATTACKING MEXICO CITY!
SITUATION TENSE AT ARKHAM ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE!
BLUE BEETLE AND BOOSTER GOLD BATTLING VILLAINS IN NEW YORK...
...DESERT WARFARE INVOLVING STARMAN AND THE NATIONAL GUARD...
THE FIRESTORM-CAUSED INFERNO CONTINUES TO BLAZE OUT OF CONTROL IN MOSCOW...
...LOOTING IN LONDON...
AYUDAN, POR FAVOR!
HELFEN, BITTE!
AU SECOURS!
HELP!!!
I'M TRYING, BLAST IT!
ONLY THERE'S NOT ENOUGH OF ME TO GO AROUND TO HELP YOU ALL!
WHICH IS WHY THIS DWARF SITS HERE COORDINATING THE ACTIVITIES OF NON-AFFECTED HEROES DISPATCHED TO DEAL WITH NONAFFECTED VILLAINS--
--WHO ARE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS META-HUMAN CRISIS TO WREAK HAVOC ON AN UN-SUSPECTING WORLD!
WELL, I SUPPOSE THEY WOULDN'T BE VILLAINS IF THEY DIDN'T!
OBERON!
NOW WHAT? DON'T I HAVE ENOUGH TO DO WITHOUT HAVING TO TAKE PERSONAL CALLS?!
IT'S ME, OBERON-- MAX!
OH, HI, MAX. WHAT'S UP?
AS MAXWELL LORD FILLS IN HIS DIMINUTIVE DEPUTY...

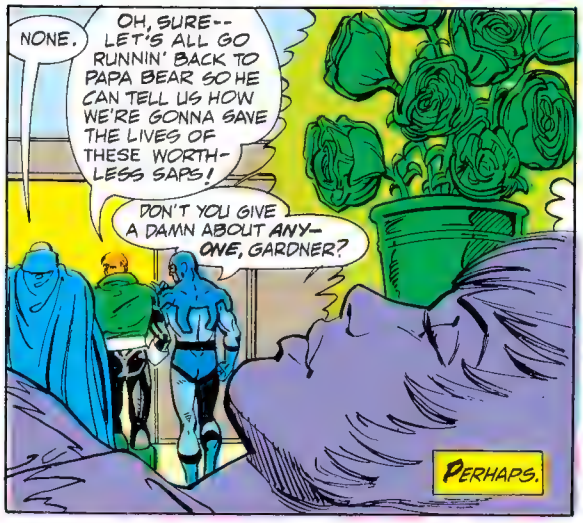

...THINGS GO FROM BAD TO WORSE AT MEDIPLEX.
... YOU CAN SEE THEIR FOOTPRINTS IN THE CREAM CHEESE. GET IT?


OKAY, FLAME, SO YOU'RE NOT INTO ELEPHANT JOKES!
DID YOU EVER HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE FROGGIE IN THE BLENDER?


SHE CAN'T HEAR YOU, GOGGLE-EYES, WHICH IS PROBABLY A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.
I WAS JUST TRYING TO CHEER HER UP, GUY!
WHY DON'T YOU CHEER ME UP AND GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE?
WHY, YOU--!


THAT'S ENOUGH! BEETLE, REPORT TO OBERON.
GUY, YOU COME WITH ME.
WHY, WHAT'S UP, J'ONN J'ALINDICE?

MAX WANTS US.
US? LET HIM COME HERE!
ONE OF THESE DAYS...
ANY IDEA WHAT'S UP, J'ONN?


NONE.
OH, SURE-- LET'S ALL GO RUNNIN' BACK TO PAPA BEAR SO HE CAN TELL US HOW WE'RE GONNA SAVE THE LIVES OF THESE WORTHLESS SAPS!
DON'T YOU GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ANYONE, GARDNER?
PERHAPS.

FIRESTORM

IDENTITY: UNKNOWN

POWERS: ABILITY TO REARRANGE ATOMIC AND MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF INORGANIC MATTER SO AS TO CHANGE ITS FORM OR TRANSMUTE IT. CAN ALTER DENSITY OF OBJECTS, INCLUDING HIS OWN BODY. HE CAN CREATE INTENSE HEAT AND FLAM[illegible]JECT BOLTS OF NU[illegible]ERGY, FLY AT GREAT SP[illegible]E GEYSERS OF LA[illegible] 10[illegible]IUS AN[illegible] EXPLOSIONS AND RADIATION INTO HIS BODY WITHOUT ILL EFFECT.

IT JUST KEEPS GETTING *WORSE.*

CONDITION: CRITICAL

CREEPER

IDENTITY: UNKNOWN

POWERS: SUBJECT HAS DEMONSTRATED REMARKABLE STAMINA LEVELS IN PAST, AS WELL AS META-HUMAN RECUPERATIVE ABILITIES. AN OLYMPIC LEVEL ATHLETE AND [illegible]ND [illegible]AS [illegible]ERING, [illegible]LE. [illegible]ICATE [illegible]F EN[illegible]GY G[illegible]NERATING [illegible]METALLIC IMPLANTS. FUNCTION CURRENTLY UNKNOWN.

MORE ARE DROPPED OFF FOR TREATMENT ALL THE TIME. *WONDER WOMAN* BROUGHT US *THIS* ONE.

CONDITION: CRITICAL

DR. FATE

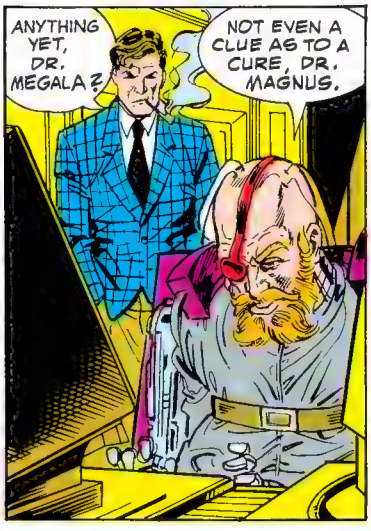
IDENTITY: UNKNOWN
POWERS: UNKNOWN

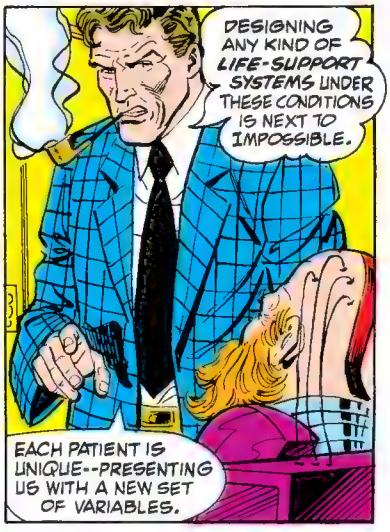
NO DATA AVAILABLE ON SUBJECT

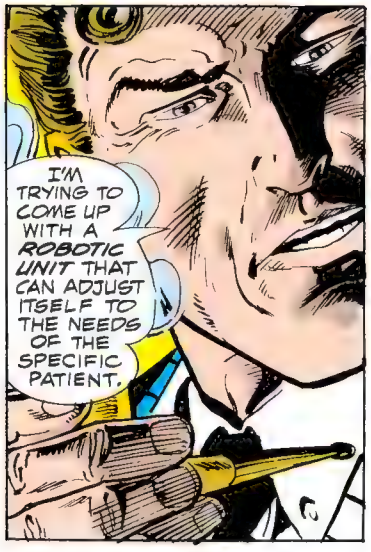
SUGGEST EXTREME CAUTION IN ANY AND [illegible]MENT.

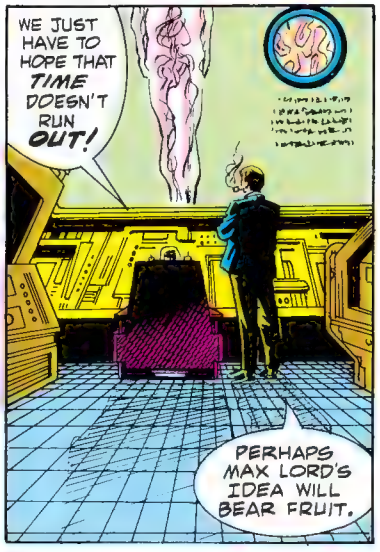
AND *NOBODY* EVEN WANTS TO GET NEAR *FATE!*

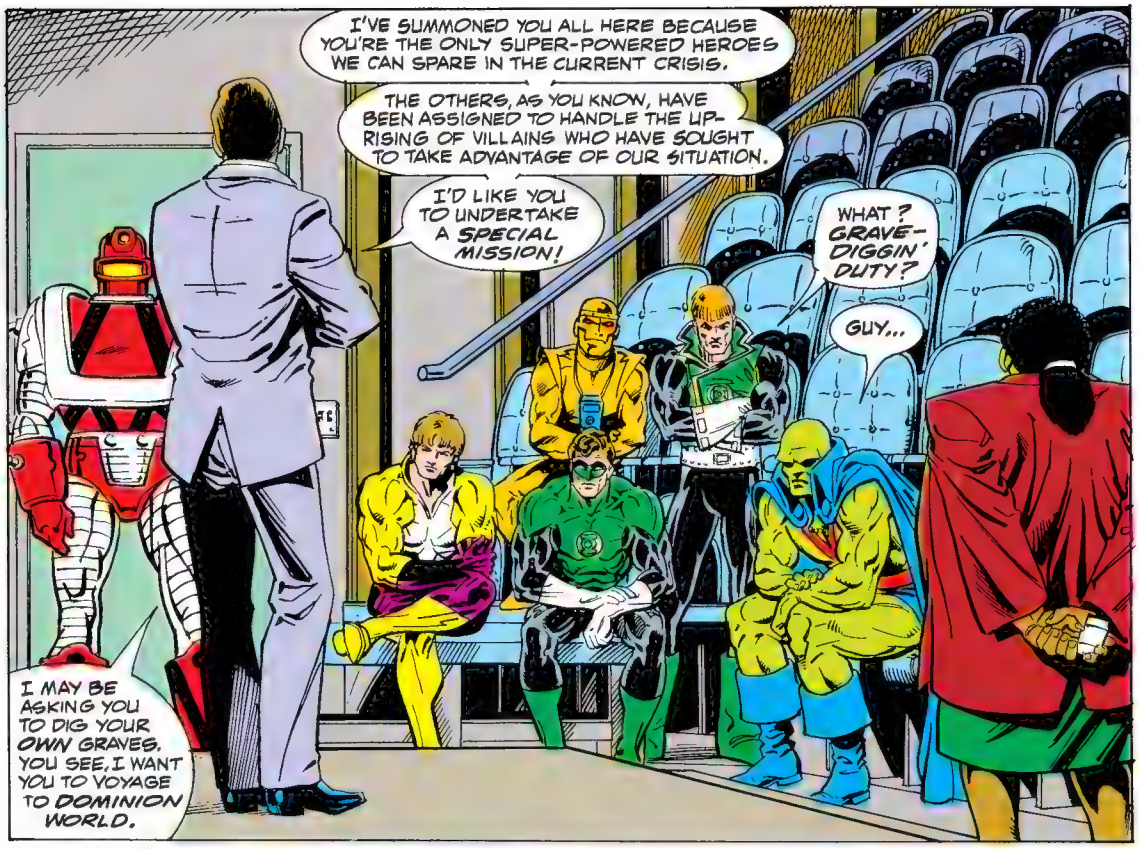
CONDITION: CRITICAL



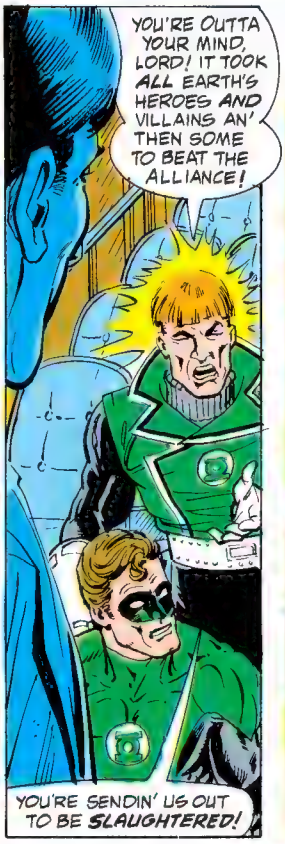

DESIGNING ANY KIND OF *LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEMS* UNDER THESE CONDITIONS IS NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE.
EACH PATIENT IS UNIQUE--PRESENTING US WITH A NEW SET OF VARIABLES.



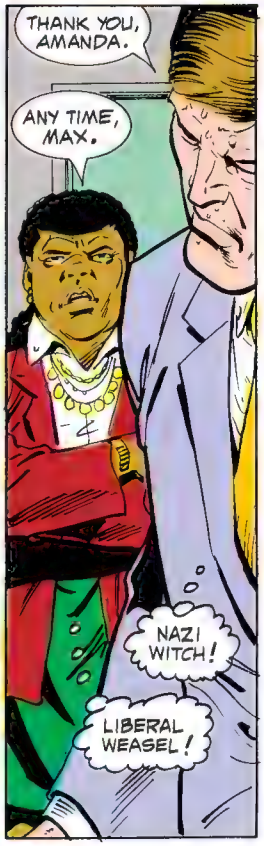



I'VE SUMMONED YOU ALL HERE BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY SUPER-POWERED HEROES WE CAN SPARE IN THE CURRENT CRISIS.
THE OTHERS, AS YOU KNOW, HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO HANDLE THE UP-RISING OF VILLAINS WHO HAVE SOUGHT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SITUATION.
I'D LIKE YOU TO UNDERTAKE A SPECIAL MISSION!
WHAT? GRAVE-DIGGIN' DUTY?
GUY...
I MAY BE ASKING YOU TO DIG YOUR OWN GRAVES, YOU SEE, I WANT YOU TO VOYAGE TO DOMINION WORLD.

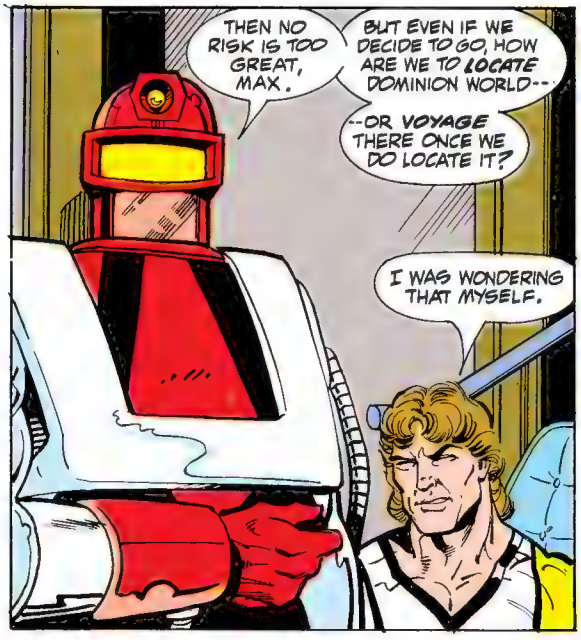
IT SEEMS LIKELY THAT THE ALIEN ALLIANCE, ALTHOUGH DEFEATED, ARE SOMEHOW RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS PLAGUE THAT'S STRUCK OUR META-HUMANS.
WHERE ELSE TO LOOK FOR AN ANTIDOTE, THEN, THAN ON THE ENEMY'S WORLD?

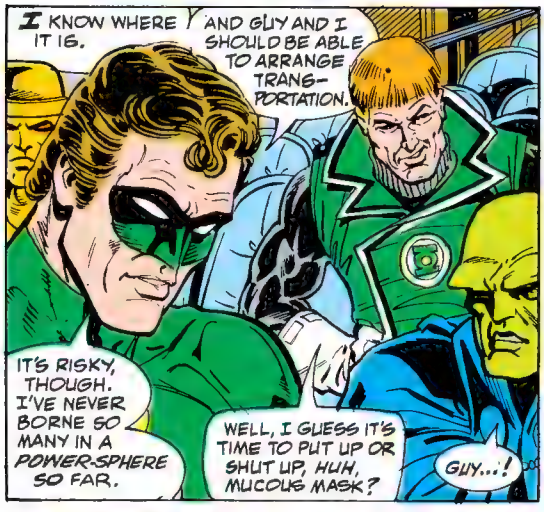

YOU'RE OUTTA YOUR MIND, LORD! IT TOOK ALL EARTH'S HEROES AND VILLAINS AN' THEN SOME TO BEAT THE ALLIANCE!
YOU'RE SENDIN' US OUT TO BE SLAUGHTERED!

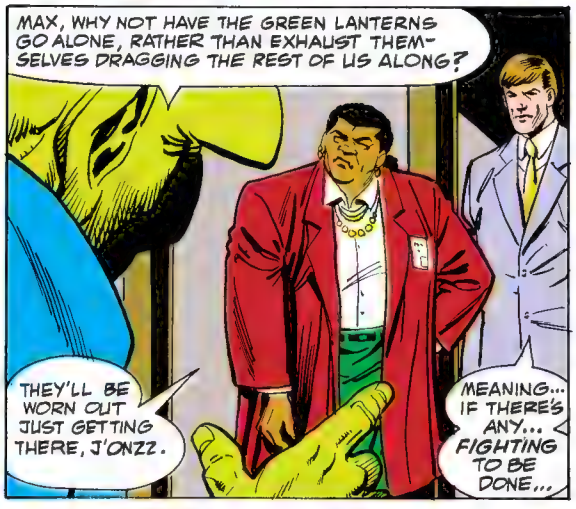
YOU BETTER STOP SINGIN' THE BLUES, CARROT-TOP, OR I'LL SEE TO IT YOU SING FALSETTO!
GUY SITS.


THANK YOU, AMANDA.
ANY TIME, MAX.
NAZI WITCH!
LIBERAL WEASEL!

THIS IS OUR LAST HOPE. WE'VE EXHAUSTED ALL OTHER AVENUES. IF WE'RE WRONG, OUR HEROES WILL DIE ANYWAY.
BUT IF WE'RE RIGHT...

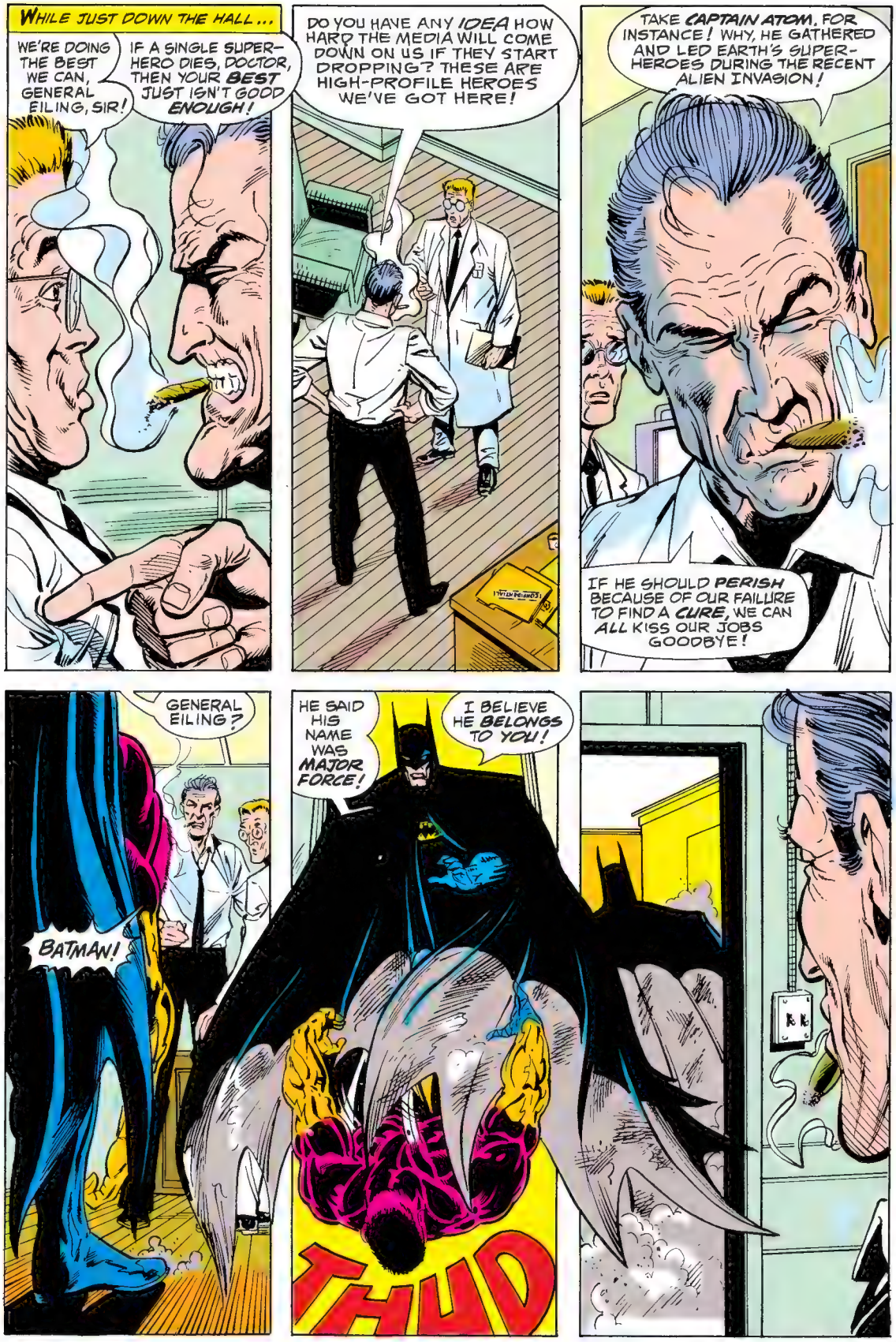

THEN NO RISK IS TOO GREAT, MAX.
BUT EVEN IF WE DECIDE TO GO, HOW ARE WE TO LOCATE DOMINION WORLD--
--OR VOYAGE THERE ONCE WE DO LOCATE IT?
I WAS WONDERING THAT MYSELF.


I KNOW WHERE IT IS.
AND GUY AND I SHOULD BE ABLE TO ARRANGE TRANS-PORTATION.
IT'S RISKY, THOUGH. I'VE NEVER BORNE SO MANY IN A POWER-SPHERE SO FAR.
WELL, I GUESS IT'S TIME TO PUT UP OR SHUT UP, HUH, MUCOUS MASK?
GUY...!


MAX, WHY NOT HAVE THE GREEN LANTERNS GO ALONE, RATHER THAN EXHAUST THEMSELVES DRAGGING THE REST OF US ALONG?
THEY'LL BE WORN OUT JUST GETTING THERE, J'ONZZ.
MEANING... IF THERE'S ANY... FIGHTING TO BE DONE...

...IT'LL BE UP TO THE REST OF YOU.
MAX! ARE YOU ALL--

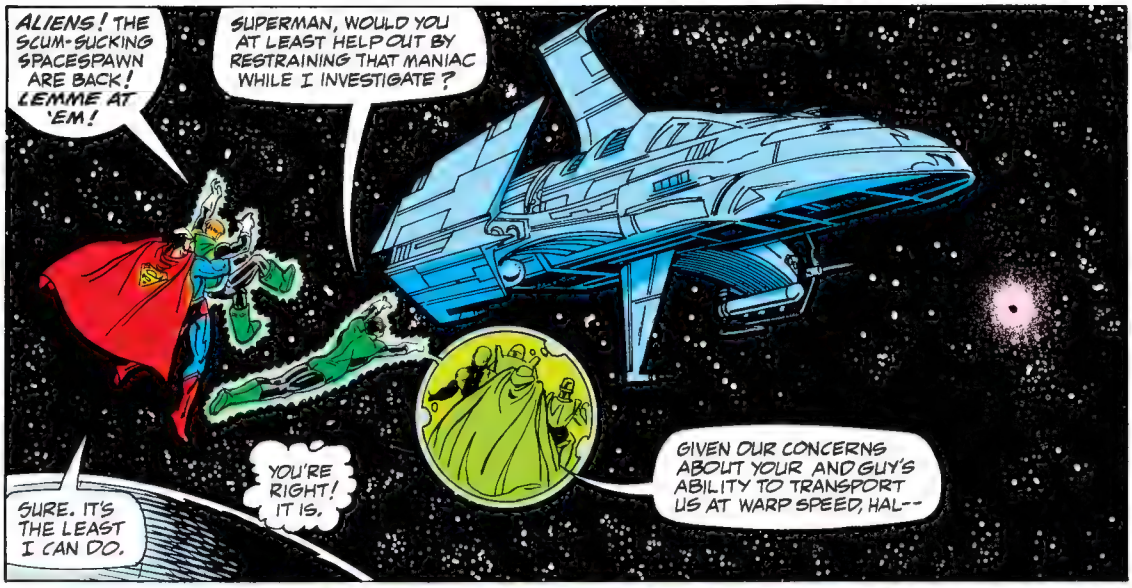
--RIGHT?


WHILE JUST DOWN THE HALL...
WE'RE DOING THE BEST WE CAN, GENERAL EILING, SIR!
IF A SINGLE SUPER-HERO DIES, DOCTOR, THEN YOUR BEST JUST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH!
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HARD THE MEDIA WILL COME DOWN ON US IF THEY START DROPPING? THESE ARE HIGH-PROFILE HEROES WE'VE GOT HERE!
TAKE CAPTAIN ATOM, FOR INSTANCE! WHY, HE GATHERED AND LED EARTH'S SUPER-HEROES DURING THE RECENT ALIEN INVASION!
IF HE SHOULD PERISH BECAUSE OF OUR FAILURE TO FIND A CURE, WE CAN ALL KISS OUR JOBS GOODBYE!
GENERAL EILING?
BATMAN!
HE SAID HIS NAME WAS MAJOR FORCE!
I BELIEVE HE BELONGS TO YOU!
THUD

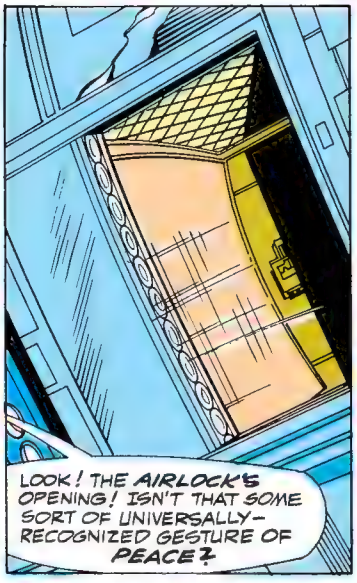
TOM STODDARD REPORTING FOR NOON-NEWS.
IT NOW SEEMS APPARENT THAT THE MAJORITY OF EARTH'S META-HUMANS LIE CLOSE TO DEATH--
"--AT A HEAVILY-GUARDED LEXCORP FACILITY KNOWN AS MEDIPLEX.
LEXCORP
LEXCORP CAUTION ELECTRIC FENCE
"THE WORLD'S FOREMOST PHYSICIANS HAVE BEEN FLOWN IN...
"...AND PLACED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF DOCTOR MEGALA.
MEANWHILE, THE NATIONS OF EARTH STRUGGLE TO COPE NOT ONLY WITH THE DEVASTATION LEFT AFTER THE ALIEN INVASION--
"--BUT ALSO WITH OPPORTUNISTIC OUTBREAKS OF RIOTING AND LOOTING SPREADING AS A RESULT OF THE HEROES' AFFLICTION.
"THE RESOURCES OF THOSE HEROES NOT AFFECTED ARE BECOMING INCREASINGLY STRAINED.
"AND IT APPEARS THAT TENSIONS HAVE REACHED CRITICAL MASS AT ARKHAM ASYLUM.
"ATTEMPTS TO INTERVIEW A MR. OBERON AT THE JUSTICE LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL EMBASSY IN NEW YORK ELICITED ONLY THE FOLLOWING COMMENT..."
GET THAT @*%#* CAMERA OUTTA MY FACE!!!
AND ONCE AGAIN, THIS REPORTER ASKS THE QUESTION ON MANKIND'S LIPS...
WHERE IS SUPERMAN?

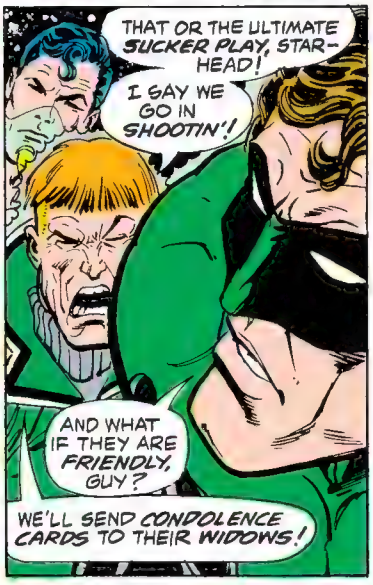
THE STRAIN ON THE WILLPOWER OF EARTH'S TWO GREEN LANTERNS IS INTENSE. NUMEROUS TIMES HAS EACH TRAVELLED THROUGH SPACE, SUSTAINED BY A SIMPLE POWER RING-GENERATED LIFE-SUPPORT SHIELD. BUT RARELY HAS ANY GREEN LANTERN EVER ATTEMPTED TO BEAR SO MANY OTHERS ON SO DESPERATE A JOURNEY...
HANG ON, HEROES-- ONCE WE WORK UP A LITTLE MOMENTUM, WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO MAKE THE JUMP!
WELL, ROBOTMAN DOESN'T SEEM TO SHARE YOUR CONFIDENCE, GL...
DO YOU SHARE ROBOTMAN'S FEELINGS, J'ONN?
IT DEPENDS UPON THE LANTERNS' ABILITY TO ATTAIN HYPER SPEEDS WITH US IN TOW, ROCKET RED!
THEY HAVE NEVER DONE IT WITH SUCH A BURDEN BEFORE.
SEZ YOU, J'ONN--I HANDLE LOADS LIKE THIS FOR BREAKFAST!

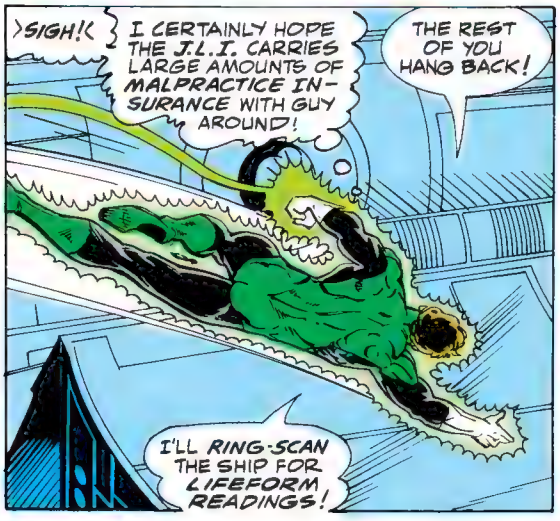
HA! I'LL BET I COULD FERRY THE PACK OF 'EM TO DOMINION WORLD ALONE!
WHY DON'T YOU, GUY?
NOT HAVING YOU ACCOMPANY ME ON THIS MISSION WOULD BE A BLESSING!
AND MISS A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU UP IN FRONT OF YOUR PALS? NO WAY!
I WANT THE GLORY OF MAKING YOU LOOK LIKE THE ALSO-RAN YOU ARE, JORDAN!
IF YOU'RE IN THIS BUSINESS FOR GLORY OF ANY KIND, GUY, YOU SHOULD CONSIDER RESIGNING!
SUPERMAN!
WELL, WELL, WELL. LOOK WHO DECIDED TO COME OUT OF HIDING!
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, SUPERMAN? THE SITUATION ON EARTH IS DESPERATE!
WE NEEDED YOU!
I--I SAW THE INVERSION FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM AND CAME AS FAST AS I COULD!
BUT I CAN'T--WON'T--SET FOOT ON EARTH AGAIN.
WON'T?! THERE ARE GOOD PEOPLE DYING DOWN THERE WHILE YOU'RE JOYRIDIN' THROUGH SPACE! WHY, YOU SON OF A...
GUY!!!
DAMN IT, GARDNER, IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO KEEP THE SHIELDS UP WITHOUT HAVING TO BE DISTRACTED BY YOUR CONSTANT...
NOW WHAT?

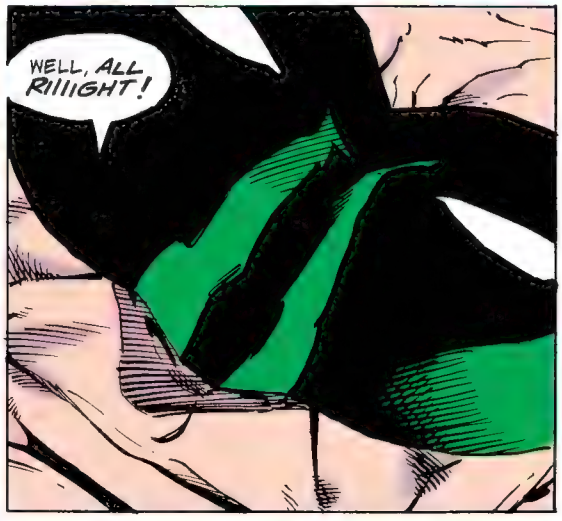

ALIENS! THE SCUM-SUCKING SPACESPAWN ARE BACK! LEMME AT 'EM!
SUPERMAN, WOULD YOU AT LEAST HELP OUT BY RESTRAINING THAT MANIAC WHILE I INVESTIGATE?
SURE. IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO.
YOU'RE RIGHT! IT IS.
GIVEN OUR CONCERNS ABOUT YOUR AND GUY'S ABILITY TO TRANSPORT US AT WARP SPEED, HAL--

-- WE COULD CERTAINLY USE THAT SHIP.
MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY, J'ONN.


LOOK! THE AIRLOCK'S OPENING! ISN'T THAT SOME SORT OF UNIVERSALLY-RECOGNIZED GESTURE OF PEACE?

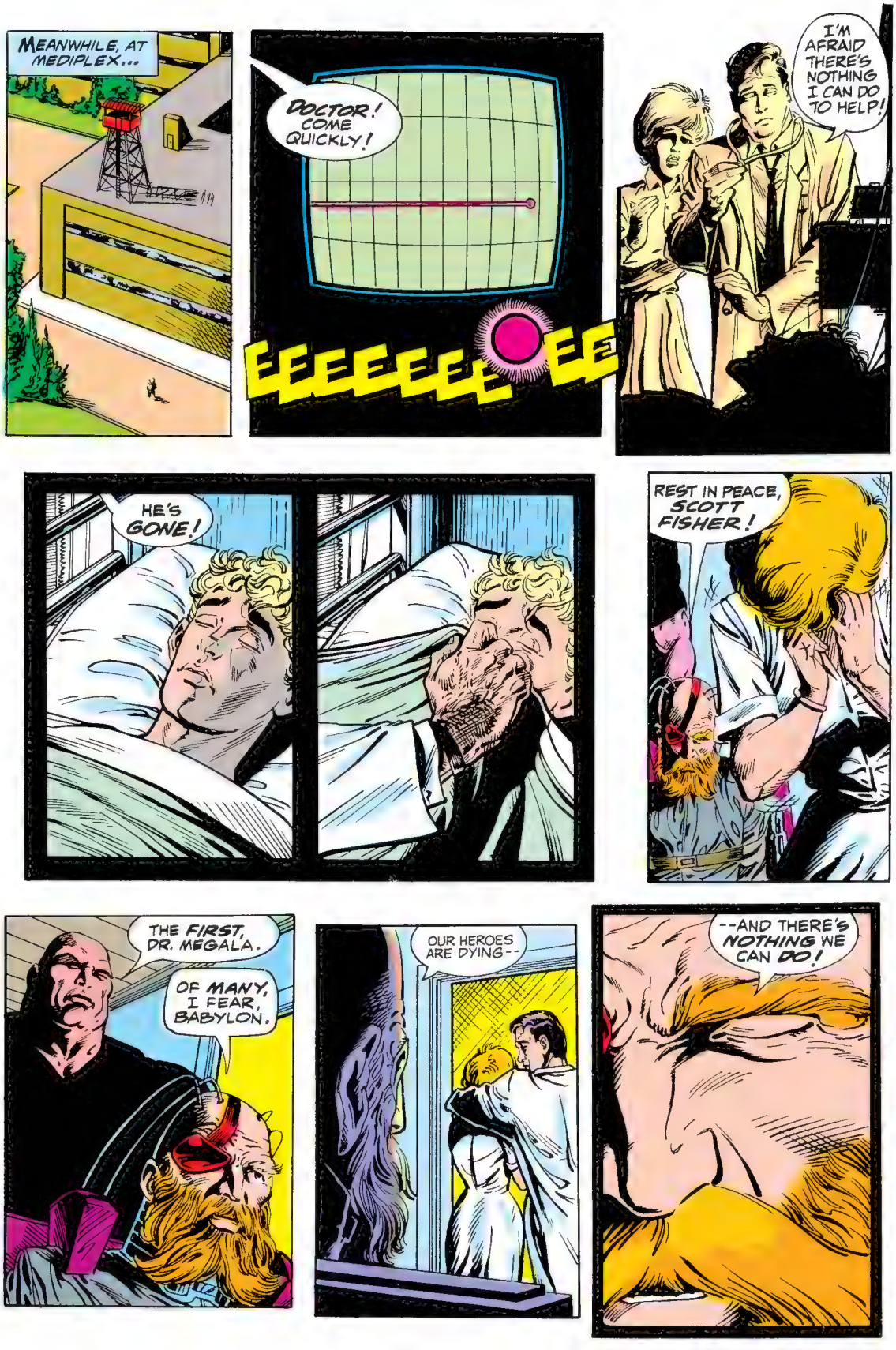

THAT OR THE ULTIMATE SUCKER PLAY, STAR-HEAD!
I SAY WE GO IN SHOOTIN'!
AND WHAT IF THEY ARE FRIENDLY, GUY?
WE'LL SEND CONDOLENCE CARDS TO THEIR WIDOWS!


SIGH!
I CERTAINLY HOPE THE J.L.I. CARRIES LARGE AMOUNTS OF MALPRACTICE INSURANCE WITH GUY AROUND!
THE REST OF YOU HANG BACK!
I'LL RING-SCAN THE SHIP FOR LIFEFORM READINGS!


WELL, ALL RIIIGHT!

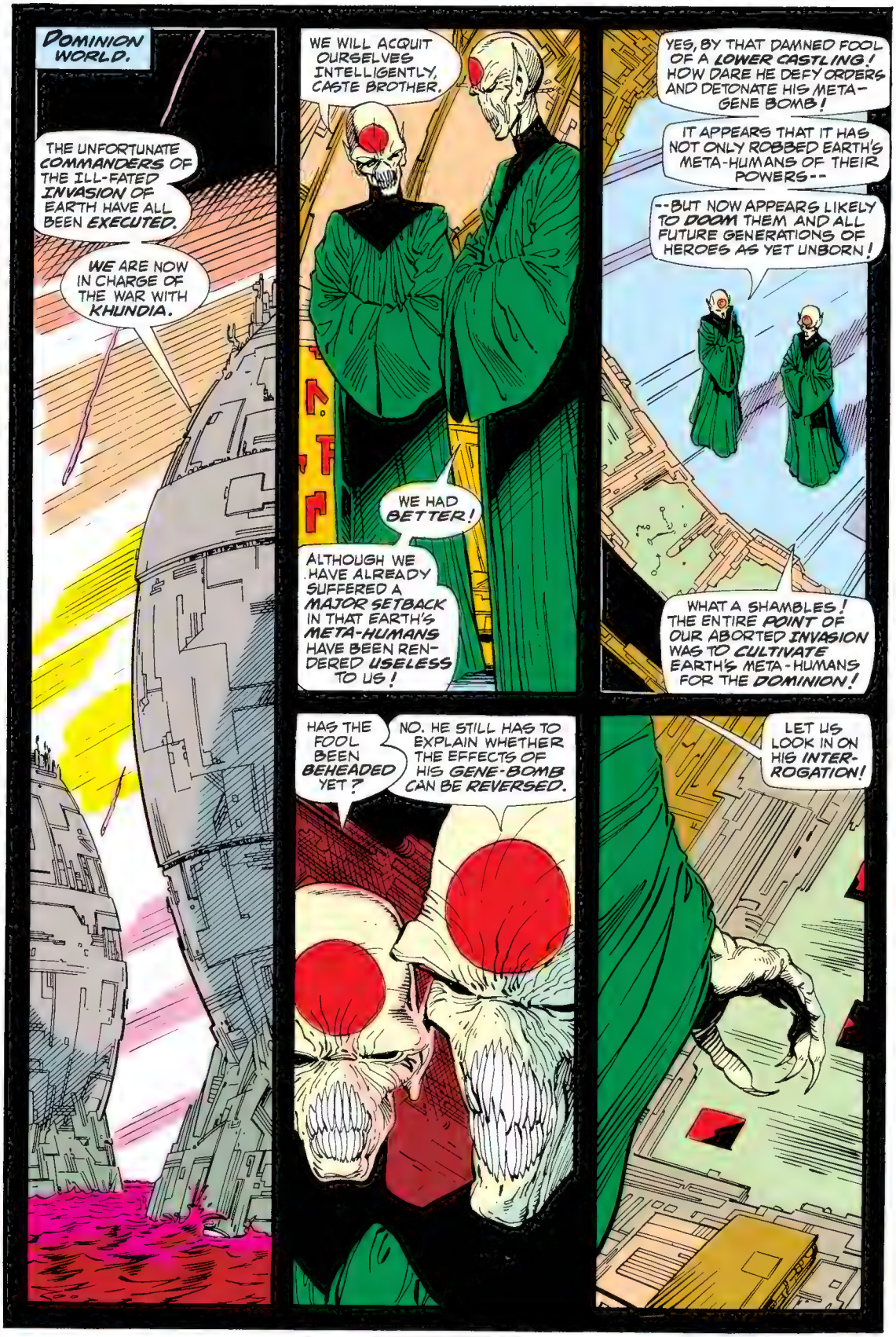
AND SOON...
BUT WE JUST CAME FROM THERE!
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK-- WITH US!
IT IS THE ONLY HOPE LEFT FOR THE HEROES OF EARTH!
WELL-- SINCE YA PUT IT THAT WAY--
--HYPERDRIVE!
THANKS, OMEGA-MEN!
NO PROBLEM! I MEAN, IT AIN'T EVERY DAY YA GET TO SNEAK A BUNCH OF SUPER-HEROES ONTO AN ENEMY HOMEWORLD T' STEAL AN ANTIDOTE FOR A DISEASE YA AIN'T EVEN SURE THAT ENEMY CAUSED!
WE'RE REASONABLY CERTAIN THAT THE DOMINION-- OUTRAGED OVER THEIR DEFEAT--IS RESPONSIBLE, TIGORR.
IN ANY EVENT, IT SEEMS YOU HAVE LITTLE ELSE TO GO ON.

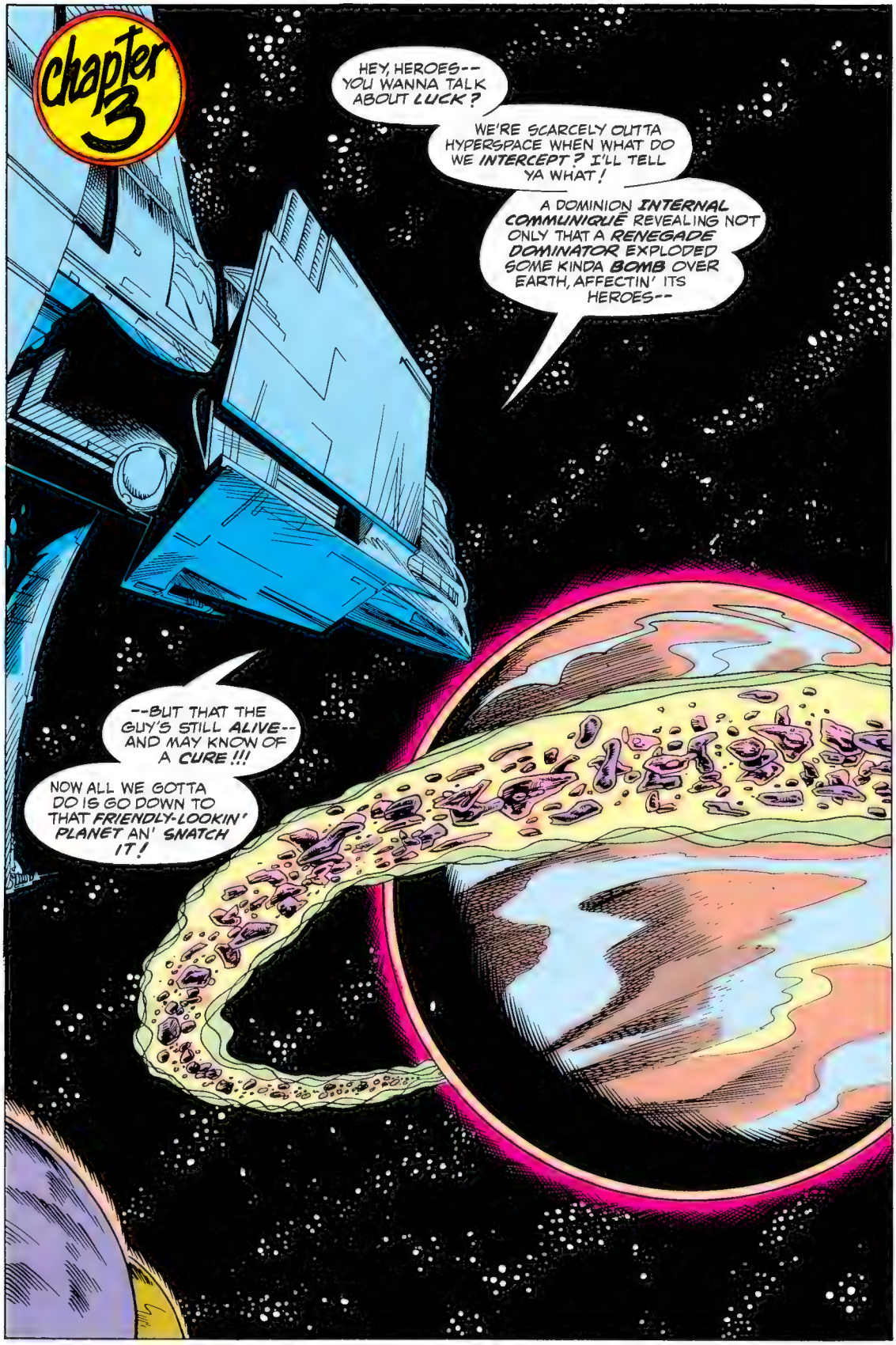
WITH PRIMUS DEAD AND KALISTA IN MOURNING, WE'RE HARDLY UP TO FULL STRENGTH.
BUT THAT AIN'T EVER STOPPED THE OMEGA-MEN BEFORE.
ALL RIGHT, WE'LL HELP--AND NOT JUST AS CHAUFFEURS!
I WISH WE DIDN'T HAVE TO BRING THIS CHILD ALONG!
AWWW, PLEASE--!!
MORE THERE IS TO THAT "CHILD" THAN MEETS THE EYE.
SO YOU SAY.
I DO.
I... SEE.
LOOK, WE BLASTERS MISSED THE WAR, BUT WE WANT TO DO OUR PART!
SNAPPER CARR, ADMITTEDLY YOU WERE ONCE THE ORIGINAL JUSTICE LEAGUE'S MASCOT, BUT...
THOSE DAYS ARE HISTORY, J'ONN! I'M AS MUCH A SUPER-HERO AS YOU NOW!
WE ALL ARE!
AND WE WON'T BE SHUT OUT JUST BECAUSE YOU CLAIM SENIORITY!
HEAVEN FORBID, SNAPPER. THE THOUGHT OF DENYING YOU YOUR DESIRE TO DIE WITH HONOR NEVER CROSSED MY MIND.
LISSEN--IF "OLD HOME WEEK" IS OVER, COULD WE GET DOWN T' SOME KINDA PLAN OF ACTION?
CERTAINLY, TIGORR. DO YOU HAVE ONE?
OH, SWELL!


MEANWHILE, AT MEDIPLEX...
DOCTOR! COME QUICKLY!
EEEEEEEEEE
I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO HELP!
HE'S GONE!
REST IN PEACE, SCOTT FISHER!
THE FIRST, DR. MEGALA.
OF MANY, I FEAR, BABYLON.
OUR HEROES ARE DYING--
--AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!

AH, MAX, MAX, MAX--STRING-PULLER TO THE END, WANGLING YOURSELF A PRIVATE ROOM!
BUT YOU DESERVE IT, BOYO. YEAH, YOU HEARD ME! NEVER THOUGHT OLD AMANDA WALLER'D CRACK AN' ADMIT THAT, DID YOU?
'COURSE, I'M ONLY SAYIN' IT NOW 'CAUSE YOU CAIN'T HEAR ME, BEIN' ASLEEP AN' ALL!
BUT YOU'RE ONE OF THE BEST, MAX--MAYBE THE BEST!
SO DON'T YOU UP AN' DIE ON ME, LORD! YOU HEAR ME?
WHY, AMANDA... I DIDN'T KNOW... YOU CARED.
MAX! YOU WERE AWAKE?! YOU HEARD--?!!
WHY, YOU NO GOOD, FAKING, #$@*%*%--!!!

HYPERSPACE.
KALISTA?
I JUST CAME TO SAY I'M SORRY. ABOUT PRIMUS.
ME TOO, HAL.
HE WAS A GOOD MAN.
HE WAS MY MAN, AND NOW HE'S DEAD!
HE DIED WITH HONOR, KALI.
SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK KNOWING THAT IS GOING TO KEEP ME WARM AT NIGHT.
PLEASE, HAL, I-- I THINK I'D JUST LIKE TO BE ALONE!
OKAY.


DOMINION WORLD.
THE UNFORTUNATE COMMANDERS OF THE ILL-FATED INVASION OF EARTH HAVE ALL BEEN EXECUTED.
WE ARE NOW IN CHARGE OF THE WAR WITH KHUNDIA.
WE WILL ACQUIT OURSELVES INTELLIGENTLY, CASTE BROTHER.
WE HAD BETTER!
ALTHOUGH WE HAVE ALREADY SUFFERED A MAJOR SETBACK IN THAT EARTH'S META-HUMANS HAVE BEEN RENDERED USELESS TO US!
YES, BY THAT DAMNED FOOL OF A LOWER CASTLING! HOW DARE HE DEFY ORDERS AND DETONATE HIS META-GENE BOMB!
IT APPEARS THAT IT HAS NOT ONLY ROBBED EARTH'S META-HUMANS OF THEIR POWERS--
--BUT NOW APPEARS LIKELY TO DOOM THEM AND ALL FUTURE GENERATIONS OF HEROES AS YET UNBORN!
WHAT A SHAMBLES! THE ENTIRE POINT OF OUR ABORTED INVASION WAS TO CULTIVATE EARTH'S META-HUMANS FOR THE DOMINION!
HAS THE FOOL BEEN BEHEADED YET?
NO. HE STILL HAS TO EXPLAIN WHETHER THE EFFECTS OF HIS GENE-BOMB CAN BE REVERSED.
LET US LOOK IN ON HIS INTERROGATION!


chapter 3
HEY, HEROES-- YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT LUCK?
WE'RE SCARCELY OUTTA HYPERSPACE WHEN WHAT DO WE INTERCEPT? I'LL TELL YA WHAT!
A DOMINION INTERNAL COMMUNIQUÉ REVEALING NOT ONLY THAT A RENEGADE DOMINATOR EXPLODED SOME KINDA BOMB OVER EARTH, AFFECTIN' ITS HEROES--
--BUT THAT THE GUY'S STILL ALIVE-- AND MAY KNOW OF A CURE!!!
NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GO DOWN TO THAT FRIENDLY-LOOKIN' PLANET AN' SNATCH IT!

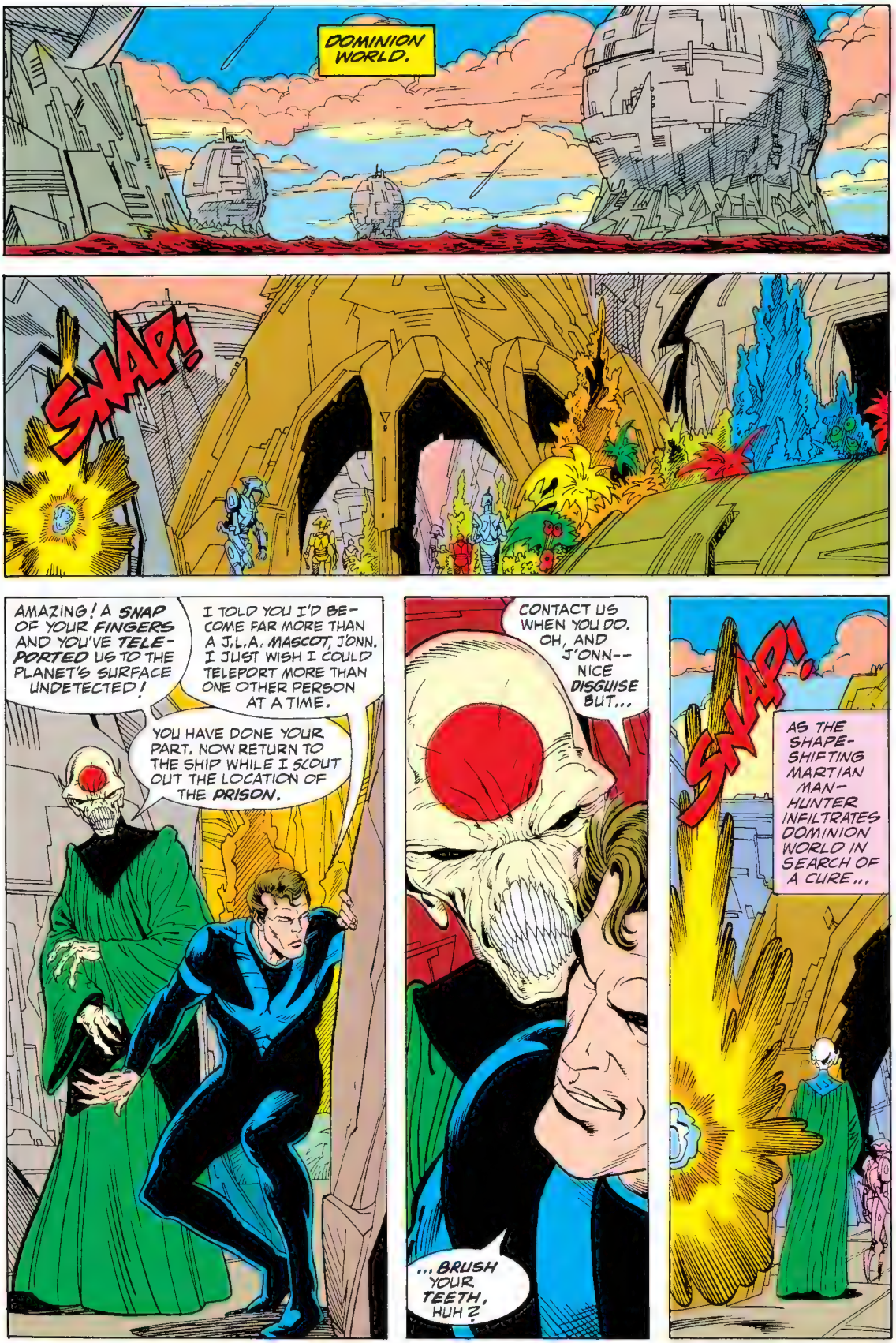
ANY VOLUNTEERS?

ARE YOU SURE THE TRANS-MISSION IS GENUINE, TIGORR, AND NOT SOME SORT OF TRAP TO LURE US DOWN?
POSITIVE, MARTIAN!
THIS BABY'S PACKED WITH SOME SOPHISTICATED ANTI-SENSOR STUFF.

THE DOMINATORS DON'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE OUT HERE...
...YET!

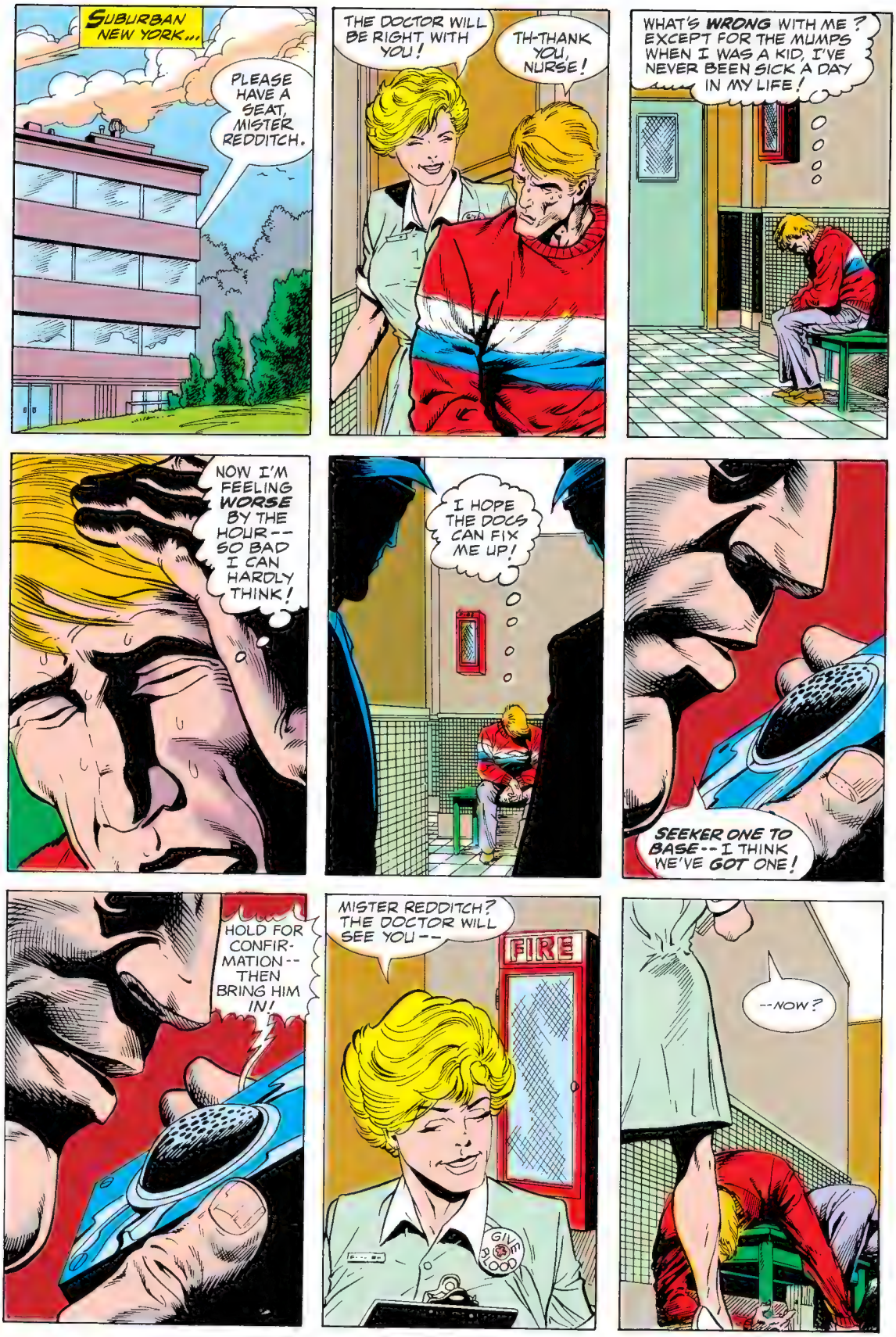
THEN WE MUST ACT BEFORE THEY BECOME AWARE.
I'VE CHECKED OUT THE POWERS OF THESE SO-CALLED BLASTERS, J'ONN--

...AND SNAPPER'S ABILITIES IN PARTICULAR SUGGEST AN IDEA!
I AM LISTENING.


DOMINION WORLD.
SNAP!
AMAZING! A SNAP OF YOUR FINGERS AND YOU'VE TELEPORTED US TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE UNDETECTED!
I TOLD YOU I'D BECOME FAR MORE THAN A J.L.A. MASCOT, J'ONN. I JUST WISH I COULD TELEPORT MORE THAN ONE OTHER PERSON AT A TIME.
YOU HAVE DONE YOUR PART. NOW RETURN TO THE SHIP WHILE I SCOUT OUT THE LOCATION OF THE PRISON.
CONTACT US WHEN YOU DO. OH, AND J'ONN-- NICE DISGUISE BUT...
...BRUSH YOUR TEETH, HUH?
SNAP!
AS THE SHAPE-SHIFTING MARTIAN MAN-HUNTER INFILTRATES DOMINION WORLD IN SEARCH OF A CURE...

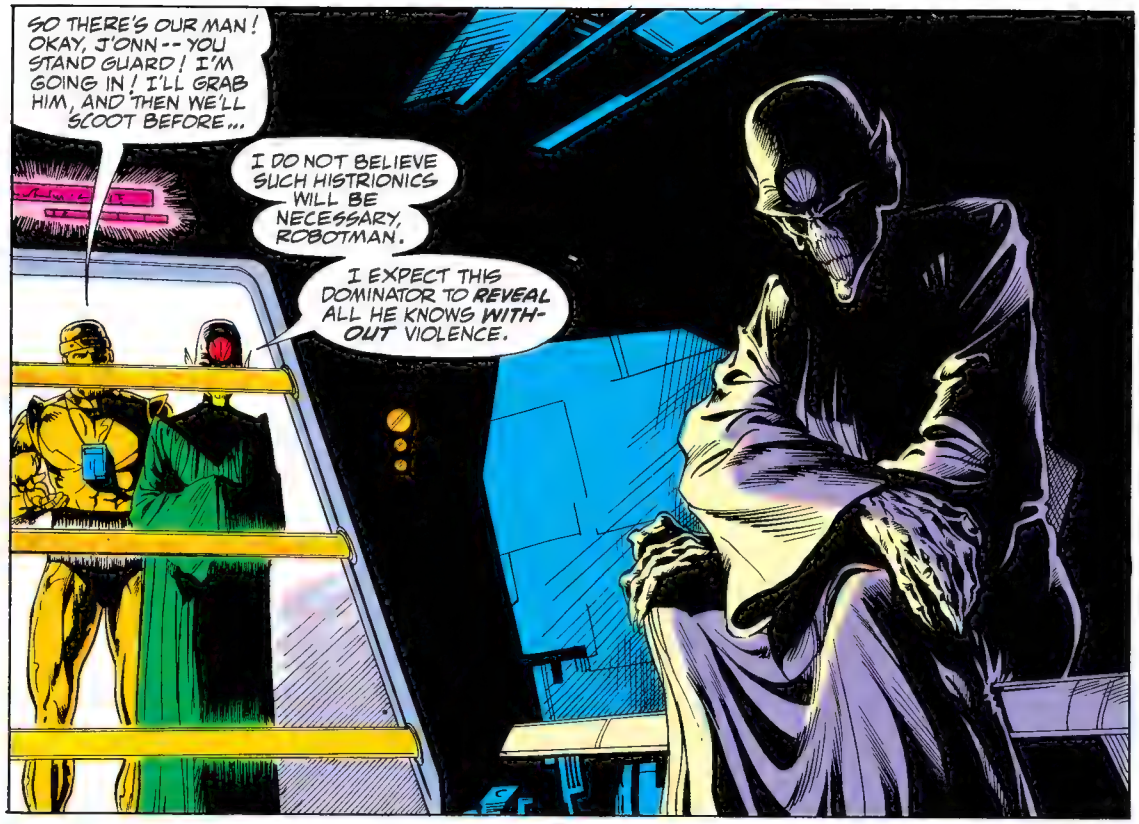
...HIS COMRADES MOUNT A TENSE VIGIL IN ORBIT.
J'ONZZ HAS BEEN GONE OVER AN HOUR!
I SAY WE GO DOWN AFTER HIM-!
I SAY WE DITCH HIM AN' HEAD HOME!
GUY--!
HOLD IT! HE'S CHECKIN' IN!
WHICH DO YOU WANT FIRST, HEROES? THE GOOD NEWS OR THE BAD NEWS?
HEY! LIME-PUSS HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR!
THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT I HAVE LOCATED THE PRISON WHERE THE DOMINATOR WHO CREATED THE GENE-BOMB IS INCARCERATED.
THE BAD NEWS IS THAT IT IS ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE PLANET.
FIGGERS!
NUTHIN'S EVER EASY IN THIS GAME!
BRING ME BACK ABOARD! I DAREN'T RISK ANOTHER TRANSMISSION!
WELL--?
ON MY WAY, CAP'N!
SNAP!

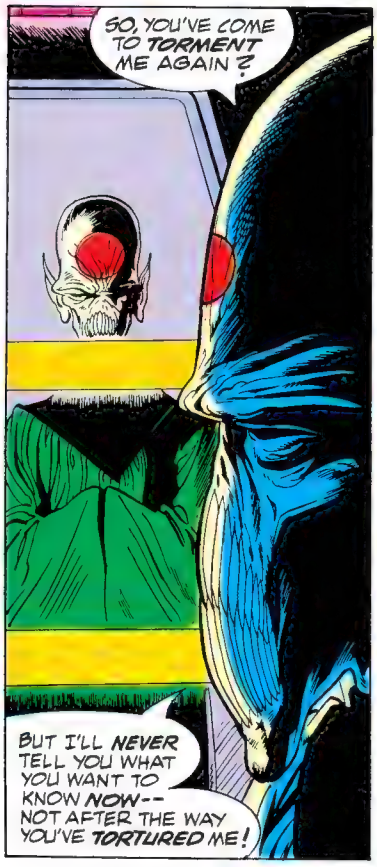
EARTH.
ANY-THING TO REPORT, MAGNUS?
I WISH THERE WERE, BUT NOTHING WE DO SEEMS TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE...
I'VE NEVER FELT SO UTTERLY USELESS...
GET YOUR !#=$*@%* OFF ME!
NOW WHAT?!!
I'M TELLING YOU, I'M NOT SICK!
I ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THIS!!
METAMORPHO!
IN THE RECON-STITUTED FLESH!
LOOK, WILL SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I WOKE UP IN THE RUINS OF A CASTLE IN MARKOVIA--
--WAS PICKED UP BY TROOPS WHO MISTOOK ME FOR A VILLAIN--
--AND WAS SHUNTED HERE WHERE THEY WANT TO PLACE ME IN INTENSIVE CARE!
AMAZING! CAN IT BE THAT THE GENE BOMB THAT'S STRICKEN THE OTHER HEROES HAS SOMEHOW RESURRECTED METAMORPHO?
RESURRECTED...?
YOU MEAN I WAS-- DEAD???
SUDDENLY I THINK I COULD USE A DOCTOR!


SUBURBAN NEW YORK...
PLEASE HAVE A SEAT, MISTER REDDITCH.
THE DOCTOR WILL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!
TH-THANK YOU, NURSE!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? EXCEPT FOR THE MUMPS WHEN I WAS A KID, I'VE NEVER BEEN SICK A DAY IN MY LIFE!
NOW I'M FEELING WORSE BY THE HOUR -- SO BAD I CAN HARDLY THINK!
I HOPE THE DOCS CAN FIX ME UP!
SEEKER ONE TO BASE -- I THINK WE'VE GOT ONE!
HOLD FOR CONFIR-MATION -- THEN BRING HIM IN!
MISTER REDDITCH? THE DOCTOR WILL SEE YOU --
FIRE
GIVE A 1000
--NOW?

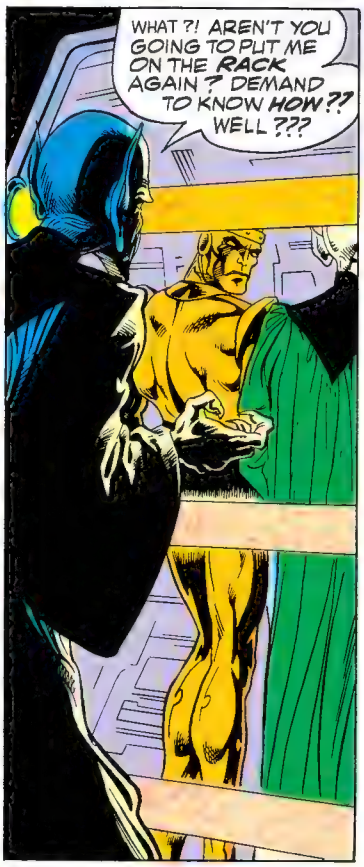
THE FAR SIDE OF DOMINION WORLD.
YOU SURE THIS WILL WORK, J'ONN?
MY DOMINATOR DISGUISE SHOULD AROUSE NO SUSPICION. AND ROBOTS SEEM COMMONPLACE ON THIS PLANET.
BUT AM I SURE THAT WE WILL GAIN ACCESS TO THE PRISON WITHOUT BEING DISCOVERED?
NO.
SWELL! GLAD I VOLUNTEERED TO PROVIDE BACKUP!
SHALL WE CAST THE DIE?
SURE--
--WE GOT NUTHIN' TO LOSE BUT OUR LIVES!
MAY I ASSIST YOU, CASTE SUPERIOR?
HOW FORTUITOUS! A TELEPATHIC SCAN OF THIS DOMINATOR--
--INDICATES THAT I QUITE INADVERTENTLY ADOPTED AS A DISGUISE THE FORM OF A DOMINION ELITE, AS SIGNIFIED BY THE LARGE DOT ON MY FOREHEAD.
THAT SHOULD AID ME IN BYPASSING PRISON SECURITY--ESPECIALLY SINCE I CAN ANTICIPATE AND FRAME RESPONSES TO OBJECTIONS BY READING THEIR THOUGHTS!

I WISH TO SEE THE SPECIAL PRISONER!
I'LL HAVE TO CHECK YOUR AUTHORIZATION.
C'MON, MARTIAN-- BLAST HIM! GET INSIDE!
HE'S GOTTA BLUFF 'EM--NOT BLAST 'EM, GARDNER--OR THE GAME'S UP TOO EARLY!
REMEMBER YOUR CASTE, CASTLING! OBEY!
J'ONN DID IT!
THEY'RE IN!
HOW'D YOU KNOW TO...?
HIS MIND IS AN OPEN BOOK TO A TELEPATH!
DO YOU EVER--er-- EAVESDROP ON YOUR FRIENDS?
NEVER.
SCOUT'S HONOR?
YOU DOUBT THE WORD OF A MARTIAN?
HERE IS THE SPECIAL PRISONER YOU SEEK, CASTE SUPERIOR!
LEAVE US NOW!
IT'S A GOOD THING ALL DOMINATORS AREN'T CREATED EQUAL!
INDEED!

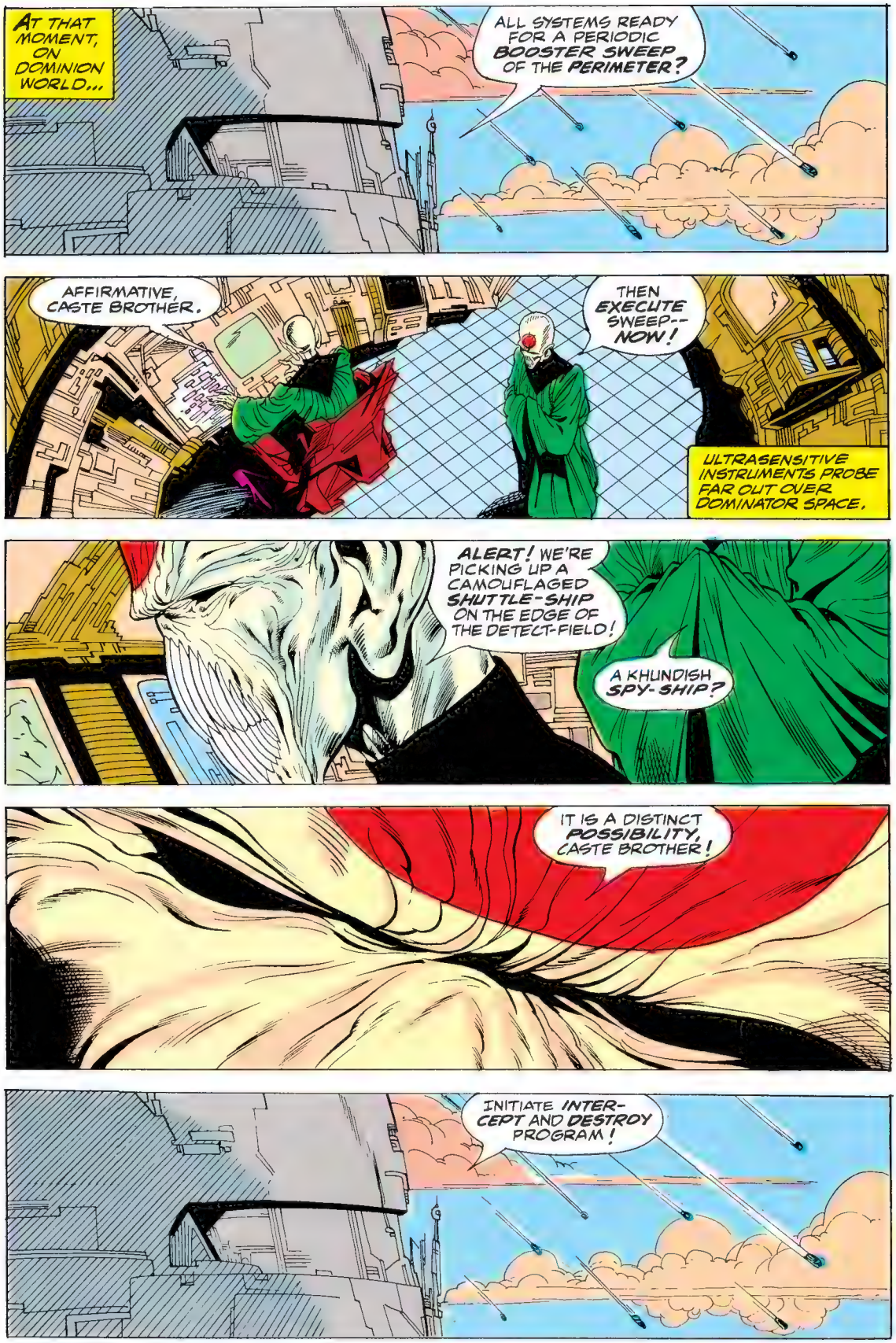

SO THERE'S OUR MAN! OKAY, J'ONN -- YOU STAND GUARD! I'M GOING IN! I'LL GRAB HIM, AND THEN WE'LL SCOOT BEFORE...
I DO NOT BELIEVE SUCH HISTRIONICS WILL BE NECESSARY, ROBOTMAN.
I EXPECT THIS DOMINATOR TO REVEAL ALL HE KNOWS WITHOUT VIOLENCE.


SO, YOU'VE COME TO TORMENT ME AGAIN?
BUT I'LL NEVER TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW NOW -- NOT AFTER THE WAY YOU'VE TORTURED ME!

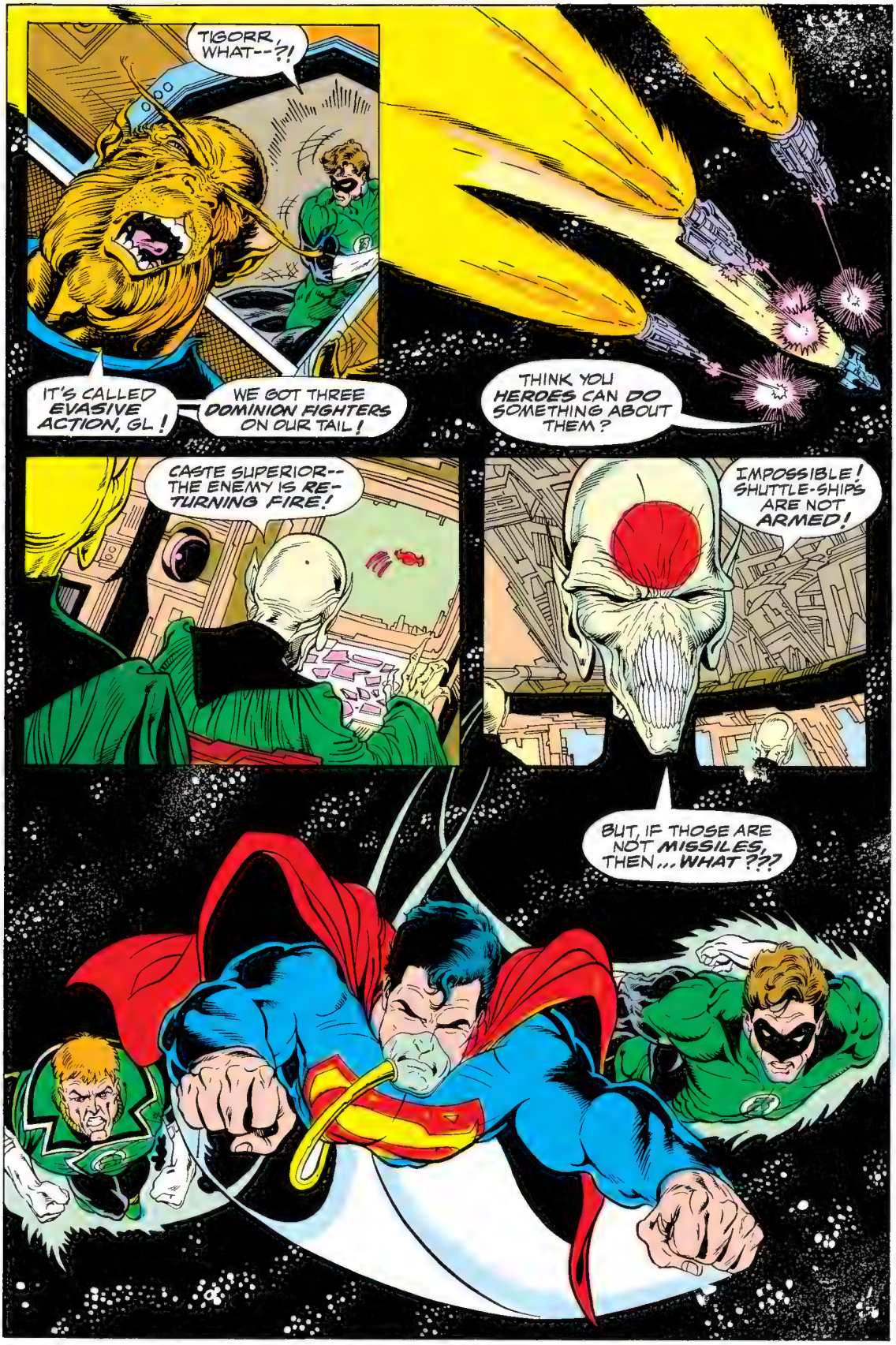
I'M A HERO, DO YOU HEAR!
I BEAT EARTH'S SUPER-HEROES, WHERE YOUR INVASION FAILED!
WE ARE FINISHED HERE.

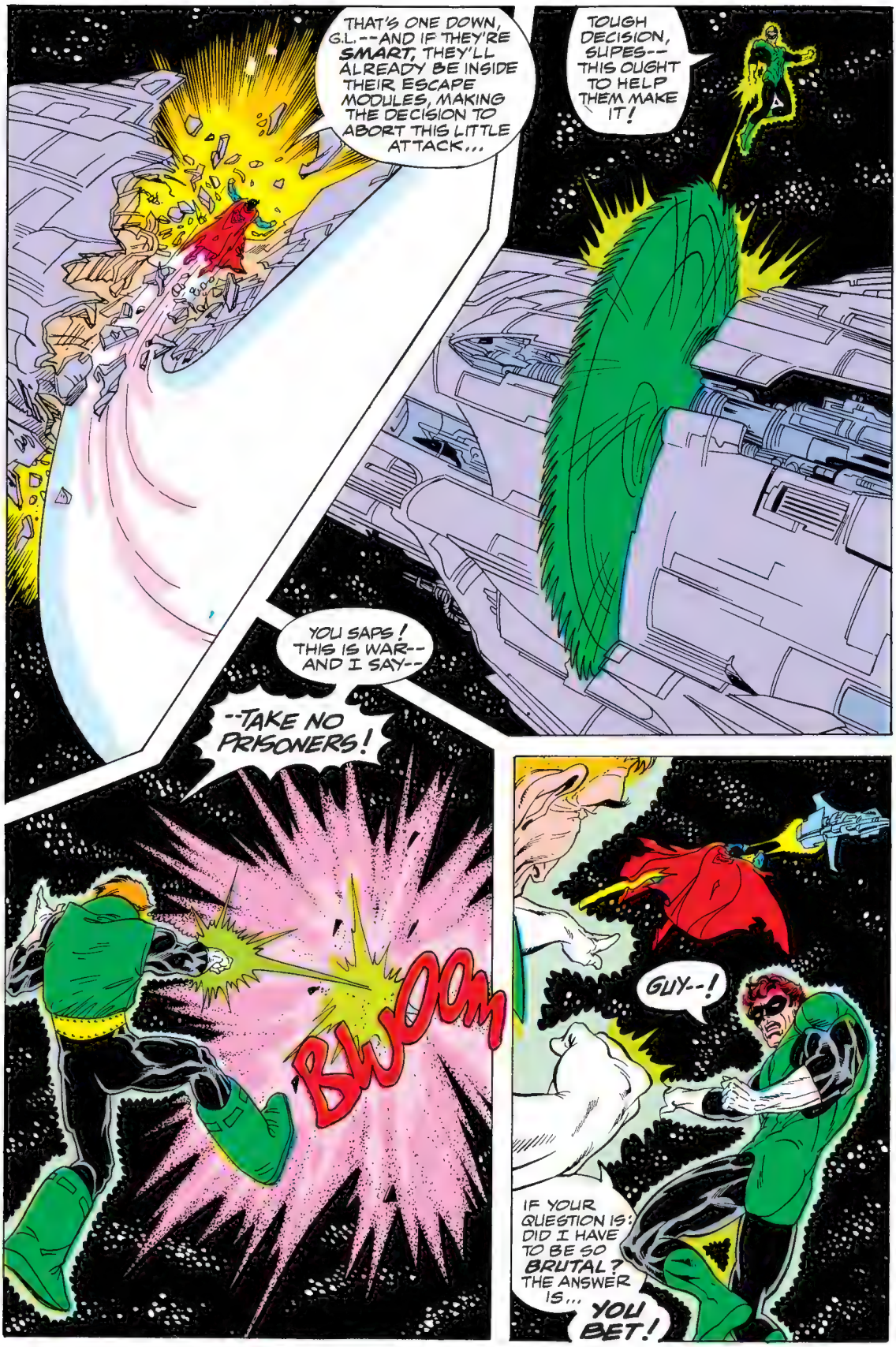

WHAT?! AREN'T YOU GOING TO PUT ME ON THE RACK AGAIN? DEMAND TO KNOW HOW?? WELL???

AND HAD THE MARTIAN NO RESPONSE TO THE CASTLING'S QUERY?
NOPE. HE JUST WALKED INTO THE CELL-- AN' WALKED OUT!
AND ALL THE TIME THE DOMINATOR SCIENTIST WAS BLATHERING ABOUT HIS TRIUMPH, J'ONN WAS PULLING THE ANTIDOTE OUT OF HIS MIND!
JUST LIKE--
SNAP
--THAT!
CORRECT. WE NOW POSSESS THE ANTIDOTE FOR THE GENETIC AFFLICTION PLAGUING EARTH'S HEROES!
THAT'S GREAT! THIS SHIP HAS A SCI-LAB SETUP! YOU CAN--
I'M AFRAID IT WILL NOT BE SO EASY, TIGORR.
NOT EVEN ONCE?
NO. MY ANALYSIS OF THE ANTIDOTE INDICATES THAT SPECIAL EQUIPMENT IS REQUIRED! FORTUNATELY, THE DOMINATOR SCIENTIST HAD SET UP SUCH EQUIPMENT IN HIS OWN LAB--
--AT THE STARLAG YOU PREVIOUSLY ESCAPED FROM!
YOU MEAN WE GOTTA BREAK BACK IN TO PRISON?
I JUST KNEW THIS WAS GONNA BE THAT KINDA DAY!

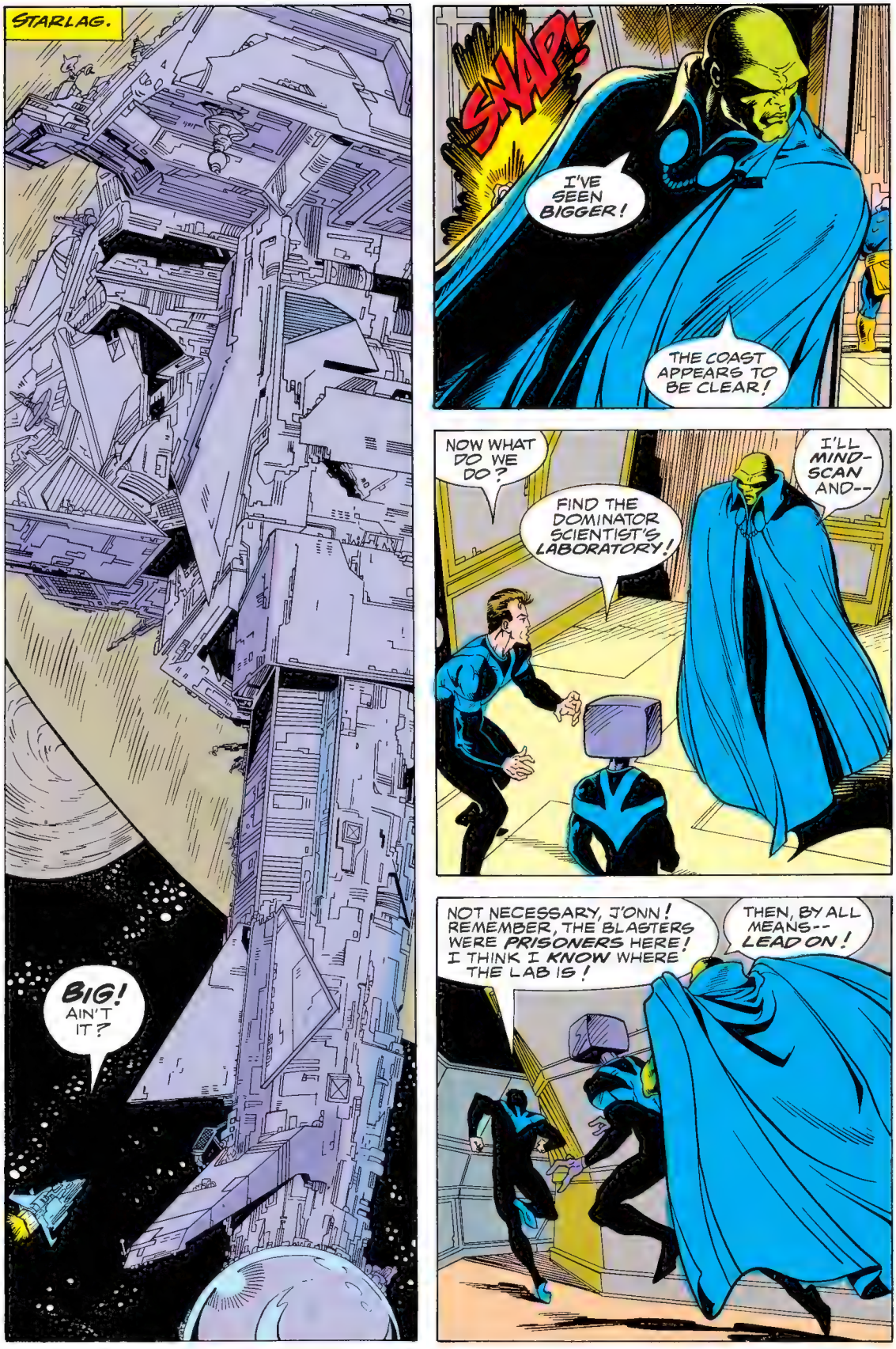

AT THAT MOMENT, ON DOMINION WORLD...
ALL SYSTEMS READY FOR A PERIODIC BOOSTER SWEEP OF THE PERIMETER?
AFFIRMATIVE, CASTE BROTHER.
THEN EXECUTE SWEEP-- NOW!
ULTRASENSITIVE INSTRUMENTS PROBE FAR OUT OVER DOMINATOR SPACE.
ALERT! WE'RE PICKING UP A CAMOUFLAGED SHUTTLE-SHIP ON THE EDGE OF THE DETECT-FIELD!
A KHUNDISH SPY-SHIP?
IT IS A DISTINCT POSSIBILITY, CASTE BROTHER!
INITIATE INTER-CEPT AND DESTROY PROGRAM!

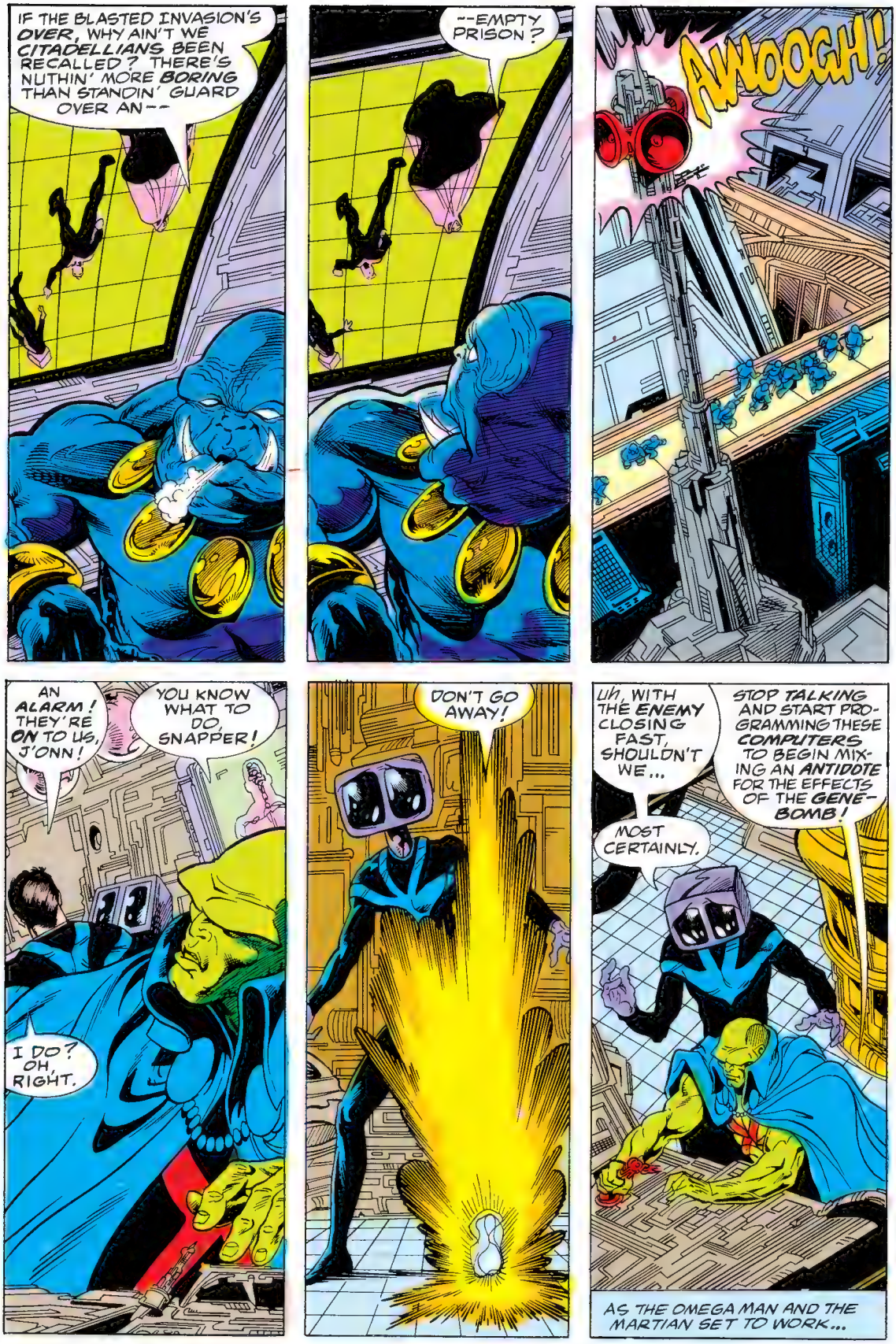
ARE YOU REALLY A CAT, MR. TIGORR?
I MEAN, YOU SORTA LOOK LIKE A MAN-CAT TO ME.
DO YOU EAT 9-LIVES?
OR USE A LITTER BOX?
KID, AIN'T YOU GOT NUTHIN' BETTER TO DO THAN HANG OUT ON THE BRIDGE AN' BUG ME?
NO, MR. TIGORR.
THAT'S WHAT I WAS AFRAID...
GALACTIC GATES!!!
THAT'S SOMETHIN' ELSE I WAS AFRAID OF!
BATTLE-STATIONS, CREW!
THEY'RE ON TO US!!!


TIGORR, WHAT--?!
IT'S CALLED EVASIVE ACTION, GL!
WE GOT THREE DOMINION FIGHTERS ON OUR TAIL!
THINK YOU HEROES CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM?
CASTE SUPERIOR-- THE ENEMY IS RE-TURNING FIRE!
IMPOSSIBLE! SHUTTLE-SHIPS ARE NOT ARMED!
BUT, IF THOSE ARE NOT MISSILES, THEN... WHAT???

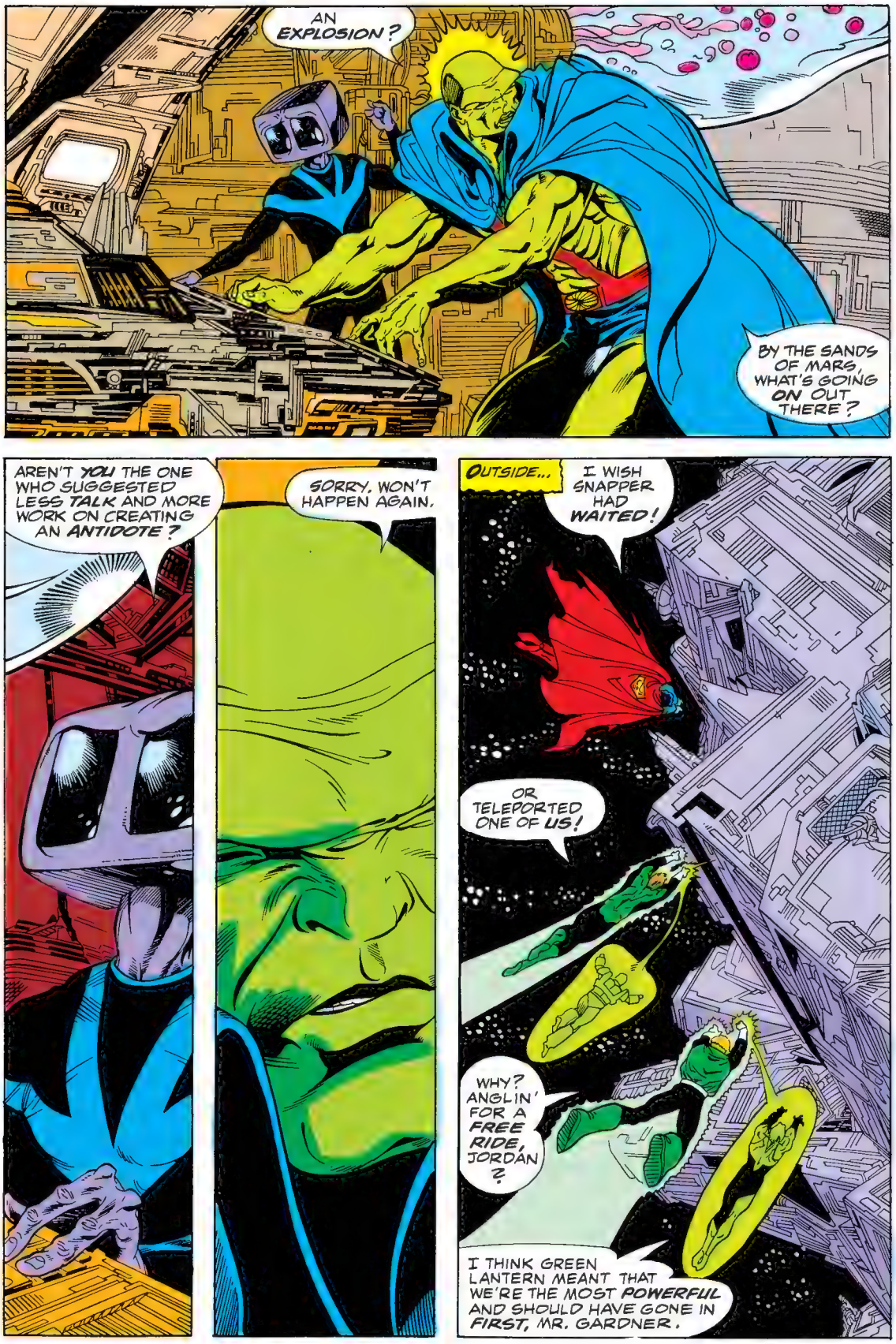

THAT'S ONE DOWN, G.L.--AND IF THEY'RE SMART, THEY'LL ALREADY BE INSIDE THEIR ESCAPE MODULES, MAKING THE DECISION TO ABORT THIS LITTLE ATTACK...
TOUGH DECISION, SLIPES-- THIS OUGHT TO HELP THEM MAKE IT!
YOU SAPS! THIS IS WAR-- AND I SAY--
--TAKE NO PRISONERS!
BWOOM
GUY--!
IF YOUR QUESTION IS: DID I HAVE TO BE SO BRUTAL? THE ANSWER IS... YOU BET!

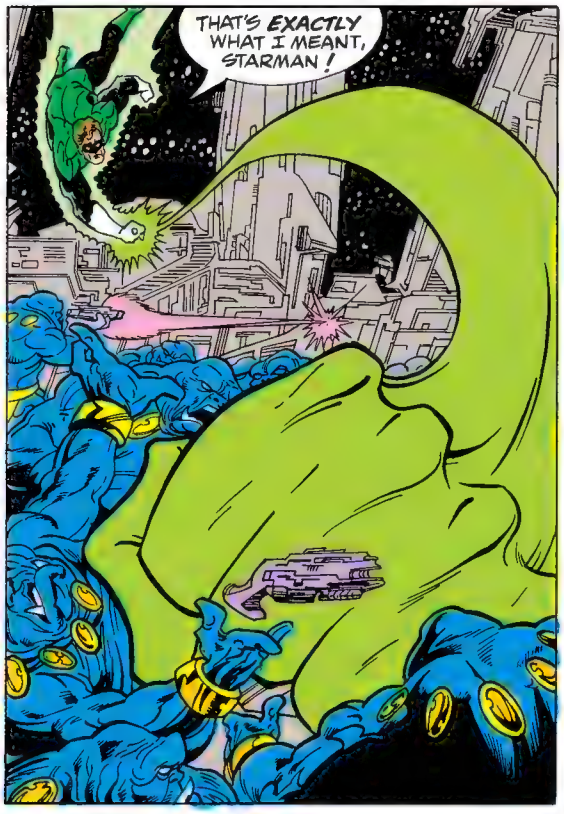
...AND AS A WORRIED WORLD WATCHES, OUR HEROES' CONDITION CONTINUES TO WORSEN.
WE'RE DOING ALL WE CAN.
NOW THAT ARKHAM HAS STABILIZED, WOULD YOU...
GET THAT @%#@ CAMERA OUT OF MY FACE!
"BELLE REVE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY HAS ALSO BEEN PACIFIED, AND..."
SKRASH
A LADY WOULD SIMPLY HAVE TURNED THE SET OFF!
I'M NOT YOUR GARDEN-VARIETY LADY!
PLEASE CALM YOURSELF, MS. WALLER. WE'RE ALL ON EDGE.
WE MUST CONTENT OURSELVES WITH KNOWING THAT WE ARE DOING ALL THAT IS POSSIBLE TO PRESERVE THE LIVES OF OUR HEROES.
DECODED, THAT MEANS WE HAVEN'T ACCOMPLISHED A THING!
C'MON, HEROES! IT'S YOUR BALL-GAME!

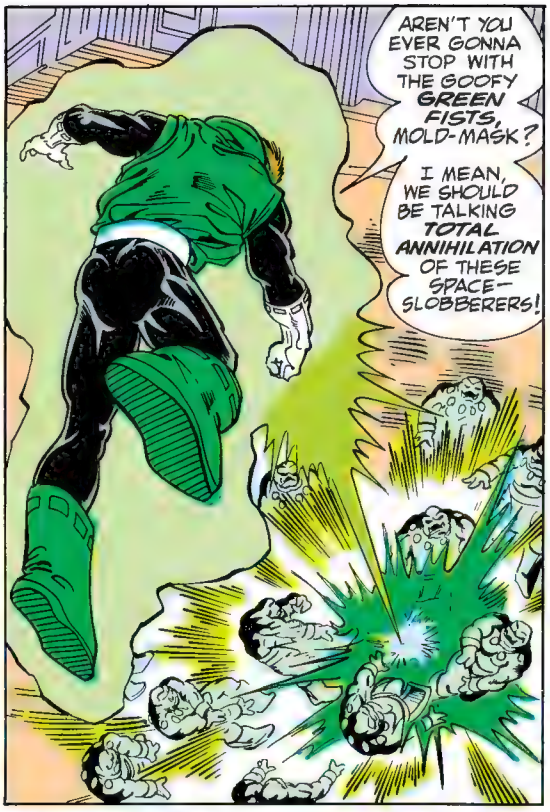

STARLAG.
BIG! AIN'T IT?
SNAP!
I'VE SEEN BIGGER!
THE COAST APPEARS TO BE CLEAR!
NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
FIND THE DOMINATOR SCIENTIST'S LABORATORY!
I'LL MIND-SCAN AND--
NOT NECESSARY, J'ONN! REMEMBER, THE BLASTERS WERE PRISONERS HERE! I THINK I KNOW WHERE THE LAB IS!
THEN, BY ALL MEANS-- LEAD ON!

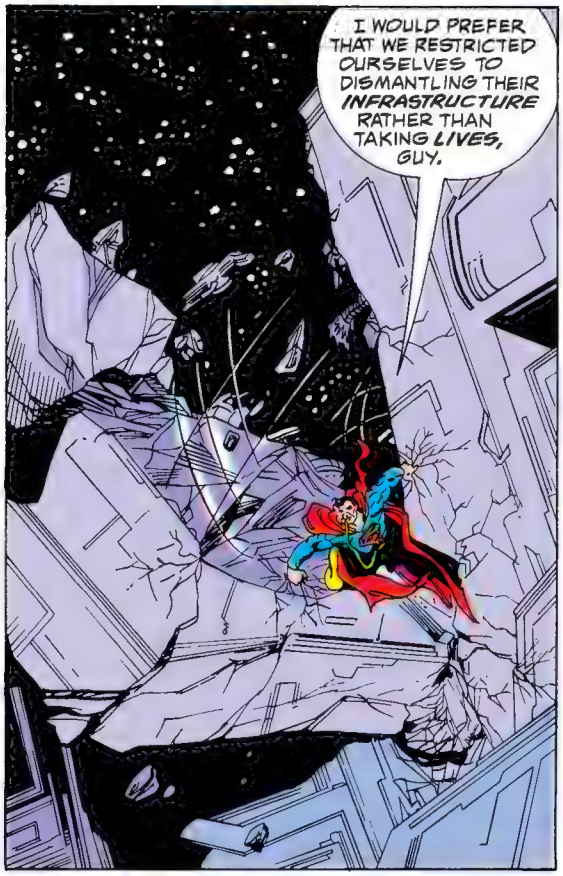

IF THE BLASTED INVASION'S OVER, WHY AIN'T WE CITADELLIANS BEEN RECALLED? THERE'S NUTHIN' MORE BORING THAN STANDIN' GUARD OVER AN--
--EMPTY PRISON?
AWOOGH!
AN ALARM! THEY'RE ON TO US, J'ONN!
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, SNAPPER!
I DO? OH, RIGHT.
DON'T GO AWAY!
UH, WITH THE ENEMY CLOSING FAST, SHOULDN'T WE...
STOP TALKING AND START PROGRAMMING THESE COMPUTERS TO BEGIN MIXING AN ANTIDOTE FOR THE EFFECTS OF THE GENE-BOMB!
MOST CERTAINLY.
AS THE OMEGA MAN AND THE MARTIAN SET TO WORK...

...THE CITADEL'S BLOODHOUNDS PICK UP THE SCENT.
THE INTRUDERS ARE IN THE BLACK MODULE!
THAT'S THE META-HUMAN SECTOR!
SURE.
WHERE ELSE WOULD YOU EXPECT TO FIND A META-HUMAN?
REMEMBER ME?
THE NAME'S FRAG.
AND WHENEVER I'M AROUND--
--LIFE'S A REAL BLAST!


AN EXPLOSION?
BY THE SANDS OF MARS, WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?
AREN'T YOU THE ONE WHO SUGGESTED LESS TALK AND MORE WORK ON CREATING AN ANTIDOTE?
SORRY. WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
OUTSIDE...
I WISH SNAPPER HAD WAITED!
OR TELEPORTED ONE OF US!
WHY? ANGLIN' FOR A FREE RIDE, JORDAN?
I THINK GREEN LANTERN MEANT THAT WE'RE THE MOST POWERFUL AND SHOULD HAVE GONE IN FIRST, MR. GARDNER.

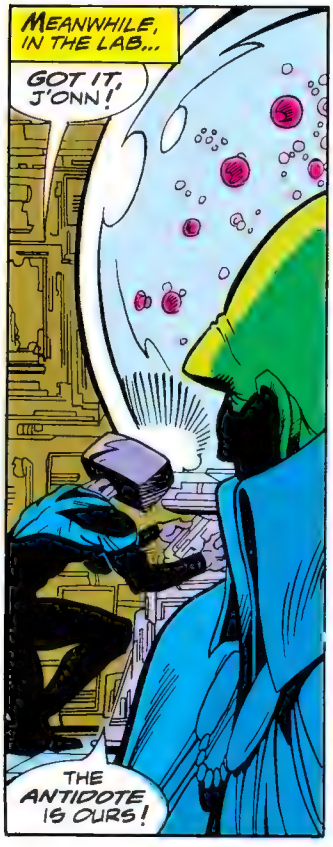

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEANT, STARMAN!


AREN'T YOU EVER GONNA STOP WITH THE GOOFY GREEN FISTS, MOLD-MASK?
I MEAN, WE SHOULD BE TALKING TOTAL ANNIHILATION OF THESE SPACE-SLOBBERERS!


I WOULD PREFER THAT WE RESTRICTED OURSELVES TO DISMANTLING THEIR INFRASTRUCTURE RATHER THAN TAKING LIVES, GUY.

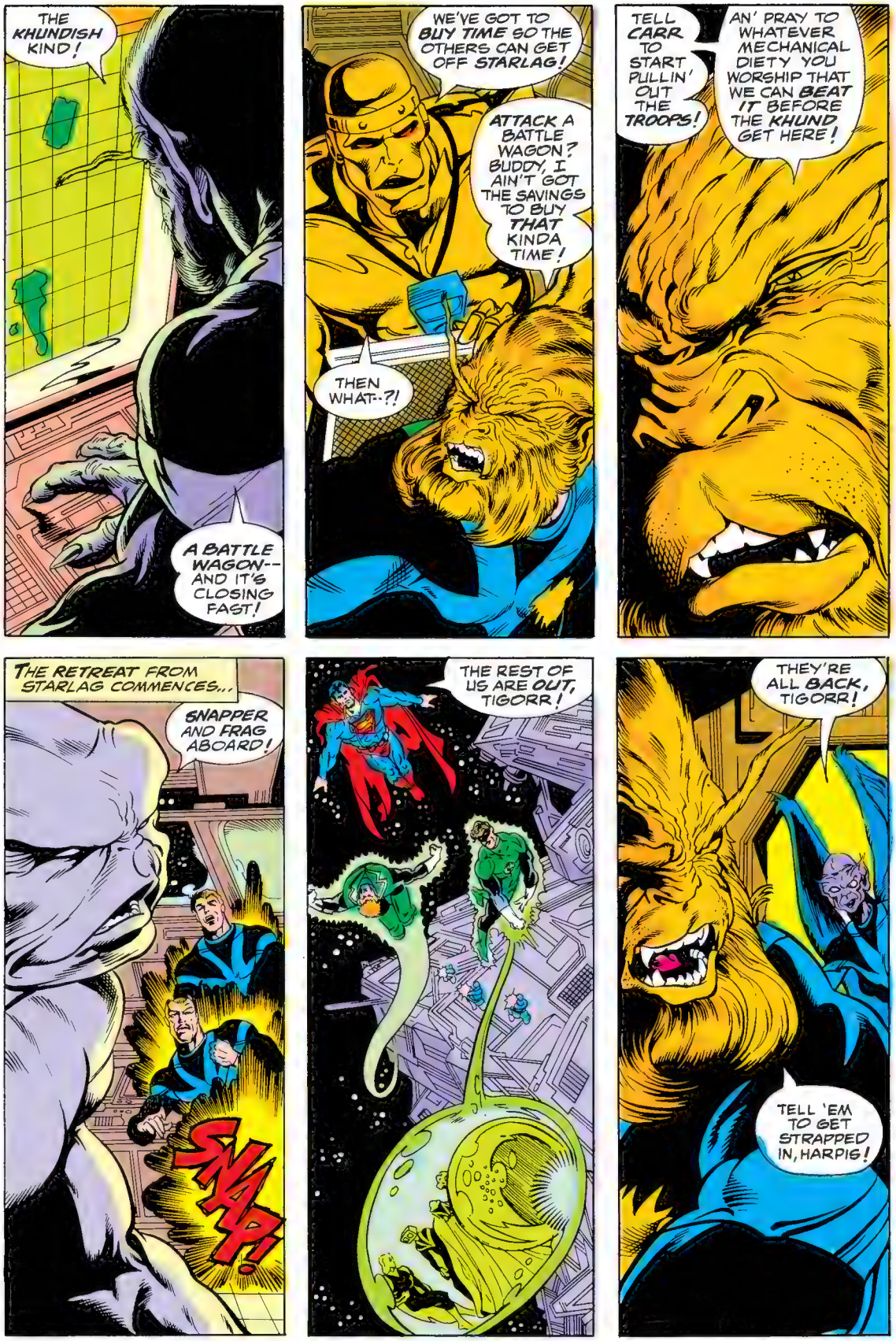
BUT I DON'T THINK SUPERMAN WOULD BEGRUDGE US AN OCCASIONAL KAYO, DO YOU, ROCKET RED?
NYET!

I'M EMBARRASSED TO HAVE TA FIGHT ALONGSIDE YOU WIMPS!

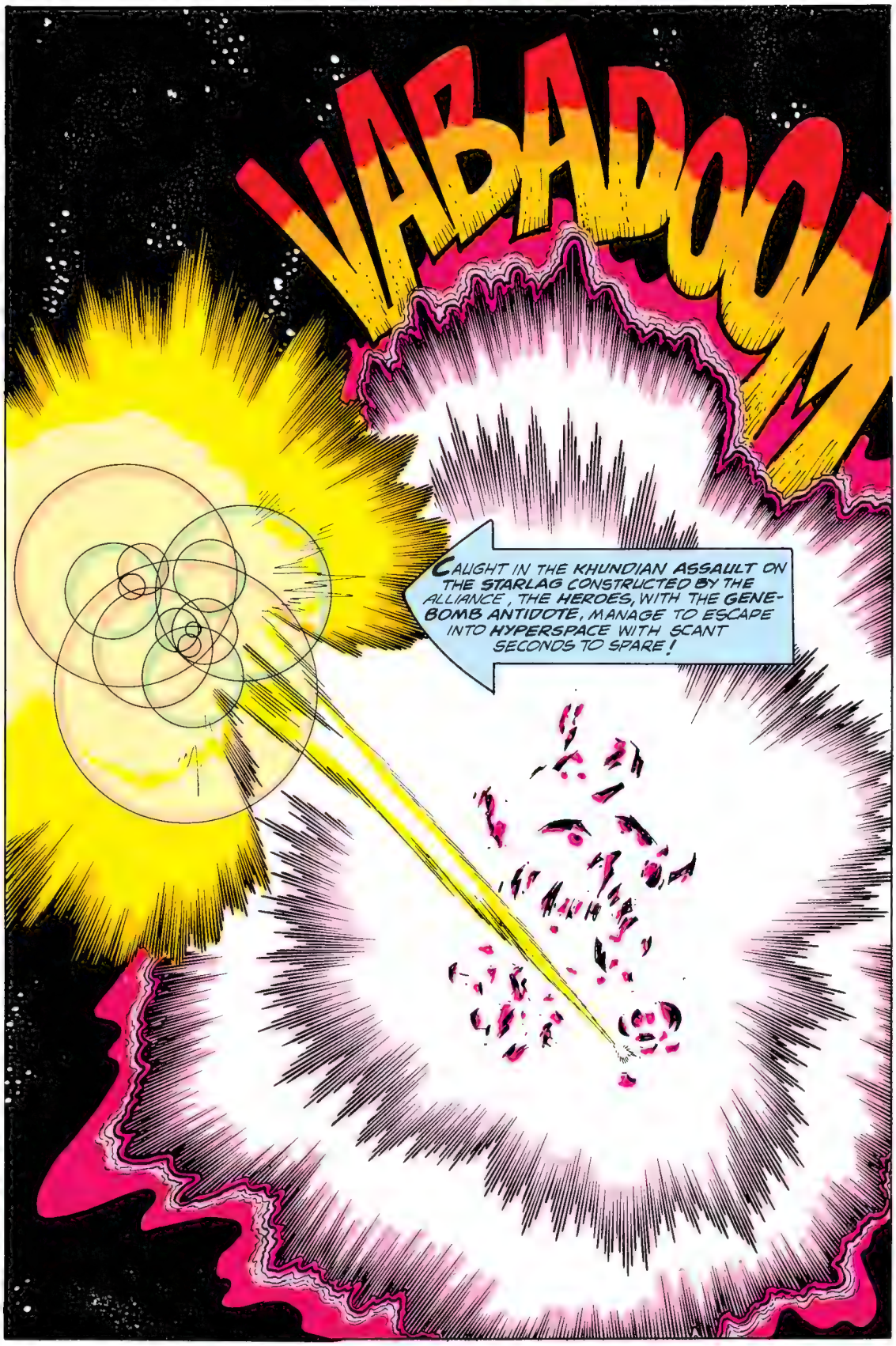

MEANWHILE, IN THE LAB...
GOT IT, J'ONN!
THE ANTIDOTE IS OURS!

NOT UNLESS WE CAN GET IT OFF STARLAG AND BACK TO EARTH!

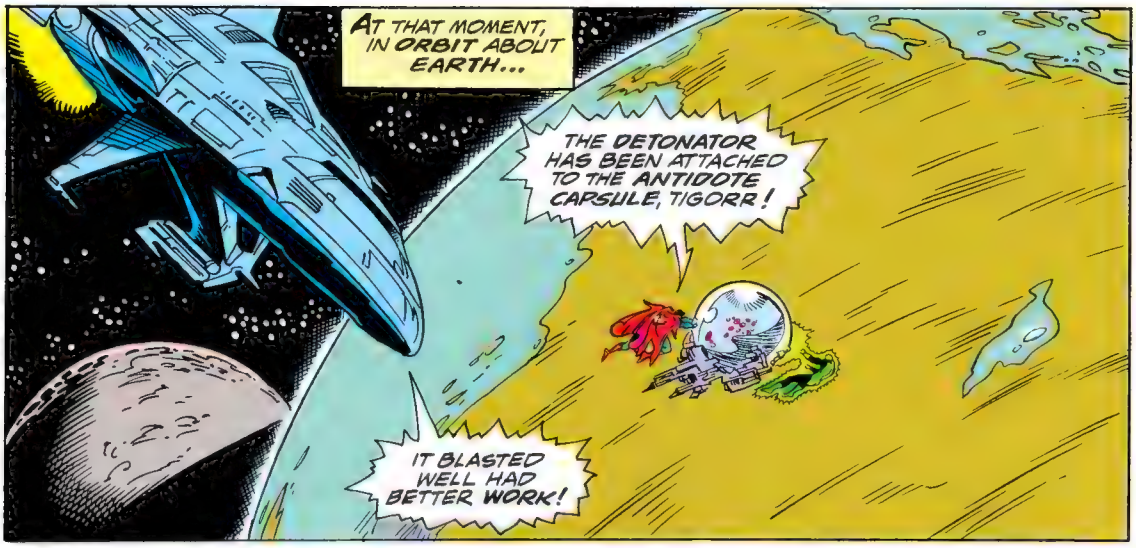
NO PROBLEM!
SNAP!
WILL YOU STOP DOING THAT?
SORRY, BUT TIGORR SAYS WE'VE GOT AN EMERGENCY!
EMER-GENCY? WHAT KIND OF EMERGENCY?

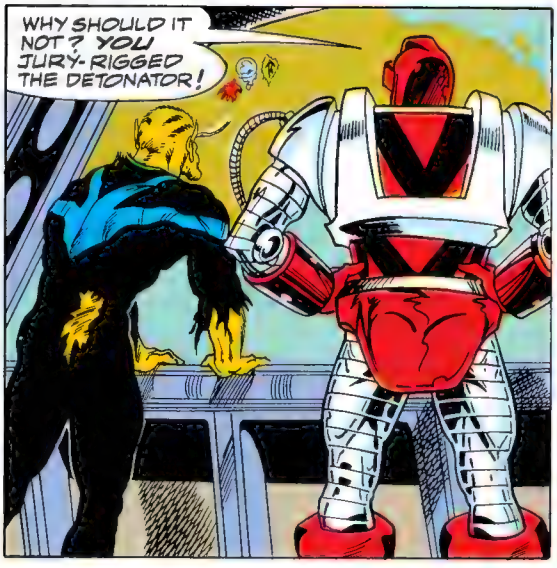

THE KHUNDISH KIND!
A BATTLE WAGON--AND IT'S CLOSING FAST!
WE'VE GOT TO BUY TIME SO THE OTHERS CAN GET OFF STARLAG!
ATTACK A BATTLE WAGON? BUDDY, I AIN'T GOT THE SAVINGS TO BUY THAT KINDA TIME!
THEN WHAT--?!
TELL CARR TO START PULLIN' OUT THE TROOPS!
AN' PRAY TO WHATEVER MECHANICAL DIETY YOU WORSHIP THAT WE CAN BEAT IT BEFORE THE KHUND GET HERE!
THE RETREAT FROM STARLAG COMMENCES...
SNAPPER AND FRAG ABOARD!
SNAP!
THE REST OF US ARE OUT, TIGORR!
THEY'RE ALL BACK, TIGORR!
TELL 'EM TO GET STRAPPED IN, HARPIG!

'CAUSE WE'RE GETTIN' THE HELL OUTTA...
HEY! THEY'RE IGNORIN' US! HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR STARLAG!
WHAT THE HECK ARE THE KHUND--
VREET
VREET
--UP TO?


VABADOOM
CAUGHT IN THE KHUNDIAN ASSAULT ON THE STARLAG CONSTRUCTED BY THE ALLIANCE, THE HEROES, WITH THE GENE-BOMB ANTIDOTE, MANAGE TO ESCAPE INTO HYPERSPACE WITH SCANT SECONDS TO SPARE!

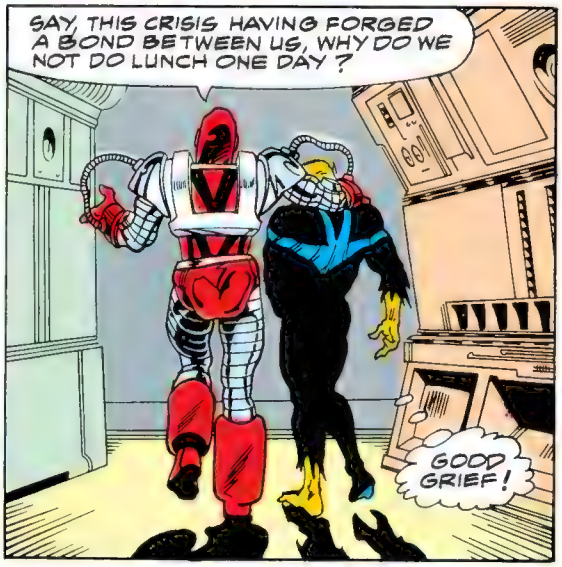
MEDIPLEX.
WE MIGHT AS WELL OWN UP TO THE TRUTH, DOCTOR!
WE'VE FAILED!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, GENERAL. EARTH'S HEROES HAVE MERE HOURS LEFT TO THEM, AT BEST.
WE DID ALL WE COULD.
IT JUST WASN'T ENOUGH.
MAYBE WE CAN CARVE THAT ON THEIR TOMB-STONES!
I'M ... SORRY, DOCTOR. IT'S JUST THAT I'M THE ONE WHO HAS TO TELL A WAITING, HOPING WORLD THAT WE BLEW IT!
BUT FIRST... SOME FORTIFICATION!
A TOAST, DOCTOR! TO THE DAY EARTH'S HEROES... DIED?


AT THAT MOMENT, IN ORBIT ABOUT EARTH...
THE DETONATOR HAS BEEN ATTACHED TO THE ANTIDOTE CAPSULE, TIGORR!
IT BLASTED WELL HAD BETTER WORK!

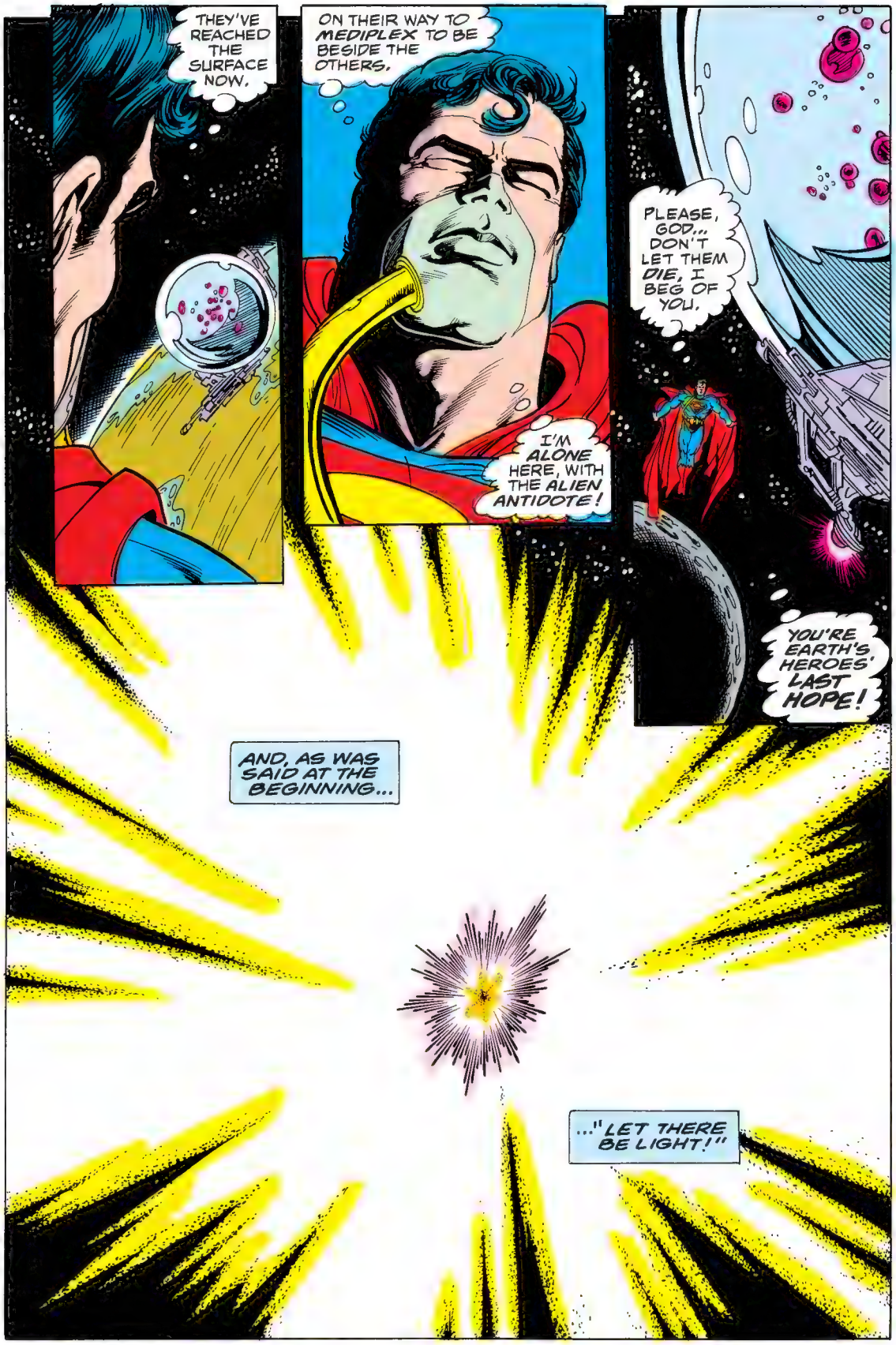

WHY SHOULD IT NOT? YOU JURY-RIGGED THE DETONATOR!

I HAVE FAITH IN YOU!

THANKS, RED. I MEAN IT.


SAY, THIS CRISIS HAVING FORGED A BOND BETWEEN US, WHY DO WE NOT DO LUNCH ONE DAY?
GOOD GRIEF!

SOON THERE IS ONLY TIME FOR FARE-WELLS.
I STILL DON'T SEE WHY THEY COULDN'T LAND US!
THE OMEGA MEN HAVE BUSINESS OF THEIR OWN TO ATTEND TO.
SUCH AS BURYING PRIMUS.
THOUGH EVEN IN THEIR HASTE, THE OMEGA MEN WERE ABLE TO SPARE A PORTA-TELEPORTER TO HELP ME WITH MY IMPENDING "BUSINESS".
THERE THEY GO--BACK INTO HYPER-SPACE!
WHILE WE HEAD FOR EARTH BEFORE THE ANTIDOTE-BOMB DETONATES.
I-uh-THINK I'LL JUST WATCH WHAT HAPPENS, FROM HERE, GREEN LANTERN!
SUPERMAN, IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO TALK TO US ABOUT?
SOME REASON YOU DON'T WANT TO RETURN TO EARTH?
er--NO, G.L.,...NO REASON I CAN THINK OF!
EXCEPT THAT I CAN NO LONGER TRUST MYSELF AMONGST HUMANITY--CONSIDERING MY RECENT SUBCONSCIOUS ACTIVITIES.
HAVE IT YOUR WAY, THEN.
THE BIG BOOB!


THEY'VE REACHED THE SURFACE NOW.
ON THEIR WAY TO MEDIPLEX TO BE BESIDE THE OTHERS.
I'M ALONE HERE, WITH THE ALIEN ANTIDOTE!
PLEASE, GOD... DON'T LET THEM DIE, I BEG OF YOU.
YOU'RE EARTH'S HEROES' LAST HOPE!
AND, AS WAS SAID AT THE BEGINNING...
..."LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

MEDIPLEX.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS, I APOLOGIZE FOR THE DELAY.
AN ODD ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCE HAS BEEN INTERFERING WITH OUR GLOBAL LINK-UP FOR THE LAST HALF-HOUR.
BUT WE'RE READY NOW--
--WITH THE NEWS I KNOW YOU HAVE ALL BEEN DREADING TO HEAR.
NO!
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
HE CAN'T MEAN THEY'VE FAILED!
NO CURE?
AND THE HEROES-- ARE THEY...?
IT IS WITH GREAT SORROW THAT I REPORT...
GENERAL EILING!
>PSST-PSST-PSST-PSST-PSSST!<
WHAT, DOCTOR?! YOU'RE SURE?!?
I--er--BEG YOUR INDULGENCE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BUT...
...I MUST ASK YOU TO EXCUSE US!
GOD, THE WORST MUST HAVE HAPPENED!
HOW CAN YOU TELL?
EILING SMILED!

METROPOLIS, LATER THAT NIGHT...
DAILY PLA
CHILL IN THE AIR.
BETTER THAN COFFEE, THOUGH, FOR KEEPING A MAN UP AFTER HE'S PUT HIS NEWSPAPER TO BED.
EVENING, MR. WHITE. CHECKING ON THE LATE EDITION? JUST GOT 'ER IN.
NEWSPAP
YOU KNOW, MAC, IF I'VE TOLD YOU ONCE, I'VE TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES--
--YOU'D SELL A LOT MORE IF YOU'D TURNED THE PLANET HEADLINE-UP!
LISTEN, MR. WHITE-- PRINTIN' THE PLANET'S YOUR BUSINESS-- SELLIN' HER IS MINE!
WAY I FIGGER, FACE DOWN MAKES 'EM CURIOUS. IF THEY GET AS FAR AS TURNIN' THE PAPER OVER, THEY'RE HOOKED!
I THINK THIS HEADLINE WOULD HAVE HOOKED THEM ANYWAY, MAC.
YES, INDEED, I DO!

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Volume 027 Invasion!

"Where There's A Will...!", first appeared in Action Comics Weekly issue #642, released January, 1989
Elliot S! Maggin (writer), Art Thibert (penciller), Brian Garvey (penciller), Carmine Infantino (penciller), Curt Swan (penciller), Gil Kane (penciller), Ian Akin (penciller), Jim Aparo (penciller), Jim Mooney (penciller), John Nyberg (penciller), Kevin Nowlan (penciller), Ross Andru (penciller), Steve Ditko (penciller), Ty Templeton (penciller), Art Thibert (inker), Brian Garvey (inker), Carmine Infantino (inker), Curt Swan (inker), Eric Shanower (inker), Gil Kane (inker), Ian Akin (inker), Jim Aparo (inker), Jim Mooney (inker), John Nyberg (inker), Kevin Nowlan (inker), Steve Ditko (inker), Ty Templeton (inker)

"The Alien Alliance", first appeared in Invasion! issue #1, released October, 1988
Bill Mantlo (writer), Keith Giffen (writer), Bart Sears (penciller), Todd McFarlane (penciller), Al Gordon (inker), Joe Rubinstein (inker), Bart Sears (inker), P. Craig Russell (inker), Todd McFarlane (inker)

"Earth to Invaders: Drop Dead!", first appeared in Daily Planet issue #1, released June, 1988
Art Young (writer), Barbara Randall Kesel (writer), Kevin Dooley (writer), Paul Levitz (writer), Renee Witterstaetter (writer), Robert Greenberger (writer), Robert Loren Fleming (writer), (penciller), (inker)

"...It's Just a Shot Away!", first appeared in Superman issue #26, released October, 1988
Roger Stern (writer), Dennis Janke (penciller), Kerry Gammill (penciller), Kerry Gammill (penciller), Brett Breeding (inker), Dennis Janke (inker), Dennis Janke (inker), Kerry Gammill (inker)

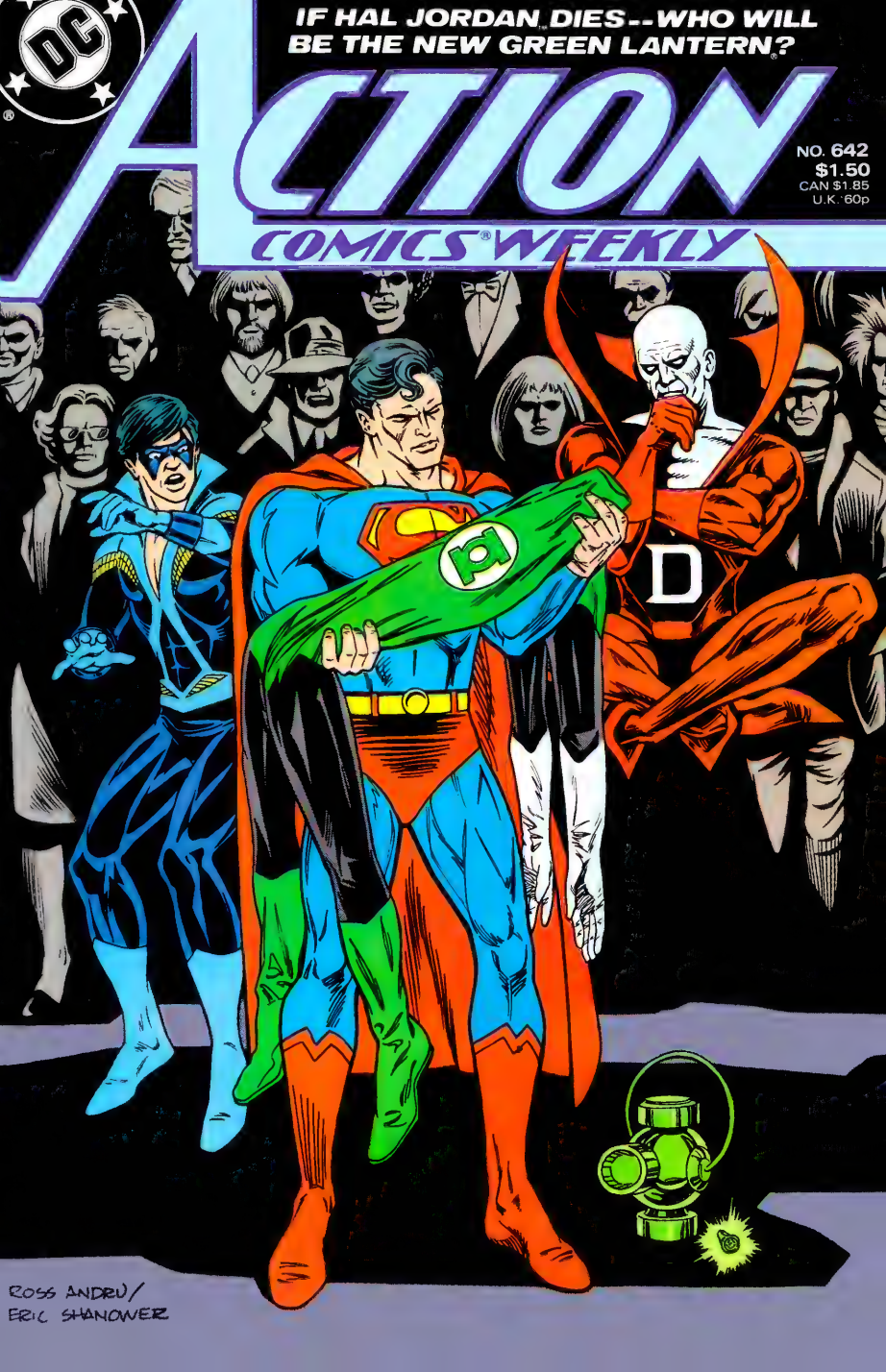
"Search", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #449, released October, 1988
Jerry Ordway (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker)

"Battle Ground Earth", first appeared in Invasion! issue #2, released November, 1988
Bill Mantlo (writer), Keith Giffen (writer), Bart Sears (penciller), Keith Giffen (penciller), Todd McFarlane (penciller), Al Gordon (inker), Joe Rubinstein (inker), Bart Sears (inker), P. Craig Russell (inker), Tom Christopher (inker)

"Of Course, You Know, This Means War!", first appeared in Superman issue #27, released November, 1988
Roger Stern (writer), Kerry Gammill (penciller), Brett Breeding (inker), Dennis Janke (inker), Kerry Gammill (inker)

"Triple Threat", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #450, released November, 1988
Jerry Ordway (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker)

"World Without Heroes", first appeared in Invasion! issue #3, released January, 1989
Bill Mantlo (writer), Keith Giffen (writer), Bart Sears (penciller), Joe Rubinstein (penciller), Joe Rubinstein (inker), Dick Giordano (inker), Bart Sears (inker), Pablo Marcos (inker), Tom Christopher (inker)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